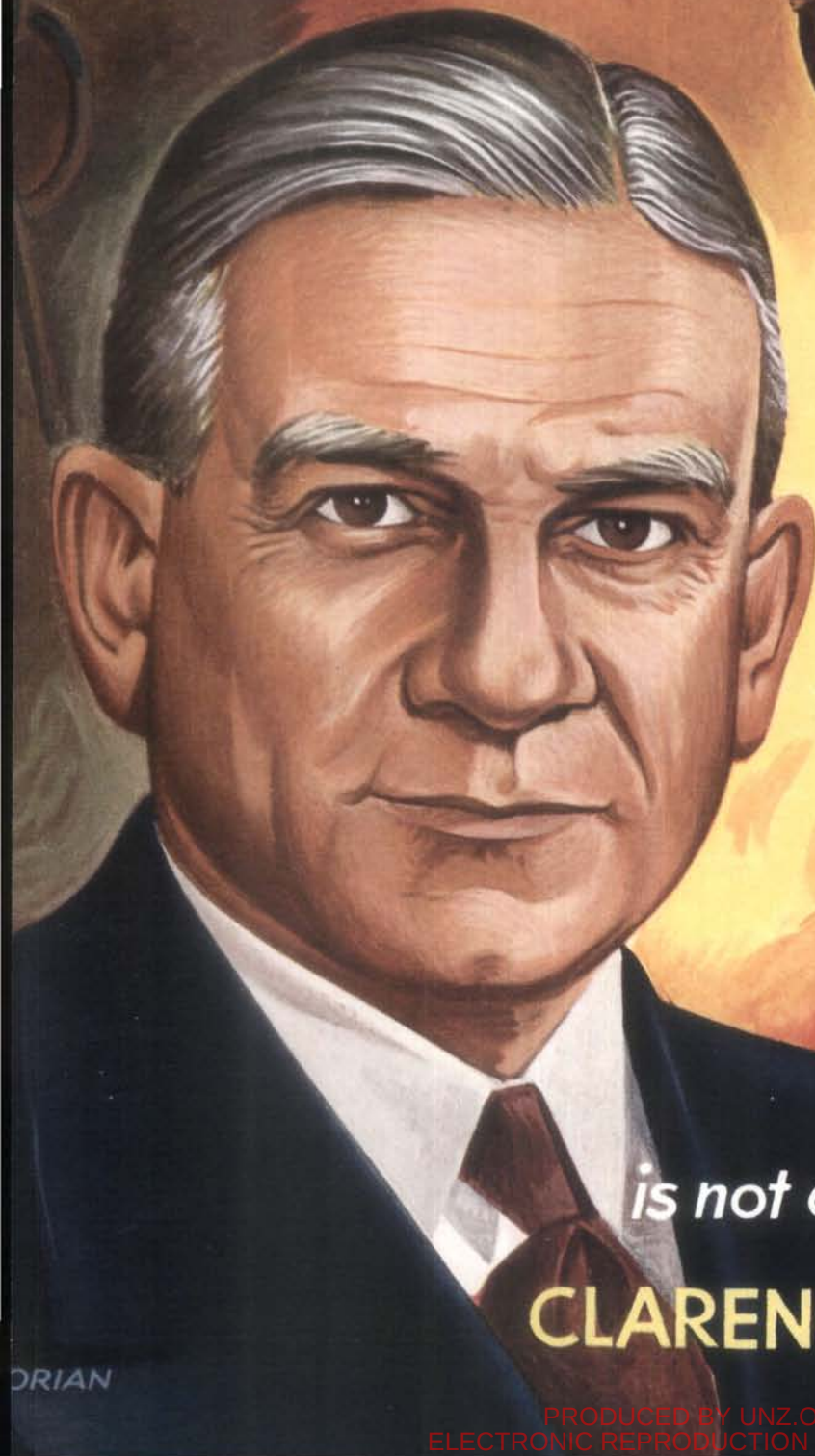


MARCH 1952

THE *Atlantic*



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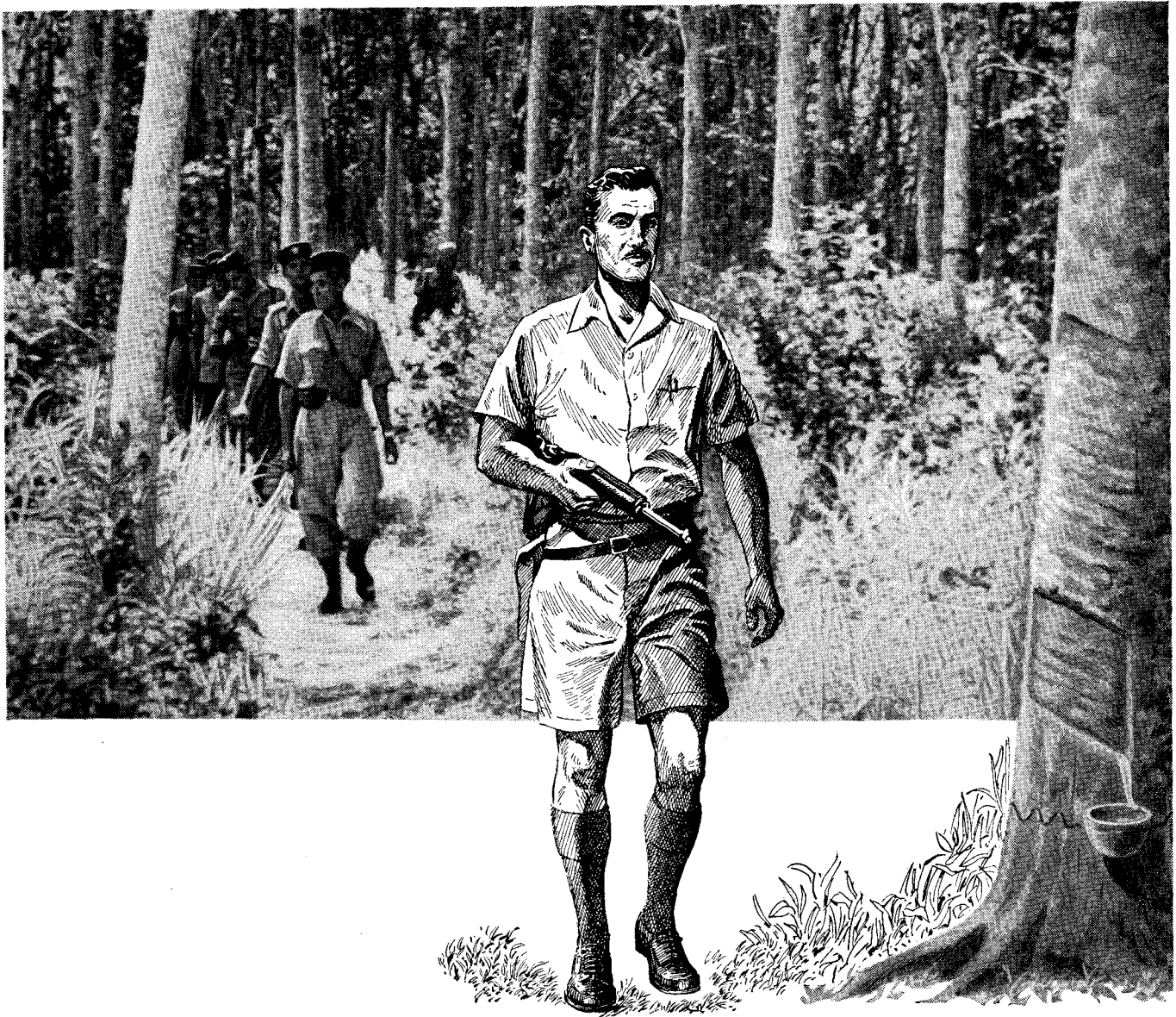
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Australia



AUSTRALIA is the chief Western base in Southeast Asia. It was so in the last war; it can and must be so again. It is obviously essential to hold the ring around Communist China. Japan, Indo-China, and the Philippines are in the front line. But a front line needs a main base, and this Australia can provide in cold war, in hot war, or in peace.

Its military assets are fighting men who, when trained, are second to none in courage — as Korea shows today — and in jungle fighting — as the Japanese found to their cost in New Guinea. Australia is also an easily defended base since all the great harbors and the industrial and agricultural areas lie to the south behind an immense shield of desert — a desert far more extensive than the stretch of barren land that defended Cairo against Rommel.

But its greatest asset, in war or peace, is that it is one of the few countries in the world producing a food surplus, and one of the even fewer whose output of food can be very greatly increased. It is true that nearly half of Australia is either desert or fit for nothing more than light grazing. But only 8 million people live in the remaining territory, and there is much new land to be brought under cultivation for the first time.

The new assets

When Singapore fell in 1942, the Australians improvised a very complete arms effort in a remarkably short period and greatly extended the country's industrial capacity. This extension has had its drawbacks, but it does mean that if war should come, Australia could provide not only food but industrial services to the armies in the field. Its heavy industry is not yet adequate for a new war

effort — steel production is still under 2 million tons a year — but the country could be an efficient and effective industrial auxiliary.

These are the assets. They are backed by one of the most articulate and intelligent peoples in the world and strengthened by the existence of free institutions in a free society rooted in the great traditions of the West. From Suez to Panama, throughout the unstable world of Asia, one looks in vain for the political foundation stones upon which, ultimately, all stability depends. In Australia, by a supreme chance of geography, history, and exploration, they exist.

The building up of a North Atlantic community for defense does not help Australia. In some ways, it has even given the Australians a sense of being cut off. In the areas which vitally concern Australia — Far Eastern policy, Pacific strategy, the Middle East, and sterling-dollar relations — there is little trace of an agreed Western "grand strategy." Australia is to some extent confused by the confusions of its great partners.

Yet the first frustrations are undoubtedly internal. With a national income of over £A3000 million for a population of just over 8 million, Australia is one of the wealthiest nations in the world. The wealth is also reasonably well distributed by taxation and social services of the normal Western stamp. But the basis of all this wealth is primary production — the steady output of foodstuffs, of wool and minerals, chief among them lead and zinc. These primary products make up 80 per cent of Australia's exports, and the country's economy depends ultimately upon this vital sector.

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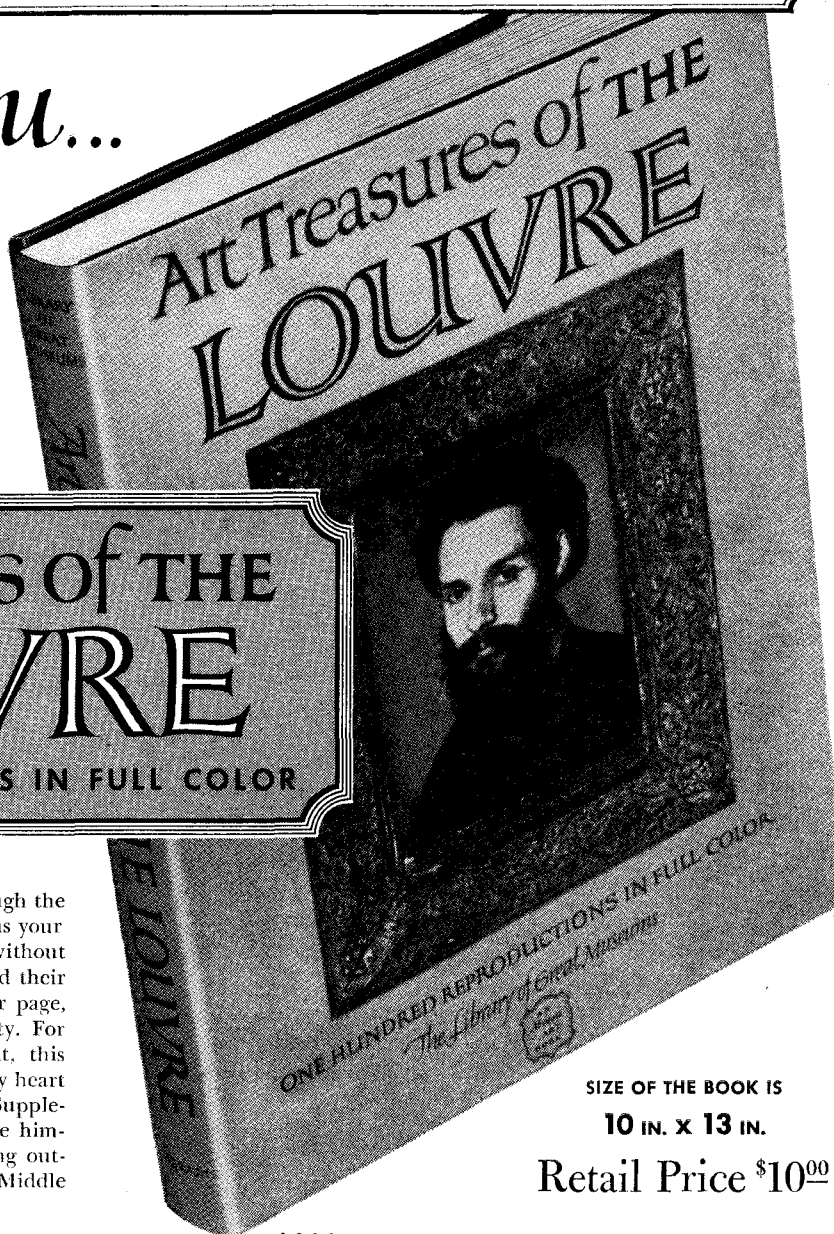
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Q. Where is The Reader's Digest bought and read?

A. In every country where people are free to read what they choose—58 by actual count. In addition, smuggled copies are read by thousands behind the Iron Curtain, frequently at serious personal risk.

Q. Where do the articles in the International Editions come from?

A. Every article has first appeared in the American edition of the Reader's Digest. More often than not, the same articles which were most popular in Kansas City and San Francisco turn out to be most popular also in Buenos Aires and Manila. *The Digest has proved that the basic interests of intelligent men and women are alike the world over.*

Q. Who are the 55 million readers?

A. In the United States, more college-trained and economically well-off men and women read the Digest than any other magazine. *Any one issue is read by 52 % of all Americans who have attended college.* Sixty-one percent of Digest readers are high school graduates, though only 36 % of the American population in the same age groups have finished high school.

Surveys show an equally high educational and economic level among readers of all the International Editions. In France, for example, more than twice as many people who are college-trained—more than twice as many of the well-to-do—read the Digest than any other magazine. The same holds true in Japan, Norway,

Canada and virtually every country where the Digest is published. *Digest readers have more education—have more money to spend than those of any other widely circulated magazine in the world.*

Q. Why is the Digest so popular among leaders in all walks of life?

A. Because each issue contains a wealth of ideas that stimulate thought and conversation. Because each issue is packed with material that extends mental horizons, quickens the imagination, whets one's curiosity. Because each issue gives one a keener zest for life and a sharper appreciation of the fine art of living.

Q. Do The Reader's Digest International Editions differ in any way from the United States edition?

A. Yes. The United States edition does not carry advertising, but all International Editions do.

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30th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE—February 1952

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(The following comments have appeared in *The Reader's Digest* or are scheduled for publication)



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Former Chancellor, Chicago University



"I have seen articles by and about Canadians published in Spanish, Norwegian, Japanese, Italian and various other languages by *The Reader's Digest* and I hope to see many more. The Digest tells 58 nations about each other. We cannot have too much of this free exchange of information if the world is to achieve trust and understanding."

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Prime Minister of Canada



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The Atlantic Report *on Australia*



Equally, however, successful primary production depends upon basic development — upon good roads and railways and efficient ports for export, upon power for rural electricity and for the food-processing industries, upon fuel and steel and, everywhere and in every possible way, upon water. Water is Australia's great shortage. Lack of water creates the deserts, sets the final limit to expansion, and is the recurrent specter of drought years.

If Australian economy expands

In other words, if the Australian economy is to be strong and expansive and if it is to play its full part in peace or in cold or hot war, it must extend its primary production and it must see that the bases of expansion — water, power, fuel, transport, and steel — keep pace with the growth of the economy. In fact, they must keep ahead, since the speed of their expansion sets the pace for all the rest.

For a variety of reasons, this is not taking place in Australia. Primary production was depressed in the thirties. The war saw a great expansion of manufacturing. After the war, the mushroom industries were kept in being to prevent unemployment. But although the reasons were understandable, the results have been unsatisfactory.

The number of men working on the land has declined; the service industries absorb more workers than any other section; basic transport and industry are short of manpower and capital; secondary and tertiary industry, which includes an immense range of nonsense such as chromium ash-tray production and the output of glass statuettes, has swollen to absorb a larger proportion of the working force than is the case even in the highly industrialized United States.

The result of this unbalance is obvious. Food production is falling. Steel output is below capacity and well below need. Electricity is zoned and rationed, and blackouts cripple industrial productivity. Fuel is chronically short, and transport, as a result of war and of poor post-war maintenance, is in very dubious shape.

Since the economy cannot expand its basic supplies and since demand is kept high by keen world demand for Australian products and by full employment at home, the result is internal inflation. Inflation in turn has mopped up all the safety margins. Australia entered the last war with reserves of power, fuel, and transport capacity. There are no reserves today.

There is little reason, however, in the economic field why most of the deficiencies which impede Australia's primary production — and incidentally its defense effort — could not be made good in little more than eighteen months. The degree of unbalance, though dangerous, is not large. Probably not more than 125,000 workers need to change their jobs from less essential to essential production. The redeployment of capital may be of the order of some £A200 million. The general prosperity of the community and the great skill and reliability of the labor force could make such a readjustment relatively painless.

The real obstacles lie in the political field. To get resources out of the unessential, semiluxury industries and into the defense effort — into primary production and into fuel, power, transport, and steel — means treading on a few toes, and neither Government nor Opposition in Australia is well equipped for this essential activity.

The Government is a Coalition of the Liberal and Country Parties. The Country Party has close links not only with some primary producers but with the manufacturing industry as well, and many of the industries which support the Coalition are those which, in Australia's real interests, should be reduced. But what enterprise wants to be reduced while inflation-inspired demand is still on the upward swing?

After two years in office, the Government has not succeeded in getting much of the unbalance out of the Australian economy. The budget of 1951 produced some deflationary effects by higher taxation and cuts in Government spending. Credit has also been more closely controlled, but there is some sign of relaxation already. Meantime, the rise in prices goes on.

Australian Labor

Labor might be more attentive to the needs of basic industry, but it too is pledged to support all industries that give employment. The notion of transferring workers from less essential to more vital production is not a very popular one. The notion of a defense effort is even less so, for Australian Labor, the most isolated of all Labor Parties, is somewhat taken with the idea that rearmament is really not necessary and that "Russia will not start a war."

The fundamental economic issues in Australia have not in fact occupied the real attention of the Australian parliament. The political drama of

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the last two years has been the Government's effort to deal with Communism by legislative means and its failure to do so.

Communism is a real problem in Australia, for some of the basic trade unions have been captured by the Communists and this control has been used with purpose and effect to disrupt industrial life. The waterside workers, the steel men, the miners, some of the transport workers, have had Communist officials, and it is certain that the keen dislike felt for Communism by the vast majority of Australians was one of the chief reasons for the victory of the Liberal and Country Party Coalition in 1949.

In 1950 the Government produced a bill outlawing Communism. This law, however, exceeded the powers which Australia's Constitution confers upon the Federal Government, and was declared invalid by the High Court of Australia early in 1951. The Government then held another election strictly upon the Communist issue and as a result obtained control in both houses of the legislature. Thus reinforced, it proceeded to hold a referendum, asking the people to vote to the Federal Government the powers which the Constitution did not confer. The answer of the people was to return a small negative majority and there the matter rests.

The narrow vote which swung the referendum was almost certainly determined by general disgruntlement at continued rises in prices and at some of the Government's measures for dealing with it—particularly the dismissal of 10,000 civil servants within a week or so of the referendum. In other words, the underlying economic difficulties have forced their way into the political arena.

This apparent deadlock is, however, only part of the story. The unions themselves have taken alarm at the aims and methods of the Communists, and in every key union active groups of Labor unionists are contesting Communist control, and in the steelworkers' union and in several of the big ports have already scored a signal success. Their efforts will clearly be more effective the more stable and prosperous and expansive the Australian economy can become. Thus, once more, political

action and economic policy have proved to be inseparable.

The British-American link

This state of affairs is both a warning and a challenge not only for Australians but for Australia's powerful allies. If the Australian economy cannot be maintained on a resilient and expansive basis, if food production falls, if the defense effort does not take shape, Australia, instead of being the strong link in British-American Pacific policy, may become largely ineffective.

The Australians have had very little help and guidance from either London or Washington on the ways and means of carrying out what should be a common task. In the first place, Australia needs a joint British-American strategy because Australia's policy is so involved with British and American decisions that their repercussions are certain to be a determining force.

The community is inescapably British by sentiment, by outlook, by massive economic interest. Equally it is bound by its defense needs and by many economic ties to a closer relationship with America. If it is forced to choose between these two centers of attraction, the result will be confusion, division, and inaction.

The first essential in a successful Australian development is an agreed strategy between London and Washington. This is surely not impossible. On the contrary, every practical interest presses in that direction. The more Australia can become a producer and supplier of sterling-area food, the less will be the strain upon the dollar reserves of the sterling countries. America can never become a great market for all Australia's products. Britain is Australia's greatest market and will remain so.

Equally, however, it is in Britain's interest that the expansion of Australian food supplies should not preclude the selling, say, of fat lamb to North America, or other transactions which would increase the flow of dollars into the sterling area. The interest is the same—the expansion of Australian primary production—and this means investment in the land, in food-processing industries, and in primary production of all sorts. Much of British and American cap-

al is being directed into the "frills." Australia's vital economic interest is for a repetition of such moves as he granting by the World Bank of 100-million-dollar loan, all of which has been spent upon capital for basic development.

For a coördinated defense

In the political and strategic field, British and American interests in Australia are complementary, not competitive. Both nations need a Far East that is stable. Both nations need a successful policy for building up prosperity in Asia. The Colombo Plan, in which Australia took the initiative, does not compete with Mutual Security Aid or President Truman's Point Four program. The various schemes can accomplish more if they are closely coördinated.

If war were to come, Britain and America would gain if Australia's main responsibilities had already been agreed and if the arms it would receive from both sides were already allotted and standardized. As it is, very few Australians have any idea how the new Pacific Pact fits into their Commonwealth obligations and how much assistance they would receive on either side. The result is a degree of hesitation in the defense effort and a certain underlying irritation with both powerful partners.

This point of psychology is, perhaps, the most urgent of all. It is perhaps not sufficiently understood in either London or Washington that, on the one hand, Australia is a tremendous potential asset in Asian and Pacific strategy but that, on the other, it cannot be taken for granted. London's relative neglect of Australia is, unhappily, ancient history. The symbol of it is the failure of both Winston Churchill and Clement Attlee to spare even a week to visit this part of the British Commonwealth.

But Washington seems to fall very easily into the same error. The good will created by John Foster Dulles in coming to explain the Japanese treaty to the naturally reluctant and suspicious Australians can be easily dissipated by continued neglect of Australia's interests and potentialities in other fields. Australia is a key asset of the Western world in the critical East. But much more time and thought must be given to it if its full advantage is to be safely won.

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Washington

THERE was no agenda for the Churchill visit until shortly before the British Prime Minister arrived in Washington. That fact left Administration officials perplexed as to precisely what Mr. Churchill wanted. Secretary Acheson in particular was cool to the idea of the Churchill visit, though the acrimony which existed between Acheson and Foreign Secretary Eden at Paris mellowed into a formal correctness, if not harmony.

As the talks progressed it became evident that Churchill's objectives were closer coöperation with the United States in military and diplomatic affairs, and recognition of Britain's role as distinct from that of united Europe. For the record, at least, he succeeded in his objectives.

Britain and the United States narrowed their differences over their individual policies toward Egypt and Iran. Churchill's consent to support the World Bank's efforts in Iran represented a substantial concession from the previous British position that any negotiation with the Mossadegh government was impossible. Mr. Truman and his advisers already had agreed independently to call for joint action in Iran in the event that the Communist Tudeh Party should take over.

The British and American teams also agreed on joint action in Southeast Asia in case of new Communist drives. Britain has been less worried about Indo-China than about Burma, which now would fall like a ripe plum. Eden's statement that any new aggression in the area would be referred to the United Nations for collective action represents the attitude here, but it is probable that more specific measures also were outlined.

On other points, such as recognition of China, there was agreement to disagree. Some of the points, such as the adoption of a standardized infantry rifle, were regarded as red herrings. It would take at least three years to get either the new British lightweight rifle or its American counterpart into quantity production. Thus the American M-1, or Garand, for which new orders recently were placed, will continue to be standard in the NATO countries.

Probably the most important single accomplishment was the accord on raw materials. Britain is to receive needed steel from the United States; in return, Canadian aluminum and copper previously destined for Britain are to be diverted to the United States, and Britain is to furnish Malayan tin at a contract price of \$1.18 a pound. This last concession is the *quid pro quo* the Administration wanted.

Atomic secrets

Private assurances already had been given that Britain would be consulted on any contemplated use of the atom bomb. Another British request involving a fuller exchange of atomic information was partly met by an agreement to allow small groups of scientists from both countries to study certain areas of atomic energy in which the British are interested. Although the two countries co-operated broadly during the war, American atomic research has been virtually walled off from Britain since 1945.

Shortly before Churchill's visit a top Canadian atomic scientist, Dr. C. J. Mackenzie, called attention to the harm this wall was doing the American weapons program. Canada has built a relatively inexpensive plutonium separation plant at Chalk River, Ontario, which is far more efficient than any in this country. Britain has been conducting her own atomic weapons project at Harwell. Both countries have been supplying the United States with atomic information. Yet, as Dr. Mackenzie put it, they have not been permitted to see how that information has been used or to correct mistakes.

In part this situation of all take and no give stems from narrow interpretations of the McMahon Act, which forbids the exchange of information bearing upon atomic weapons. A slight modification sponsored by Senator McMahon was passed by the last session of Congress but has not really begun to operate.

Behind the American policy have been two illusions — first, that the atomic bomb was entirely an American development; and second, that there

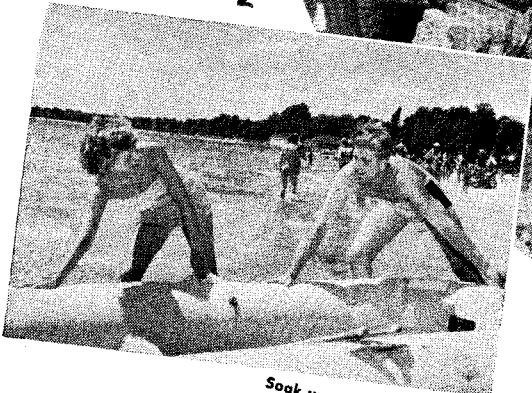
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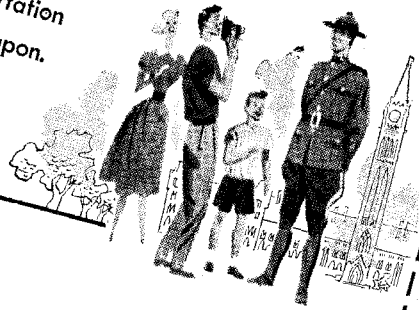
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was a "secret" which could be safeguarded indefinitely. Actually, scientists of many national backgrounds participated in the development of the atomic bomb, and some of the most important contributions were made by British and Canadian scientists. The principal "secret," of course, evaporated with the advent of the Russian bomb.

Whenever the exchange of information with Britain and Canada has been mentioned, some members of Congress have thrown up their hands in horror. What about the Klaus Fuchs case? they ask. That was a spectacular case of laxness in British security precautions. Unquestionably there are certain scientific adaptations in atomic weapons which it is desirable to keep secret. But it is doubtful whether any sort of security that is predicated primarily on secrecy can succeed.

Real atomic security lies in scientific progress—in new discoveries and techniques. This is a field in which many minds are better than a few, and a field in which progress is related to the exchange of ideas. The question which the United States must ask itself is whether its stress on secrecy is not actually retarding the atomic progress upon which much of the defense of the free world depends.

Reforming the tax collectors

The first of the President's long-promised steps to clean up influence and corruption in government consisted of a sweeping reorganization of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The offices of the 64 politically appointed collectors of internal revenue will be abolished and the activities consolidated in 25 district offices; all employees except the Commissioner of Internal Revenue will be placed under civil service; and there will be an independent inspection service reporting directly to the Commissioner.

The reorganization embodies many of the recommendations of the Hoover Commission and similar groups. But it did not meet with universal approval. There were skeptical remarks among members of Congress, some of whom saw in it the loss of patronage—and perhaps of political ammunition. Since some of the reforms depend upon the assent of Congress, completion of the plan is by no means assured.

Even if all the President's requests are granted, it will take years to carry out the changes. The mere placing of more revenue employees under civil service does not, of course, ensure that there will be no more graft; civil service employees have been involved in many of the scandals. The problem really is one of moral atmosphere—and that should emanate from the White House.

Nevertheless, there is a disposition to credit the President with a move in the right direction. It is also a move which enables Mr. Truman to take Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder off the hook. Reportedly Mr. Snyder encouraged the reforms in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. But the Bureau has been his bailiwick all along, and he bears at least a share of the responsibility for the deterioration that has taken place.

Senator Williams has charged that the Treasury deliberately withheld evidence from a St. Louis grand jury investigating the deposed collector of internal revenue there.

Through it all, however, there has been remarkably little heat on Mr. Snyder for what in most departments would be regarded as gross negligence. Perhaps the explanation for the contrast between the treatment of Snyder and the scorching criticism turned on Attorney General McGrath lies in the fact that Snyder seemed genuinely concerned, whereas McGrath gave the appearance of indifference. Moreover, Snyder has been basically a banker in a political assignment, whereas McGrath has been a politician angling for a bigger job.

Symington and Gray resign

Two of the Administration's most faithful performers resigned early in the New Year. W. Stuart Symington, lately administrator of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, went back to private business, and Gordon Gray, former director of the Psychological Strategy Board, returned to the presidency of the University of North Carolina.

Symington has been an "operator." Handsome, glib, and affable, he made things hum wherever he was. As Secretary of the Air Force before Korea, he installed an efficient internal machinery and at the same time made no bones about his opposition to

administration policy in limiting Air Force expansion.

As chairman of the National Security Resources Board, Symington survived that planning agency after a fifteen-month hiatus. He was never content with mere long-range planning, however, and the appointment of Defense Mobilizer Wilson more or less eclipsed him in the mobilization picture. He thus was a natural to take over the RFC after the loan scandals had made it a hot spot.

Symington lived up to his promise to make the RFC "bristle with integrity" by instituting tighter loan procedures and summarily firing officials when there was any hint of impropriety. He also ran into considerable controversy over his attempts to break the rubber and tin markets and force down the prices of materials which the RFC purchases for strategic needs.

Symington has been in essence, though not by admission, a preventive warrior. This explains his zeal and deep sense of dedication. Sometimes his actions have appeared more forceful than wise in retrospect, but no one can question that he had a big impact in the Capital.

Gordon Gray, mild and soft-spoken, though not beyond a righteous anger, acquired a reputation for quiet efficiency as Assistant Secretary and later as Secretary of the Army. He had come up "through the ranks" as both an enlisted man and officer during the war, and that gave him breadth. Before taking the university post he made a detailed survey of the economic prospects of Europe after the Marshall Plan — though his conclusions were thrown completely out of kilter by the Korean war.

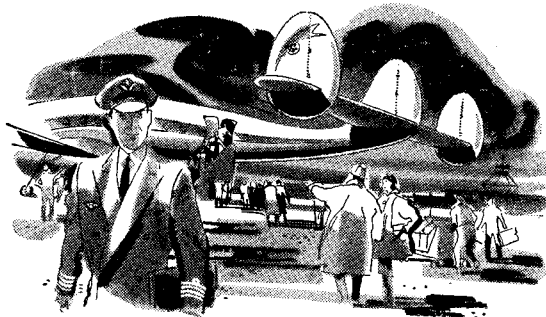
There was satisfaction when Gray agreed to come back to Washington as the first director of the Psychological Strategy Board on a short leave of absence from the university. This is the board set up to coordinate the psychological aspects of diplomatic and military policy, the better to counter Kremlin propaganda. It is composed of the Under Secretaries of State and Defense and the Director of Central Intelligence.

But Gray found that an amorphous agency of this sort was different from



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the Army, where the job was clear-cut. His view was that before the board could function effectively its lines of authority would have to be straight. He concentrated on getting acknowledgment of the board's place, and was dismayed by the mountains of paper work. He was particularly miffed by the fact that the President's disarmament speech of last fall was referred to the board only as an afterthought.

If the Psychological Strategy Board is to mean much, one of its most important needs is continuity of direction. Hence it is a bad omen that even before he stepped into Gray's shoes, the new director, Dr. Raymond B. Allen, was already slated to become chancellor of the University of California at Los Angeles in September.

Economy and the budget

Despite the talk in Congress about cutting the President's budget, there is little likelihood that any substantial cuts will be made. In the first place, the budget this year appears to be unusually tight; virtually every agency complained to the Bureau of the Budget before the message went to Capitol Hill. In the second place, Congress has no effective machinery for reviewing the budget intelligently.

In the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946, Congress provided for a legislative budget which would be adopted each year as a sort of ceiling for appropriations. Having made this effort on paper, however, Congress promptly proceeded to ignore it.

There is little chance that the plan advanced by Representative Coudert for a ceiling of \$71 billion on expenditures — roughly the total anticipated tax revenues — will be adopted. Congress could not afford to tie its hands in a time of international crisis; moreover, there is some prospect that the tax take will be substantially higher than \$71 billion. This conditions the feeling of legislators against any new tax increases in an election year.

It has become extremely difficult to enforce economies once appropriations bills reach the floor, for the reason that few members like to vote against pork-barrel projects that affect their own districts, such as the perennial rivers and harbors bill. Also, the way of an economizer is hard, as

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Senator Paul Douglas has found. During the last session Mr. Douglas recommended 90 separate economy measures which, if carried, would have saved \$1,337,000,000. Only 10 of these proposals, aggregating some \$215 million, were enacted. Nearly \$200 million of the total saved was represented in a single amendment cutting the leave of Federal employees from 26 to 20 days annually.

Mood of the Capital

General Eisenhower's statement indicating his availability for the Republican presidential nomination if drafted was vastly encouraging to those persons in the Capital who feel a drastic need for change but cannot stomach Senator Taft. Of certainty the announcement has pushed the Taft forces to new vigor in their efforts to line up delegates. But the feeling here is that this impetus is more than compensated for by the enthusiasm which the announcement has instilled into the Eisenhower supporters.

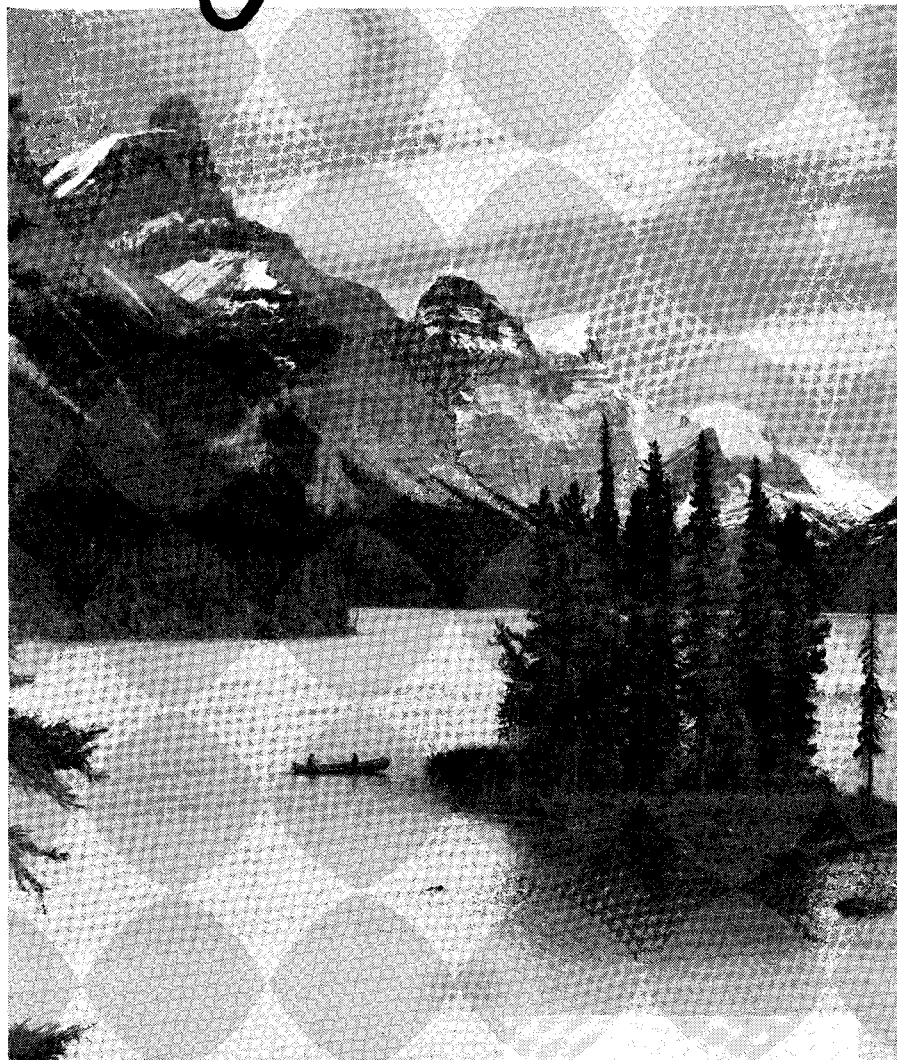
The sagging morale of the Eisenhower enthusiasts has been greatly bolstered by the general's declaration that he is a Republican and his indication that he will be available in the flesh if called by the convention. Supporters here are counting heavily on these facts, plus the amount of public support for Eisenhower shown by the polls, to enlist uncommitted delegates as well as to persuade waverers away from Taft.

A cautious optimism over the prospects of peace infuses the Capital. This optimism was greatly reinforced by Winston Churchill's calmness, particularly his prophecy that peace would prevail throughout 1952.

Churchill is regarded as above all a realist. No one discounts the possibility of new Communist moves in Southeast Asia which might have to be met by some new combination of forces; nor is there any tendency to gloss over the fact that there is not yet a unified defense of Europe.

Nevertheless, in regard to the chance of all-out war, there is a disposition to accept the estimate of Defense Mobilizer Wilson: that whereas a year ago the odds were 50-50, today they are 60-40 against war. In other words, the rearmament program has begun to pay off.

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Latin America

THE deadlock which has existed for the past nine months over United States purchase prices of Bolivian tin has become the most serious controversy in inter-American relations since Franklin Roosevelt initiated the Good Neighbor Policy nineteen years ago. So far only Bolivia has been directly affected. Except for a dribble of shipments during September, this barren inland republic has exported virtually no tin to the United States since the end of May, 1951.

Tin comprises 70 per cent of Bolivia's exports. It provides 60 per cent of the government's revenues and 90 per cent of the dollar exchange for the country's imports, including 90 per cent of the people's food supply. So the effects on the Bolivian national economy can hardly be overstated. Unless the price deadlock can be broken, Bolivia faces a ghastly economic crack-up and all the political and social chaos which, in underdeveloped countries, goes with it.

This situation has arisen because United States policy toward the only tin reserve area in the world which is wholly safe from the Russians, and toward an extremely touchy political and economic problem as well, has persisted in an adamant "business as usual" attitude. Since the expiration of previous Bolivian tin contracts on May 31, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation — which earlier in 1951 was put in charge of United States tin purchases — has stood firmly, through all negotiations and pressures, on a take it or leave it price offer of \$1.12 a pound.

Bolivian producers and mineowners have produced plausible statistics to show that they cannot put tin on the market at \$1.12 a pound if they are to make a reasonable profit for themselves and at the same time perform the tin industry's functions in supporting Bolivia's economy. Their arguments have affected the RFC's negotiators and price-fixers no more than the chitter of llamas on the Andean highlands. The net result has been a sellers' strike. The Bolivians since September have stuck to an asking price of \$1.50, placed high enough for normal bargaining purposes, and the deadlock has been on.

Meanwhile, with a fair minimum of output, tin mining in Bolivia still goes on. The republic's 40,000 tin miners, the best-paid labor group in the country and at the same time the most sensitive to leftist political agitations, for the most part are still on the job.

But the tin-mining operations are being conducted on loans and capital outlays in anticipation of future sales and the restoration of a normal United States market. The loans will not be available if the deadlock is prolonged indefinitely. Already the strain on credit facilities has led to the closing down of a considerable number of smaller mines.

As the tin ores pile up by the thousands of tons in ports on the Pacific coast, resentment spreads through all sections of Bolivian society; and the accusation gains credence that the United States is letting a poor neighbor down.

Korea pushes tin up

In the background of the present tin crisis, of course, is a history of spectacular price fluctuations, due mainly to the Korean war but also, in considerable part, to certain manipulations of tin supply and markets which went on during the period following the Second World War.

Tin, for instance, in the early months of 1950 before Korea, was priced on the vital Singapore exchange at from 71 to 73 cents a pound. But this deep post-war low came about only because the British, following the pound's devaluation in September, 1949, broke down a 99½-cent price by dumping an estimated stockpile of 20,000 tons on the market in order to get dollars. Temporarily, though, the Bolivians were then selling relatively little tin to the United States at prices in the 70s, so that the effect of the Singapore low was somewhat academic.

With the Korean trouble, this sinking trend was almost frenetically reversed. Military use and stockpiling stepped up so fast that, by early 1951, tin selling prices reached \$1.83 a pound, with a few asking prices ranging above \$1.90.

Tin producers meanwhile resolutely stayed out of the International Materials Control boards being set up in Washington to handle allocations and adjust prices on strategic commodities. As a result, in March of last year the Truman Administration, as an emergency measure, placed the entire tin-purchasing operation in the hands of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

The RFC, especially after W. Stuart Symington became its sole chief a few weeks later, cracked away at war boom prices by practically ceasing all tin purchases for the time being. Buying was resumed in the early summer when Singapore prices broke to around a \$1.03 level, but chiefly in Asiatic, Indonesian, and Belgian Congo ores. The Bolivians, refusing to sell at the Singapore prices after their contract ran out in May, were left in the cold.

During September, while negotiations were under way for a new contract, the Bolivians made a few token shipments under a month-long interim agreement at the \$1.12 price. But since October 5, when the contract negotiations broke down over Symington's refusal to consider any increase in the \$1.12 figure, the deadlock has become total.

Anglo-American tin agreement

The first ray of hope for a break came early in January in the wake of the visit of British Prime Minister Winston Churchill and his staff to Washington. A general agreement was reached in the Churchill conversations for an Anglo-American exchange of American steel for aluminum and tin produced in the British dominions and colonies. Specific details were left to be worked out by a joint commission headed by Lord Cherwell, chief of the British atomic operations, and Charles E. Wilson, director of the American defense production effort.

The tin price agreed upon — chiefly for Malayan ores — was \$1.18 on the Singapore exchange, with minor variations according to grades. This should give Bolivian producers prices of \$1.23 to \$1.25 a pound, allowing for the difference in freight charges. The question remains whether so slight an advance will enable Bolivian tin either to maintain normal output or to provide the peculiar



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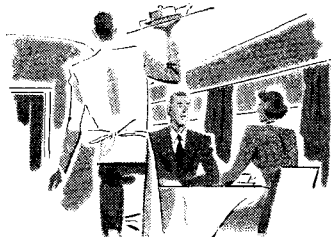
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services which the Bolivian economy expects of it.

High altitude, high price

In anything like a classical free market, much Bolivian tin production would be uneconomic. Asiatic, African, and Indonesian ores are washed or bulldozed out of surface deposits by coolie labor at relatively low production costs. Bolivia's are dug out of deep mine shafts following the seams in the high Andes at altitudes of from 13,000 to 18,000 feet above sea level.

Bolivia's tin miners are picked for their adaptation to heavy work in such a climate and for their skills in carrying out complicated industrial processes underground. As a result of pressure from their strong labor unions and the normal heavy demand for qualified labor, they get high wages, for their part of the world: \$1.50 to \$3 a day, plus legally required below-cost food and household supplies at the mining company stores, and free schools and hospitalization. During the past few years wages have generally kept pace with currency inflation.

Under these conditions, a few of the large, intensively mechanized mines of the Patino and Hochschild interests can doubtless produce tin, pay their share of the government tax roll, and still sell competitively with overseas producers at a moderate profit. But at the former Singapore price of \$1.03, or even at the \$1.12 RFC price, most of the smaller mines, joined together in the Aramayo, Mediano, and the Banco de Mineras syndicates, could do no more than break even, and might have to shut up shop to avoid losing money.

The RFC gets its back up

These factors in the situation have been ignored in the Symington purchase program. In effect, Symington's position has been that enough tin is being produced in the world at lower prices to satisfy demands for current use and for stockpiling without calling on the Bolivians. Hence, if subsidy prices are required to keep the Bolivian tin industry functioning as a producing reserve, that is just the Bolivians' hard luck. If Malayan, Thailand, and Indonesian tin areas should fall into Russian

hands on the outbreak of another world war, leaving only a dismantled Bolivia to supply the Western powers, that is a bridge to be crossed when the time comes.

Throughout the autumn and early winter, in fact, the Symington office replied to all State Department and other government pressures for a complete price policy by simply keeping its back up. Instead of negotiating, the RFC spread a constantly stepped-up anti-Bolivian propaganda which culminated in a column by David Lawrence on December 28 charging that the Bolivian tin producers were international blackmailers and extortionists.

Meanwhile, as a result of short buying over so long a period, the United States was having to dip into its 11,000-ton tin stockpile by an estimated 2000 tons in order to provide civilian industries with tin for their immediate essential needs.

The tough neighbor policy

The unhappiest development of the impasse has been the spread of a bilateral row between Washington and Bolivia into a Hemisphere-wide irritant. Experiences in the Second World War and its economic aftermath have rendered all the Latin American governments more or less suspicious of Yankee "economic imperialism" — especially with regard to purchases of strategic materials for defense.

So, on the heels of the tin deadlock, various Latin American capitals were alarmed about what might happen to their principal exports if the United States should apply Symington standards to other contracts. Cuba had an attack of jitters over sugar, Venezuela over oil, Uruguay over wool, Chile over copper.

On a single day at the year's turn, five Latin American ambassadors appeared in the office of Assistant Secretary of State Edwin G. Miller, Jr., to protest solemnly against proposed United States tariffs on tuna.

Although Brazil is hardly a one-crop country, President Getulio Vargas joined the anti-gringo agitation by making a speech which threatened to cut drastically the amount which could be paid the United States as return on Brazilian investments.



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Bolivia's capable diplomats in the Latin republics fanned the flames, in both private and public declarations, with adroit complaints of their woes at the hands of Mr. Symington. Finally, they developed a Grade-A project of protest which should prove extremely embarrassing for the State Department, if not for the RFC.

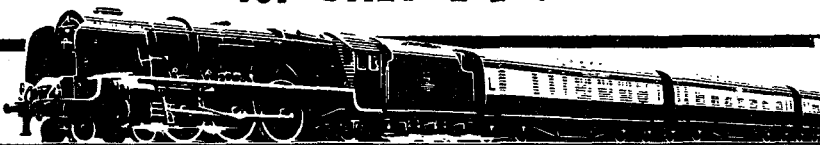
Under the charter of the Organization of American States adopted at Bogotá in 1948, a serious international crime is proscribed, known under the name of "economic aggression." Roughly speaking, one form of economic aggression consists of dipping into a defense stockpile of strategic materials bought and produced in the Hemisphere, for the use of civilian industries.

Bolivia's diplomats in the other Latin American capitals began proposing more or less formally in late December that charges of "economic aggression" be brought against the United States. The Chileans pursued it at once, to the extent that the Chamber of Deputies unanimously voted to call an Inter-American Conference "in defense of raw materials." While no other governments took specific action, their spokesmen in Washington began dropping dark hints that if something were not done shortly to clear up the tin impasse, more troubles might be expected.

To make the "economic aggression" charge stick, the Bolivians, to be sure, would have to prove that the tin recently released by the RFC to private industry was drawn from the military rather than from a general stockpile. This would be difficult. But the mere matter of proof would hardly lessen the embarrassment. The United States, at the beginning of the long road of intensive stockpiling for defensive military might, can hardly afford to be put on the spot for economic shenanigans with the crucial products of a poorer neighbor.

Mr. Symington's departure from the RFC directorship late in January possibly measured the degree to which such dangers were realized elsewhere in the Washington government. What remains to be seen is whether either the tin grievances of the Bolivians or the commotions they have stirred up throughout Latin America can be assuaged.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Relations with the Vatican

SIR:

What about the proposed American ambassador to the Vatican? (January *Atlantic*: "One-sided Diplomacy," by Paul Blanshard, and "Relations with the Vatican: Why Not?" by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.)

Frankly, most Catholics don't care. It will make us neither better nor worse Catholics. If it is good for our country to have an ambassador at the Vatican, let's have him. If it isn't, then let's not have him.

J. J. VALENTI
Houston, Tex.

SIR:

In the January *Atlantic*, Paul Blanshard makes the following statement: "The Catholic law on public schools (Canon 1374) is distinctly anti-American. It directs American Catholics to maintain a segregated school system under clerical control in opposition to the public school. . . ."

The public school system is, Mr. Blanshard implies, thoroughly American. The Catholic school system is opposed to the public school system. Therefore the Catholic school system is anti-American.

Before I could even begin to test the validity of this conclusion, I would require a clearer notion of what Mr. Blanshard means by *in opposition to*. Does he mean *hostile to*, or *different from*, or *in competition with*? *In opposition to* could have any one of these meanings (and other meanings too); and the various meanings would substantially change the complexion of his statement.

In making a challenging statement in connection with "the most im-

portant conflict between the Vatican and American democracy," Mr. Blanshard has no right to speak ambiguously. Equivocal language is insidious because, by the skillful use of it, damaging conclusions can be drawn from quite innocent premises.

EDWARD P. J. CORBETT
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

Mr. Blanshard stated that Roman Catholics would receive special privileges, were an ambassador to be sent to the Pope. Does he not feel that the members of the Anglican Communion — which includes the American Protestant Episcopal Church — are receiving special privileges when the United States sends an ambassador to the King of England, who is the supreme head of the Anglican Communion?

MICHAEL R. KENNEY
Portsmouth, R.I.

SIR:

If the Roman Catholic Church is anti-American, as Paul Blanshard claims, because it sometimes refuses to recognize as Christian certain marriages valid under the civil law, then the Protestant Episcopal Church is also anti-American. We do not recognize that Episcopalians have the right to remarriage after divorce, except the innocent party in an adultery case. All others wishing remarriage after divorce must convince the ecclesiastical authority that certain conditions considered by the Church as necessary for the formation of a Christian marriage were lacking, and therefore the civil marriage established "no marriage bond as the

same is recognized by this Church."

Furthermore, I know of no Church which does not insist that in a conflict between the authority of the United States of America and what that Church holds to be the absolute law of God, it is the law of God which is binding upon the conscience.

JOHN CLARENCE PETRIE, *Vicar*
Church of the Holy Nativity (Episcopal)
Pahokee, Fla.

SIR:

Paul Blanshard says in his *Atlantic* article that Catholic parents are required to send their children to Catholic schools under pain of mortal sin. This is a falsehood. Catholic parents are merely requested to send their children to parochial schools — there is no compulsion.

He also voices an untruth when he states that the Catholic Church brings pressure on the American press to print favorable stories. The Church merely asks that any article concerning the Catholic Church be printed in its entirety, so that the public may know the truth.

JOHN SOTHEREN
Tenafly, N.J.

SIR:

Paul Blanshard's frenzied attack on what he calls "Roman Catholic power," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, sets me seriously questioning the ability of you and your staff to judge what is good literature and/or the intellectual approach. What prompted you to include his current salvo of unliterary generalizations, sophomoric logic, and bathetic forebodings in your January issue could only be a sympathetic feeling — however oblique — for the

man and his militant anti-Catholicism. Please cancel my subscription.

ROBERT F. CARROLL
Philadelphia, Penn.

SIR:

Those of us who fear that diplomatic relationship would "give the Vatican a new and powerful voice in American foreign policy" are not defeatists "about America's role in the great world." We are only convinced that open discussion of any important political questions at issue between our country and the Vatican is precluded *ab initio* by the dogmas of the Church and that any influence emerging from the proposed diplomatic relationship could flow only in one direction.

What that direction is can be clearly envisaged by supposing that our ambassador to the Vatican were of the Roman Catholic faith. Any ambassador who should go there with the intention "to assert and advance the national interests and influence of the United States" would return empty-handed save, perhaps, for a few minor concessions on means; if ends were involved, his labors, however skillful, would be in vain.

G. WATTS CUNNINGHAM
Professor of Philosophy, Emeritus
Laurens, S.C.

SIR:

Consider this misstatement in Professor Schlesinger's article: "I know of no evidence that the principle of the separation of church and state was ever considered to preclude the sending of a mission to a foreign potentate who happened also to be a religious leader." Mr. Schlesinger looks through the wrong end of his academic telescope. Obviously, the Pope is primarily, and not just incidentally, a religious leader. That he happens also to be a "potentate" is by the grace of Mussolini and Fascist Italy of 1929, from which he was granted a few acres of independence. The Pope is and can be a political power only because he exercises dictatorial religious power over citizens of nations other than his own.

Mr. Schlesinger does not take ac-

count of the preferred position and power that this proposed action would confer upon the agents and the twenty-eight million subjects of this "foreign potentate" inside our country. Had he faced this vital issue he would have discovered the crux of the church-state principle. Also, he could not have escaped its implications. He himself argues that the Vatican is powerful in intervening in the domestic affairs of other nations, specifically Spain and Yugoslavia. Therefore he must admit the Vatican's present power to intervene in our domestic affairs — a power which would be enhanced by diplomatic recognition.

STRAUGHAN LOWE GETTIER, Minister
First Parish West Roxbury (Unitarian)
West Roxbury, Mass.

SIR:

You have performed a great service in allowing Mr. Blanshard and Mr. Schlesinger to discuss the Vatican appointment matter.

I am very sure that if people will read both articles, and not just the one which they prefer, they will be much wiser in their personal estimate of the Truman maneuver in making a nomination for an ambassador to the Roman Catholic Vatican.

Although I find Mr. Blanshard winning the debate hands down, I am very much impressed with Mr. Schlesinger's careful analysis of his reasons for supporting the appointment.

EMORY STEVENS BUCKE, Editor
Zion's Herald
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

I particularly enjoy reading the articles that you publish expressing the views of leading public figures on vital contemporary issues, such as the two presenting very opposite views of the proposal by the President to appoint General Mark Clark ambassador to the Vatican. Neither presents exactly my own inclinations, but I appreciate your fairness in attempting to offer to readers two sides of an issue directly concerned with the basic principles of our way of life.

ROBERT V. JELINEK
Woodside, N.Y.

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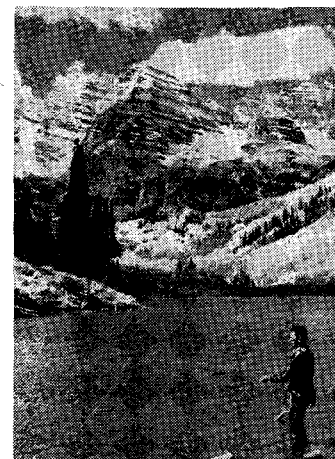
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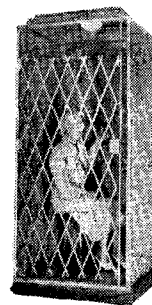
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English author, philosopher, and mathematician, BERTRAND RUSSELL went to Stockholm in December, 1950, to receive the Nobel Prize in Literature; in preparation for the reception, he began to think about the motives and aspirations of modern man, and the essay which follows is a development of the speech he made. Earl Russell, to give him the title which he seldom uses, has written on Bolshevism (1920), about which he had no illusions; on Marriage and Morals (1929); on Authority and the Individual (1949); and his latest work, New Hopes for a Changing World, has just been published by Simon and Schuster.

THE SPRINGS OF HUMAN ACTION

by BERTRAND RUSSELL

IF POLITICS is to become scientific, and if the event is not to be constantly surprising, it is imperative that our political thinking should penetrate more deeply into the springs of human action. All human activity is prompted by desire. There is a wholly fallacious theory advanced by earnest moralists to the effect that it is possible to resist desire in the interests of duty and moral principle. I say this is fallacious, not because no man ever acts from a sense of duty, but because duty has no hold on him unless he desires to be dutiful. If you wish to know what men will do, you must know not only, or principally, their material circumstances, but rather the whole system of their desires with their relative strengths.

There are some desires which, though very powerful, have not, as a rule, any great *political* importance. Most men at some period of their lives desire to marry. But as a rule they can satisfy this desire without having to take any political action. There are, of course, exceptions. The rape of the Sabine women is a case in point. And the development of northern Australia is seriously impeded by the fact that the vigorous young men who ought to do the work dislike being wholly deprived of female society. But such cases are unusual, and in general the interest that men and women take in each other has little influence upon politics.

The desires that are politically important may be

divided into a primary and secondary group. In the primary group come the necessities of life: food and shelter and clothing. When these things become very scarce, there is no limit to the efforts that men will make, or to the violence that they will display, in the hope of securing them. It is said by students of the earliest history that, on four separate occasions, drought in Arabia caused the population of that country to overflow into surrounding regions, with immense effects, political, cultural, and religious. The last of these four occasions was the rise of Islam. The gradual spread of Germanic tribes from southern Russia to England, and thence to San Francisco, had similar motives. Undoubtedly the desire for food has been, and still is, one of the main causes of great political events.

But man differs from other animals in one very important respect, and that is that he has some desires which are, so to speak, infinite, which can never be fully gratified, and which would keep him restless even in Paradise. The boa constrictor, when he has had an adequate meal, goes to sleep, and does not wake until he needs another meal. Human beings, for the most part, are not like this. When the Arabs, who had been used to living sparingly on a few dates, acquired the riches of the Eastern Roman Empire, and dwelt in palaces of almost unbelievable luxury, they did not, on that account, become inactive. Hunger could no longer be a

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motive, for Greek slaves supplied them with exquisite viands at the slightest nod. But other desires kept them active: four in particular, which can be labeled *acquisitiveness*, *rivalry*, *vanity*, and *love of power*.

Acquisitiveness — the wish to possess as much as possible of goods, or the title to goods — is a motive which, I suppose, has its origin in a combination of fear and the desire for necessities. I once befriended two little girls from Esthonia, who had narrowly escaped death from starvation in a famine. They lived in my family and of course had plenty to eat. But they spent all their leisure visiting neighboring farms and stealing potatoes, which they hoarded.

Rockefeller, who in his infancy had experienced great poverty, spent his adult life in a similar manner. Similarly, the Arab chieftains on their silken Byzantine divans could not forget the desert, and hoarded riches far beyond any possible physical needs. But whatever may be the psychoanalysis of acquisitiveness, no one can deny that it is one of the great motives — especially among the more powerful, for, as I have said before, it is one of the infinite motives. However much you may acquire, you will always wish to acquire more; satiety is a dream which will always elude you.

But acquisitiveness, although it is the mainspring of the capitalist system, is by no means the most powerful of the motives that survive the conquest of hunger. Rivalry is a much stronger motive. Over and over again in Mohammedan history, dynasties have come to grief because the sons of a sultan by different mothers could not agree, and in the resulting civil war universal ruin resulted. The same sort of thing happens in modern Europe. The world would be a happier place than it is if acquisitiveness were always stronger than rivalry. But, in fact, a great many men will cheerfully face impoverishment if they can thereby secure complete ruin for their rivals. Hence the present level of income tax.

Vanity is a motive of immense potency. Anyone who has much to do with children knows how they are constantly performing some antic, and saying "Look at me." "Look at me" is one of the most fundamental desires of the human heart. It can take innumerable forms, from buffoonery to the pursuit of posthumous fame. There was a Renaissance Italian princeling who was asked by the priest on his deathbed if he had anything to repent of. "Yes," he said. "There is one thing. On one occasion I had a visit from the Emperor and the Pope simultaneously. I took them to the top of my tower to see the view, and I neglected the opportunity to throw them both down, which would have given me immortal fame." History does not relate whether the priest gave him absolution.

One of the troubles about vanity is that it grows with what it feeds on. The more you are talked

about, the more you will wish to be talked about. The condemned murderer, I am told, who is allowed to see the account of his trial in the press is indignant if he finds a newspaper which has reported it inadequately. And the more he finds about himself in other papers, the more indignant he will be. Politicians and literary men are in the same case. And the more famous they become, the more difficult the press cutting agency finds it to satisfy them. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the influence of vanity throughout the range of human life, from the child of three to the potentate at whose frown the world trembles. Mankind have even committed the impiety of attributing similar desires to the Deity, whom they imagine avid for continual praise.

2

BUT great as the influence of the motives we have been considering, there is one which outweighs them all. I mean the love of power. Love of power is closely akin to vanity, but is not by any means the same thing. What vanity needs for its satisfaction is glory, and it is easy to have glory without power. The people who enjoy the greatest glory in the United States are film stars; but they can be put in their place by the Committee on Un-American Activities, which enjoys no glory whatever. In England, the King has more glory than the Prime Minister, but the Prime Minister has more power than the King. Many people prefer glory to power, but on the whole these people have less effect upon the course of events than those who prefer power to glory. When Blücher, in 1814, saw Napoleon's palaces, he said: "Wasn't he a fool to have all this and to go running after Moscow." Napoleon, who certainly was not destitute of vanity, preferred power when he had to choose. To Blücher, this choice seemed foolish. Power, like vanity, is insatiable. Nothing short of omnipotence could satisfy it completely. And as it is especially the vice of energetic men, the casual efficacy of love of power is out of all proportion to its frequency. It is, indeed, by far the strongest motive in the lives of important men.

Love of power is greatly increased by the experience of power, and this applies to petty power as well as to that of potentates. In the happy days before 1914, when well-to-do ladies could acquire a host of servants, their pleasure in exercising power over the domestics steadily increased with age. Similarly, in any autocratic regime, the holders of power become increasingly tyrannical with experience of the delights that power can afford. Since power over human beings is shown in making them do what they would rather not do, the man who is actuated by love of power is more apt to inflict pain than to permit pleasure. If you ask your boss for leave of absence from the office on some legitimate

occasion, his love of power will derive more satisfaction from a refusal than from a consent. If you require a building permit, the petty official concerned will obviously get more pleasure from saying "No" than from saying "Yes." It is this sort of thing which makes the love of power such a dangerous motive.

But it has other sides which are more desirable. The pursuit of knowledge is, I think, mainly actuated by love of power. And so are all advances in scientific technique. In politics, also, a reformer may have just as strong a love of power as a despot. It would be a complete mistake to decry love of power altogether as a motive. Whether you will be led by this motive to actions which are useful or to actions which are pernicious depends upon the social system and upon your capacities. If your capacities are theoretical or technical, you will contribute to knowledge or technique, and, as a rule, your activity will be useful. If you are a politician, you *may* be actuated by love of power, but as a rule this motive will join itself on to the desire to see some state of affairs realized which for some reason you prefer to the status quo. A great general may, like Alcibiades, be quite indifferent as to which side he fights on, but most generals have preferred to fight for their own country, and have, therefore, had other motives besides love of power.

Love of power as nearly pure as possible is to be seen in various types of men. The purest type is that of the *Éminence Grise* — the power behind the throne that never appears in public, and merely hugs itself with the secret thought: "How little these puppets know who is pulling the strings." Baron Holstein, who controlled the foreign policy of the German Empire from 1890 to 1906, illustrates this type to perfection. He lived in a slum; he never appeared in society; he avoided meeting the Emperor, except on one single occasion when the Emperor's importunity could not be resisted; he refused all invitations to court functions, on the ground that he possessed no court dress. He had acquired secrets which enabled him to blackmail the Chancellor and many of the Kaiser's intimates. He used the power of blackmail, not to acquire wealth, or any other obvious advantage, but merely to compel the adoption of the foreign policy that he preferred. In the East, similar characters are not very uncommon among eunuchs.

3

I COME now to other motives, which, though in a sense less fundamental than those we have been considering, are still of considerable importance. The first of these is love of excitement. When white men first effect contact with some unspoiled race of savages, they offer them all kinds of benefits, from the light of the Gospel to pumpkin pie. These, however, much as we may regret it, most savages

receive with indifference. What they really value among the gifts that we bring them is intoxicating liquor, which enables them, for the first time in their lives, to have the illusion, for a few brief moments, that it is better to be alive than dead. Red Indians, while they were still unaffected by white men, would smoke their pipes, not calmly as we do, but orgiastically, inhaling so deeply that they sank into a faint. And when excitement by means of nicotine failed, a patriotic orator would stir them up to attack a neighboring tribe, which would give them all the enjoyment that we (according to our temperament) derive from baseball or a general election.

The pleasure of gambling consists almost entirely in excitement. Monsieur Huc, the Jesuit missionary, describes Chinese traders at the Great Wall in winter, gambling until they lost all their cash, then proceeding to lose all their merchandise, and at last gambling away their clothes and going out naked to die of cold. With civilized men, as with primitive Red Indian tribes, it is, I think, chiefly love of excitement which makes the populace applaud when war breaks out; the emotion is exactly the same as at a football match, although the results are not comparable.

What is serious about excitement is that so many forms are destructive. It is destructive in those who cannot resist excess in alcohol or gambling. It is destructive when it takes the form of mob violence. And above all it is destructive when it leads to war. It is so deep a need that it will find harmful outlets of this kind unless innocent outlets are at hand. There are such innocent outlets at present in sport, and in politics so long as it is kept within constitutional bounds. But these are not sufficient, especially as the kind of politics that is most exciting is also the kind that does most harm. Civilized life has grown altogether too tame, and, if it is to be stable, it must provide harmless outlets for the impulses which our remote ancestors satisfied in hunting. In Australia, where people are few and rabbits are many, I watched a whole populace satisfying the primitive impulse in the primitive manner by the skillful slaughter of many thousands of rabbits. But in London or New York, where people are many and rabbits are few, some other means must be found to gratify primitive impulse.

I think every big town should contain artificial waterfalls that people could descend in very fragile canoes, and they should contain bathing pools full of mechanical sharks. Any persons found advocating preventive war should be condemned to two hours a day with these ingenious monsters. More seriously, pains should be taken to provide constructive outlets for the love of excitement. Nothing in the world is more exciting than a moment of sudden discovery or invention, and many more people are capable of experiencing such moments than is sometimes thought.

Interwoven with many other political motives

are two closely relating passions to which human beings are regrettably prone: I mean fear and hate. It is normal to hate what we fear, and it happens frequently, though not always, that we fear what we hate. I think it may be taken as the rule among primitive men that they both fear and hate whatever is unfamiliar. They have their own herd, originally a very small one. And within one herd, all are friends, unless there is some special ground of enmity. Other herds are potential or actual enemies; a single member of one of them who strays by accident will be killed. An alien herd as a whole will be avoided or fought, according to circumstances.

It is this primitive mechanism which still controls our instinctive reaction to foreign nations. The completely untraveled person will view all foreigners as the savage regards a member of another herd. But the man who has traveled, or who has studied international politics, will have discovered that, if his herd is to prosper, it must, to some degree, become amalgamated with other herds. If someone says to you: "The French are your brothers," your first, instinctive feeling will be: "Nonsense. They shrug their shoulders and talk French. And I am even told that they eat frogs." If he explains to you that we may have to fight the Russians; that, if so, it will be desirable to defend the line of the Rhine; and that, if the line of the Rhine is to be defended, the help of the French is essential, you will begin to see what he means when he says that the French are your brothers. But if some fellow traveler were to go on to say that the Russians also are your brothers, he would be unable to persuade you, unless he could show that we are in danger from the Martians. We love those who hate our enemies, and if we had no enemies there would be very few people whom we should love, unless we could learn to have a more open and generous temperament than most people have at present.

All this, however, is only true so long as we are concerned solely with attitudes towards other human beings. You might regard the soil as your enemy because it yields reluctantly a niggardly subsistence. You might regard Mother Nature in general as your enemy, and envisage human life as a struggle to get the better of Mother Nature. If men viewed life in this way, coöperation of the whole human race would become easy. And men could easily be brought to view life in this way if schools, newspapers, and politicians devoted themselves to this end. But schools are out to teach patriotism; newspapers are out to stir up excitement; and politicians are out to get re-elected. None of the three, therefore, can do anything whatever toward saving the human race from reciprocal suicide.

There are two ways of coping with fear: one is to diminish the external danger, and the other is to cultivate Stoic endurance. The latter can be reinforced, except where immediate action is necessary,

by turning our thoughts away from the cause of fear. The conquest of fear is of very great importance. Fear is in itself degrading; it easily becomes an obsession; it produces hate of that which is feared, and it leads headlong to excesses of cruelty. Nothing has so beneficent an effect on human beings as security. If an international system could be established which would remove the fear of war, the improvement in the everyday mentality of everyday people would be enormous and very rapid. Fear, at present, overshadows the world. The atom bomb and the bacterial bomb, wielded by the wicked communist or the wicked capitalist as the case may be, make Washington and the Kremlin tremble, and drive men further and further along the road towards the abyss. If matters are to improve, the first and essential step is to find a way of diminishing fear.

The world at present is obsessed by the conflict of rival ideologies, and one of the apparent causes of conflict is the desire for the victory of our ideology and the defeat of the other. I do not think that the fundamental motive here has much to do with ideologies. I think the ideologies are merely a way of grouping people, and that the passions involved are merely those which always arise between rival groups. There are, of course, various reasons for hating communists. First and foremost, we believe that they wish to take away our property. But so do burglars, and although we disapprove of burglars, our attitude towards them is very different indeed from our attitude towards communists — chiefly because they do not inspire the same degree of fear. Secondly, we hate the communists because they are irreligious. But the Chinese have been irreligious since the eleventh century, and we only began to hate them when they turned out Chiang Kai-shek. Thirdly, we hate the communists because they do not believe in democracy, but we consider this no reason for hating Franco. Fourthly, we hate them because they do not allow liberty; this we feel so strongly that we have decided to imitate them.

It is obvious that none of these are the real grounds for our hatred. We hate them because we fear them and they threaten us. If the Russians still adhered to the Orthodox religion, if they had instituted parliamentary government, and if they had a completely free press which daily vituperated us, then — provided they had armed forces as powerful as now — we should still hate them if they gave us ground for thinking them hostile.

You may have been feeling that I have allowed only for bad motives, or, at best, such as are ethically neutral. I am afraid they are, as a rule, more powerful than more altruistic motives, but I do not deny that altruistic motives exist, and may on occasion be effective. The agitation against slavery in England in the early nineteenth century was indubitably altruistic, and was thoroughly effective. Its altruism was proved by the fact that

in 1833 British taxpayers paid many millions in compensation to Jamaican landowners for the liberation of their slaves, and also by the fact that at the Congress of Vienna the British Government was prepared to make important concessions with a view to inducing other nations to abandon the slave trade. This is an instance from the past, but present-day America affords instances equally remarkable. I will not go into these, as I do not wish to become embarked in current controversies.

I do not think that it can be questioned that sympathy is a genuine motive, and that some people at some times are made somewhat uncomfortable by the sufferings of other people. It is sympathy that has produced the many humanitarian advances of the last hundred years. We are shocked when we hear stories of the ill-treatment of lunatics, and there are now quite a number of asylums in which they are not ill-treated. Prisoners in Western countries are not supposed to be tortured, and when they are, there is an outcry if the facts are discovered. We do not approve of treating orphans as they are treated in *Oliver Twist*. In all these ways sympathy has been politically effective. If the fear of war were removed, its effectiveness would become much greater. Perhaps the best hope for the future of mankind is that ways will be found of increasing the scope and intensity of sympathy.

The time has come to sum up this discussion. Politics is concerned with herds rather than with individuals, and the passions which are important in politics are, therefore, those in which the various members of a given herd can feel alike. The broad instinctive mechanism upon which political edifices have to be built is one of coöperation within the herd and hostility towards other herds. The coöperation within the herd is never perfect. There are members who do not conform; who are, in the etymological sense, "egregious" — that is to say, outside the flock. These members are those who have fallen below, or risen above, the ordinary level. They are: idiots, criminals, prophets, and discoverers. A wise herd will learn to tolerate the eccentricity of those who rise above the average, and to treat with a minimum of ferocity those who fall below it.

As regards relations to other herds, modern technique has produced a conflict between self-interest and instinct. In old days, when two tribes went to war, one of them exterminated the other and annexed its territory. From the point of view of the victor, the whole operation was thoroughly satisfactory. The killing was not at all expensive, and the excitement was agreeable. It is not to be wondered at that, in such circumstances, war persisted. Unfortunately we still have the emotions appropriate to such primitive warfare, while the actual operation of war has changed completely. Killing an enemy in modern war is a very expensive opera-

tion. If you consider how many Germans were killed in the last war, and how much the victors are paying in income tax, you can, by a sum in long division, discover the cost of a dead German, and you will find it considerable. In the East, it is true, the enemies of the Germans have secured the ancient advantages of turning out the defeated population and occupying their lands. The Western victors, however, have secured no such advantages. It is obvious that modern war is not good business from a financial point of view. Although we won both the world wars, we should now be much richer if they had not occurred.

If men were actuated by self-interest, which they are not — except in the case of a few saints — the whole human race would coöperate. There would be no more wars, no more armies, no more navies, no more atom bombs. There would not be armies of propagandists employed in poisoning the minds of Nation A against Nation B, and reciprocally Nation B against Nation A. There would not be armies of officials at frontiers to prevent the entry of foreign books and foreign ideas, however excellent in themselves. There would not be customs barriers to ensure the existence of small enterprises where one big enterprise would be more economic. All this would happen very quickly if men desired their own happiness as ardently as they desire the misery of their neighbors. But, you will tell me, what is the use of these Utopian dreams? Moralists will see to it that we do not become wholly selfish, and until we do become wholly selfish, the millennium will be impossible.

I do not wish to seem to end upon a note of cynicism. I do not deny that there are better things than selfishness, and that some people achieve these things. I maintain, however, on the one hand, that there are few occasions upon which large bodies of men, such as politics is concerned with, can rise above selfishness, while, on the other hand, there are a very great many circumstances in which populations will fall below selfishness, if selfishness is interpreted as enlightened self-interest.

And among these occasions on which people fall below self-interest are most of the occasions on which they are convinced that they are acting from idealistic motives. Much that passes as idealism is disguised hatred or disguised love of power. When you see large masses of men swayed by what appear to be noble motives, it is well to look below the surface and ask yourself what it is that makes these motives effective. It is partly because it is so easy to be taken in by a façade of nobility that a psychological query, such as I have been attempting, is worth making. I would say, in conclusion, that if what I have said is right, the main thing needed to make the world happy is intelligence. And this, after all, is an optimistic conclusion, because intelligence is a thing that can be fostered by known methods of education.



SALLY ISELIN could have been a Proper Bostonian; instead she married and moved to New York, where she is rearing a happy family and where she has been occasionally employed as columnist, feature writer, editor, and writer-contact in television. What she does, she does with zest but without ever losing her New England propensity to enjoy the zanier aspects of Manhattan activity. Her first article, "I Bought a Dress in Paris," appeared in the Atlantic for September, 1951. This is her second, and there is a series to come.

THE GUESTS ON TELEVISION

by SALLY ISELIN

I

I'VE been working in television for the past four months. That isn't a very long time, but it feels like four years spent in a foreign country. Yet I never left mid-town Manhattan. The job took almost all my time, entailed learning a new language and, as one of my intellectual friends remarked, "being with television people." And if you're in television, you see nobody else, except a few hardy friends who don't mind your strange new hours and habit of looking at them sharply and saying, "Gee, we could use that on the program." To make matters worse, the only television people you do see are those working on the specific show you are on. TV people lead curiously circumscribed lives, like shut-in children, limited by things known as "orange pancake," "dollies," and "pans." Those words make it sound like playing house in a kitchen or nursery — and in many ways, that is just what it is like, with show business overtones.

To have a really good time playing house, you have to have guests come and visit you. This was where I came in. On the surface it would appear that all that is necessary is an "emcee" (master or mistress of ceremonies), an interviewee or "guest" (trade term for an outsider who comes plus or minus fee), two chairs, and a camera. But there is much more to it than that. The emcee is far too busy to get guests or anything else. Standard procedure is to hire a "writer-contact," such as myself — so named because she contacts and writes — who will get them for you. These writer-contacts do quite a lot of the work and act as interpreters between the two worlds. They not only think of whom to invite but what the guest should bring with him, say or not say.

If you in the audience have not already been invited, either to chat, join in a quiz, or slip on a banana peel (this activity is usually reserved for professional actors), you probably will be any min-

ute. You may think you are not important enough; perhaps you aren't. But the industry is running through VIP's very quickly for ad lib appearances, and though it may not want second-stringers, it is taking more and more of them. Your office chief may be bored with TV and send you in his place. How would you make out? What would you say?

Perhaps some of my experiences will help you. I put on a variety of guests, including myself, one day, by default of a guest who ran out of chatter. On one show it was suggested that I bring a guest her handbag, which was in the far corner of the studio. I did so, but not without some disaster. The bag jumped up and down as if it had a guinea pig in it. I was so preoccupied with it that I tripped over a paper tree, which crashed to the floor of our garden party setting. However, I delivered the bag to the owner, who opened it and produced her pet chihuahua dressed to the nines. It looked wonderful on the screen, or so I heard. Programming is not supposed to be quite so loose as this was, but the best way for guests to avoid such events is to come prepared, either with a chihuahua or, better still, what they are going to say.

Our show was an old-timer, having been on the air for five days a week for three years. It was slanted at women and whoever else might be listening for three quarters of an hour in the middle of the afternoon. My job was to supply "names" for the "spots." (Spots are subdivisions of the time on the air.) One quarter of an hour went to an interview with a "name," a half hour to "how-to's" (how to knit, how to garb a pint-sized figure, how to cook a barbecue, how to do most anything). The producer of the show, in this case, was the emcee. She explained to me briefly that the program was sustained except for one day a week, that we had no expense accounts, that the best way to get around this problem was to stress to guests that the time was being *given*

to them by the network. Any expenses that they might go to were chicken feed compared with what they would be getting.

The emcee was very busy producing, emceeing, handling the budget and over-all policy. To help her were two other assistants and a secretary. Her working day began about 9 A.M. at the office. For a couple of hours she went through her mail, tried to memorize her questions and possible answers. Talked to network bigwigs on the telephone and, if our queries were vital, to us.

At eleven she went to the studio, where she rehearsed for three or four hours. Rehearsal is very important to TV because of the possibilities of mistakes, both from an emcee and the camera crew. Sometimes, if she was lucky, she got a drugstore lunch out of a paper bag, consumed during make-up time. Finally she and the guests, who felt the tenseness in much the same way that dogs feel thunderstorms, went on the air. It was then that we saw the emcee's Television Personality (TV people discuss relative differences in TV personalities ad infinitum). This particular one was studiously simple and sweet, with nary a frown, saccharine at times, always homey. Occasionally, a disarming giggle. No humor. But don't think the audience didn't like it. After going off the air, she spent two more hours in the office, then went home armed with the outlines we had prepared for the next show. You can see that this routine does not leave much time for anything but TV, beauty, and hairdressing. And it is more or less typical.

2

IN the beginning, I was wide-eyed about the ease with which I could persuade names to fill the spots. After all, there were all kinds of interesting people who hadn't been on television. Not necessarily of the name category. But the guest had to be a name. Why? Because it needed no introduction to the audience, nor any effort on the part of the emcee. Also, by dating the guest a couple of weeks ahead, advance publicity could be handed out in the various cities to which the program went, and up, perhaps, would go our rating. Also, the network bigwigs would be impressed. I darkly suspect that another explanation might be willful ignorance on the network's part. They have heard of, let us say, the Cabinet and the President, and they *know* that the audience has. This seemed to me the acme of talking down to the public, but there it was.

One of my first suggestions was an Assistant Secretary of State who was an authority on something or other. He was firmly turned down because of the word "assistant," which of necessity would have to be used introducing him on the air. "Why not get Acheson?" was what I was told. Then came a tip: "Never get an assistant. There isn't time on the air to explain where the chief is." I later dis-

covered that there rarely was enough time to explain anything, but that is neither here nor there.

I had one lucky break during my first week. I had been told to "find General Bradley," who, rumor had it, was not only in town but appearing on program after program, radio and TV, in connection with his book. He had not offered himself to our show. Well, I did find him through a writer friend whose business it is to follow names, and I sighed with relief when I heard that the General had just boarded the train for Washington. Relief because I suspected the General might have refused our invitation. Also, he might have a good reason. The next day there was much bowing and scraping over the phone between the publisher and myself. It turned out that the General had appeared on Mary Margaret McBride's program because the General's wife and Mary had gone to school together. The publisher regretted that we were upset, suggested that we invite the colonel who had acted as a kind of Boswell in the course of the writing. This was out for the same reason that the assistant secretary was turned down.

I quickly found that we were in hot competition with other shows, as nearly all of them depend on guests. And every show wants names. Granted there are a few who can make a show with "characters." (Characters can be cab drivers, policemen, and the like.) But we weren't one of those. It isn't hard to think of the names. Scrupulous reading of the papers, lists prepared by Celebrity Service, private sources. I used to make a card file of them, with notes as to what particular subject the name was working on. Government people provide a good hunting ground because they nearly always can use free air time. They also are interested in appearing on quiet, literal (if dull) programs where they can expound to their heart's content.

All sense of proportion is lost when a guest fails to make an appearance. I found that to have an empty spot was a truly dreadful, as well as frequent, experience. One hot day, the last Friday in July, Congressman Celler, who was to have addressed our audience on baseball, gave out because he felt obliged to stay in Washington. Though we agreed his first duty was in Washington, we didn't do so very graciously as we were left with fifteen empty minutes. We were not only hired to contact but to secure. If I had been emcee, I would have gone on the air with the standard opening, "Guess who is with us today," then simply said, "Nobody at all. Why? Because it is a roasting hot day here in New York, and no one in his right mind would have come to the city. However, we'll bake a cake instead, or show you how to keep cool, or something or other." Fortunately, I didn't suggest this as an alternate.

I went out and had a long cooling drink, and thought and thought who would be in town. We had only a couple of hours to find someone. Then I remembered reading in the *Times* about a middle-

aged lady who for years had read aloud to the children in New York City playgrounds. Perhaps she could read aloud to our audience. She worked in the children's division of the Public Library, which presumably would like the publicity. I was right. She not only didn't mind being asked so late, but was very jolly, full of homey stories, eager to go on TV, if only to see what her "children" would say. The emcee wouldn't let her read aloud — that's considered "dead" on TV. Luckily they both had jokes up their sleeves — gentle and cozy. The emcee found herself admitting on the air that she too had once read aloud to children for a public library (long, long ago, before she got to be famous in her own right). The next week brought us "a big response."

Suddenly my eyes were opened to why we didn't get more such guests who fitted with the audience. Soon it came over me that the emcee had but one idea and that was to advance herself in the TV world — and names are the best and least expensive method. With the guests, incongruous as they may be to the show, comes the high rating. This impresses sponsors and broadcasting chieftains alike.

3

OF COURSE, there were lots of days when things went off schedule. Here is a typical one which started out as though it would be perfect. I was feeling quite relaxed because I had two relatively distinguished guests. One was a Congressman who had written a magazine article on the chemicals used in processed foods. This was right up our alley subject-wise, and any Congressman is a name. Via a few phone calls to Washington (this cost no money on the network tie line) the questions to be asked had been worked out with the Congressman's first assistant, who guaranteed that his boss knew all about TV and therefore need not be bothered with rehearsal. (Avoiding rehearsal is very annoying to TV people.) He had promised all kinds of props, in the form of processed foods, to be sent to the studio early on the day of the show.

The other guest was Oscar Ewing, Federal Security Administrator, who was to talk on old-age hospital insurance. For one happy half hour between ten and ten-thirty I thought I would be lucky enough, in the light of these experienced public speakers, to have lunch in some near-by restaurant with a friend. Then the phone rang. It was Howie Moog, the prop man at the studio. He sounded very upset. Two chickens had arrived, very dead, and he wanted to know what to do with them. It was a very hot day, and as they were falling apart, he thought they should be in an icebox but he didn't want to take the responsibility.

The other extension rang. It was Oscar Ewing's chauffeur (his New York chauffeur), who reported that Mr. Ewing was not on the plane from Washing-

ton. What was he, the chauffeur, to do? I said I didn't know, suggested he stay to meet a later plane in case Mr. Ewing had missed the first one. The chauffeur said Mr. Ewing didn't miss planes. Something must have happened. I took his phone number, promised to call him later. Called Washington, found that Mr. Ewing had taken a train and, what was more, would be very angry that the chauffeur had missed him. I called the chauffeur back, tried to persuade him to come to the studio, but in vain. He wasn't moving until he heard from Mr. Ewing. (For all I know, he may still be at La Guardia Field.)

By this time the emcee had gone to the studio. When I got there she was engrossed in rehearsing the how-to of the day, sandwiched between the Congressman and the Security Administrator. The studio (one of fifteen-odd belonging to the network all over the city) was located on East 58th Street in a famous old German-American clubhouse known as Liederkrantz Hall. The industry had grown so fast that there was barely enough time to move into it, much less to decorate it along lines fitting for the newest medium of communications.

On arrival this day, I went right upstairs to the prop room. There were the chickens, very dead — one might almost say disintegrated. They were in the custody of two men who introduced themselves as Dr. Z and Mr. Y of the Food and Drug Administration. Howie seemed wryly amused by some joke. Why? I didn't know. I ignored it, but not for long. Dr. Z described himself and colleague as the slickest team that Food and Drug had touring the market for illegal pieces of meat. The specimens on the table were not only illegal but "hormonated." With that, I peered at them. Then it was explained: they weren't poisonous at all, ha-ha, except that they were. They had been given something like six times the ordinary human dose of female hormones so that they would get fatter faster. If the chickens were eaten, you and I were very likely to become sterile. Howie and his helpmates, a fairly tough group, blanched over their Coke bottles. Dr. Z then cheered us all with some off-color jokes as to what one bite would do. He asked what we were going to do with them on the air. I wondered. I realized that "chemicals in processed foods" could take in all kinds of things, including these birds.

For the moment, the chickens were left in the prop room. We returned to Studio 55, where the emcee was still in rehearsal. It isn't done, to interrupt rehearsal. So I waited. Finally the emcee came out, as usual, in an apparent trance. I explained briefly. She smiled and said, "It'll be all right," and meandered off to make up.

Mr. Ewing came in at that moment. Unwittingly he put a wet blanket on Dr. Z's and Mr. Y's conversation, which was continuing in the same vein. It turned out that Food and Drug are under Federal Security.

I happily counted on the Congressman, who finally arrived with a beaming smile and bow for everyone, fresh from Fire Island and covered with sunburn, peeling and bright red. Full of self-confidence and charm. Time was getting short, so I thought it wise to acquaint him with a carbon copy of our questions. He sat down, read for a bit, looked panicky, and said, "Jees, I don't know the details." He then read with great — in fact, too great — interest the magazine article which he had written. Just at that moment, his assistant made his entry, introduced himself as his counsel. Right behind him was the publicity man for the magazine. All three went into a deep huddle.

In came the emcee, done to the usual orange turn with Max Factor pancake. She was full of serenity, and proud to welcome Mr. Ewing on the program for the second time. She was very much annoyed to hear me bring up the subject of the chickens once again and dismissed me firmly. The stagehands moved the chickens onto a silver tray which was put into our garden set. Just before air time, the Congressman made his entrance. Back on his face was the constituents' smile, highly enhanced by a very orange make-up. Quite frightening. However, he was delighted, because the sunburn was now invisible.

Like a bad dream, we went on the air. The first spot had been given over to the Congressman. Things got off to a good start. The emcee asked him to elaborate on chemicals in foods. He thumbed and poked the first prop, a loaf of bread treated with a "wonder" ingredient which kept it fresh for a week or so — but, as he put it so forcefully, this ingredient was known to have given epileptic fits to dogs. He moved on to some relatively innocuous preparations such as ready-mix cakes and puddings. He was steered away from soft drinks which had been kept permanently bubbly with some other frightful chemical.

Finally, with four minutes to go (a long time in TV), the emcee reached for the tray of chickens. "And what, Congressman, would happen if we ate these chickens? They look all right to me." Actually, they looked repulsive on the screen.

The cameras dollied for a close-up so that nothing would be missed. The Congressman swallowed. (All such actions, including throat-clearing and stammering, take on exaggerated proportions in TV, and swallowing makes the swallower look as if he were going to choke.) The emcee graciously gave him time, a long look of "I know you'll tell us," in her most winning manner. She asked what would happen if she ate them.

There was a deep groan from the Congressman, who swallowed once more, rolled his eyes, and said, "It's hard to say it. All I know is that it would affect you severely." With that he grabbed one of the chickens' necks, poked and poked, and sighed, "I can't find it."

"What can't you find?" in the same mellow voice.

"The pellet with the hormones."

The emcee's eyes popped with what looked to me like surprise. Luckily, then came the station break and the end of the spot.

The rest of the show went off as planned, except for an ad lib gimmick in the introduction of Oscar Ewing. This was a song done by the pianist-singer which ran "And Oscar Ewing. What is *he* doing? He's Federal Security Administrator." With that final syllable, Mr. Ewing came on the screen. Very dramatic. He didn't look as if he liked it. However, he leaped into his subject with great presence, explored it thoroughly. The program ended with a singing good-bye to all, a promise to be with the audience the next day, and our theme song, some sentimental lunch-music air. Everyone was happy except Howie Moog, who threw the chickens out immediately. The night shift might have eaten them or taken them home as loot, a traditional fate of food in the studio. It was a horrible fiasco. We had neither explained the chemicals properly nor had we put on a good show. I had a mental picture for some days afterwards of the poor housewives throwing out all their food, including chickens, and bursting into tears. The sight of a distraught TV-minded Representative swallowing and rolling his eyes could not have been very comforting.

4

YOU can see it takes quite a bit of preparation to line up guests and props. The most successful we had was Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, who came with two of her famous poodles. She and I worked out a plan whereby she would be interviewed as the successful career woman, tell the history of the poodle, then show three dogs — one with a show clip, one with more practical terrier-type hair-do, and one trained as a retriever. All to take place in fifteen minutes. Fortunately, from the time angle, the retriever didn't come (he drooled so that morning that the Hoyts decided he wouldn't look his best). Also, the TV camera could hardly have handled a guest running around the studio. Otherwise, everything went off as planned.

The show dog, known as "Snowboy" to his public and "Boysie" to his friends, was a name in his own right, having won countless honors and having posed many times for newsreels and television. On arrival at the studio he looked quite as spectacular as hoped with his fluffy show clip, white as white could be — or, rather, could be made to be by his valet, who kept ruffing up his ruff with a comb and brush all during rehearsal.

His companion, who was supposed to be the homey, practical "poodle around the house," was an "unknown," gray, and, I think, unnamed at that date. He'd never been out of the kennel. However,

he was well behaved, acted pleased to be with such a famous star as Boysie.

Mrs. Hoyt, an old hand herself, having emceed the dog show at the Garden, stole the limelight with her TV personality, not to mention her get-up, including a real diamond poodle which hung around her neck like a locket. She had a wonderfully firm and gentle voice, which had an almost hypnotic effect on the dogs, and on TV.

The dogs allowed themselves to be inspected from top to toe, webbed feet (these facilitate swimming), clips, well-brushed teeth, and all. At rehearsal we abandoned a prearranged plan to show off Boysie's ruff to its best advantage by placing him in front of an electric fan. It wasn't necessary. He looked like a very expensive powder puff. I thought it a pity that the emcee held him as if he were a crab, but then she wasn't used to dogs. There was only one bad moment — when he barked during the spot ahead of him. However, Mrs. Hoyt explained that he was used to being the star, and when he saw he wasn't on camera, he wanted to know why. He certainly was fully aware of his television personality. Some of the stagehands were puzzled that with all his entourage he didn't do tricks (luckily he didn't, as trick dogs get handsome fees), but when they heard he was a "show dog," they understood.

Mrs. Hoyt's book on poodles got the proper mention and was displayed as promised, and not out of context (this sometimes is difficult). The sum total was a nice little vignette of dog show life with some fun besides. I think the audience might have liked to see the valeting, and the dogs drinking water out of lily cups, but this was deemed too close a view of Boysie's backstage life.

5

HERE are some tips on what is expected of a guest. First in almost every guest's mind is "What will I look like on the screen?" Don't give this more than a thought until you arrive in the studio. Once there, watch the "talent" (trade term for the paid piano player or actor who has been hired to do his stuff in between spots). Copy them re make-up. Incidentally, networks offer these facilities for free, on the premises, and a special time will be arranged for you to use them. Talent know the particular innuendoes of the show, lighting, cameras, and so forth. Short of this, copy the emcee, who will probably advise a course to make you only slightly less attractive than the emcee.

What not to do? Allow yourself to think of Cary Grant and Jane Wyman. The chances are that you will not be on the air with them. Hence, the audience will not be comparing you with them. But you can be assured that you would not have been invited if you had some hideous TV defect. Writer-contacts usually have inspected photographs of guests long ahead of time.

Before coming, take a look or two at the program on which you are going to appear. Very few of the guests who came on our show had ever seen it, which didn't help at all, for they didn't have the slightest idea of the format. Then, "package" your subject in a neat bundle at home or in your office. If you have all types of talents, professions, interests, pick the one that the show mentioned to you when it first contacted you. It is possible that your name is so glittery that no one thought of your subject; in that case, talk on anything you like. Frame some leading questions, type them up (with as many copies as feasible, to be given to the various assistants on the show), and add a list of props. These can be anything — your first diary, your scratch-pad, your latest invention (this had better be smallish or it won't look well on camera), your dog, any old thing. These props come in very handy in the event that the emcee or you make a boner. You can pop them out of your pocket and scribble or draw as "relief." Remember, as you plan your answers, that thirty seconds is a long time in television. If you can't confine an answer to that length of time, the director will "dissolve" to another camera to provide variety to the picture. You won't be aware of it at the time.

After you've delivered your questions and answers, you may not hear from the show, except to get the address of the studio, the time for camera rehearsal, instructions as to what to wear (black and navy suits are out because they cause "halos"; a halo is a white line which outlines the suit and makes for bad reception). During the next couple of days someone is probably transferring the questions verbatim to the green card which the emcee uses on the show. This person might telephone you and ask some silly-sounding questions. It's best to clear those up before the day of the show, as the risk is great that some mistake will get into the card. If you want an item you have given to be *not mentioned*, be very explicit about it some time before air time. Last but not least, be sure to go to camera rehearsal.

If you are being interviewed on your new book, bring several copies with you to the studio. It would appear to be relatively simple to photograph one copy on an easel, but there are a great many slip-ups. If you plan to show a certain page, two copies are essential, one on each of two easels. Most guests came to our show under the impression that they themselves were going to open the book and show it in their own hands to the camera. But the chances are that it will be done by two stagehands, perhaps as far as twenty feet away from you on another camera. It is best not to leave the job of opening to the right spot to them. Autograph one of the books for the emcee. They like to build up autographed libraries.

Details such as these are lined up at rehearsal, at which time you must pay attention to both emcee

and director, who will keep in communication with you via the P.A. system in the studio. If things get out of hand he'll deign to come out of the control room and shout at you, a cameraman, or the emcee, in true Hollywood style. Be very polite to him. It is he who will put the whole show on the air, not the emcee. The writer-contact with whom you have been conferring will be there. All this time the camera boys will be focusing the cameras with intense, strained expressions. This is not because of your appearance on the screen; it is due to the vagaries of the machine. It may go on the blink, often does, in which case the director dissolves to the second camera. There will be a "monitor" (a studio TV set) placed conveniently so that the emcee can check her- or him-self. Don't allow yourself to look at it. If you do you will probably flinch with horror, raise your eyebrows, or, worse still, lean forward to get a better look. All of this looks very odd on the air. One very distinguished lady editor ruined her equilibrium by following the monitor as it was moved about the studio. The effect was to make her look as if she were writhing with a tummy ache.

Last rule: if you find yourself saying something you don't want to say at all, simply correct it on the air. That is the only way a correction will be made. You may think it rude to contradict, explain simple pronunciations, but it is important to do so.

Phonetics are important, particularly the pronunciation of guests' names. If you have a tongue-twister name or title, you'd best keep repeating it slowly at camera rehearsal so that the emcee will be sure to get it correctly without asking. Louis Bromfield came on our show in connection with his book *Mr. Smith*. The plan was to have him elaborate on Mr. Smith's disparaging comments on the typical American woman, who presumably was in our audience. The emcee would take her part in the debate. The whole plan was ruined by the emcee's calling Mr. Bromfield "Louissess" (as in St. Louis, Mo.). He kept wincing, very pleasantly, but it was a kind of stumbling block to the spontaneity of the chat. If you're foreign and don't speak English at all well, I would avoid it — unless you're a whopping big name, in which case nobody in TV will care what you say. I had a ghastly time on a "remote" (out of studio) show in the Voice of America because most of the names didn't speak English. I might add that they are not hired to do so.

It seems to me that I have listed mostly the unsuccessful experiences. There were plenty of happier ones, such as the day the two Cavalleros, the proprietors of the Colony Restaurant, came on the show. Gene Sr. chatted about his famous habitués, including Greta Garbo, while his son mixed a truly Italian salad, and *café diablo*. When this last was lit with a match, it blew up on the screen with as much noise and flame as a bomb. Very exciting. Fortunately, he didn't mention why it "blew up," as liquor in any form is *verboden*. I guess the audience knew. After the show, the stagehands had a field day, for there was enough for all fifteen or so. On this particular program there was no necessity to "pan" (turn) the camera to provide variety in pictures. We had almost too much activity as it was.

It seems to me that the networks should give their emcees, directors, and producers more time in the field so that they could keep in communication with the outside world. The present trend for TV personalities is "here today, gone tomorrow," and to appear on the air as often as possible *today*, either on their own shows or on someone else's. As a result, they can't help getting swallowed by the industry, orange pancake, orange hair (this comes out a discreet mousy brown on the screen), and ad libbing. There isn't any spare time even for reading, except perhaps a quick look at the *Times* during a taxi ride from studio to office to ad agency, but it's more likely to be a tense memorizing of the latest *Tele-Talent*, *Variety*, or some other trade journal.

Guests had better get accustomed to their way of life, as have various shops located near network headquarters on Madison and Fifth. You can buy, for example, a neat little scratch-pad, leather-bound, titled "Gag Lines at a Glance," subdivided "safe," "cautious," and "danger" (the only danger items I can think of are Communists and liquor, but I assume there are many others). Mark Cross, a few blocks away, has "script cases" in red and blue morocco. I wouldn't be surprised to see a gag book for guests in the near future. Maybe they will come to studios with their own writer-contacts — who knows? I think they rate the same spoon-feeding as the emcees, who are now being spooned so much food for thought that it often seems to come out of their ears instead of their mouths. A spoon-fed guest might be the solution.



CLARENCE B. RANDALL, who graduated from Harvard in 1912, has been with the Inland Steel Company since 1945 and since 1949 has been its President. He was invited by Paul Hoffman to be the Steel Consultant for ECA in its first year. This brought Mr. Randall into close association with the steel masters on the Continent and in Britain and has enabled him to speak with more than usual authority for the American system of Private Enterprise. The paper which follows is to be part of a book Mr. Randall is now writing for the Atlantic.

FREE ENTERPRISE IS NOT A HUNTING LICENSE

by CLARENCE B. RANDALL

1

THESE are very sobering days for the American businessman. The world as we have known it is falling to pieces around us. The relentless and paralyzing creep of socialism day by day draws nearer to the things in which we most deeply believe.

The other evening I happened to be at the home of a friend of mine in one of our Chicago suburbs which is very remote, and as I sat there in his lovely country home, I said, "What do you do around here when the house catches fire?"

He said, "Perfectly simple. We know exactly what to do. We get on the telephone immediately. All the neighbors rush over and watch the house burn." We mustn't be that way in the business field today.

Or to put another metaphor to you, think of the villagers who live on the side of Vesuvius. Suddenly they see the top of the mountain blow off. The hot lava starts flowing relentlessly down the side of the mountain, burning here a bush and there a tree, and they wonder whose house will be first. They stand idly by with a sense of desperate futility because they don't know what to do about it. That must not be true with us. And in my judgment it need not be true with us. This avalanche can be stopped.

I have searched my mind as to why it is, as businessmen, we seem so paralyzed with fear these days, and so certain that we are going down the chute. We know that socialism is a failure. If ever the people of the world needed a laboratory experiment to disprove the theories of the Fabian socialists, they have it in the conditions in England. And it is no mere accident that the one nation strong enough to bear the troubles of the whole world is the last citadel of free enterprise.

Across the seas we have seen our Anglo-Saxon cousins try the experiment which is offered now to us, and have seen them go down close to complete

bankruptcy and destruction. I have watched it with my friends in the British steel industry. Because of my service in the Marshall Plan I have come to have wide acquaintance with men in the steel industry in Europe.

I once talked with an officer of one of the great steel companies of England, and he told me: "I say to you something I have said to no countryman. I don't think I can take it. I think I must stop. All the things that I believed in are gone. I have no incentive to go forward. If I win, nobody will give me credit; if I lose, I will be blamed. I think I must stop."

Now, what can that mean in the economic stagnation of a country? What will it mean if the men who should be the national leaders suddenly feel they can't take it, that they have to stand aside?

That great laboratory experiment in socialization is before the world; and yet, in the face of it, disguised socialization is offered to us day by day in myriad forms, and we know it, are disheartened, but are not certain what to do about it.

I have searched my mind as to what may be the reason why the American businessman today is not making headway against this trend with the same vigor, the same determination, that he ought to have, and I am afraid I am led rather sorrowfully to this conclusion: that in his own natural circle of influence the American businessman today is not looked to as the leader. I say that sadly, but I am afraid it is true. Yet if we in our own individual circles of influence are not the natural leaders of the people, we cannot collectively form public opinion.

Now, it was not always thus. A hundred years ago, when our prairies were being broken into civilization, the businessman was the leader. He formed the communities. He built the churches and the schools and established the courts; he participated in the territorial and then the state govern-

ment; he went to Washington; when war threatened, he raised the company of volunteers; it was he who formed public opinion, and it was toward him that people looked for guidance and leadership.

That was still true fifty years ago in my boyhood, and I think of a figure in the village I lived in in New York State who typified the things I am talking about. In my little town of less than 800 people, a farming community, my father kept the general store. We had just one industrialist in that town, and he was the blacksmith.

Now, he was the best blacksmith in all those parts. There were other blacksmiths in the villages near by, but whenever there was a tough job it came to our man. He had a good forge, good tools, he was absolutely tops in his craft; but that wasn't why he was the leader in our village. Without that he could not have qualified, but he knew that when he went home at night from the forge, having been a good craftsman all day, his job wasn't done. In addition, he was the superintendent of our Sunday School; he was the one under whom I learned the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and learned to sing the beloved old hymns. But that wasn't enough. He was also the president of our school board, and when I graduated from high school, he handed me my diploma. As his fame spread from our village to the surrounding villages, he came to be widely known in the county, and we sent him to the legislature as the representative of all the people.

2

FOUR things about that old blacksmith typify the qualities needed today in business leadership. The men in the steel industry and the forging industry are the lineal descendants of that early blacksmith, spiritually speaking. We must be tops in our job. We owe it to American production to let no man excel us in competence in our business jobs, but we have no right to think that that in itself establishes us as leaders in our communities, because it doesn't.

Who among us is superintendent of a Sunday School or is having a part in some other character-forming agency? We decry double morality in government and corruption in high places; yet what as businessmen are we doing to form sturdy characters in the young men and women who will bear those responsibilities in another twenty years? We turn to the universities for the best brains they have to bring into our businesses. We seek them avidly. What are we doing about maintaining those educational institutions? We know perfectly well that with a privately endowed institution the student's tuition pays less than half of the cost of that education. Are we willing to take that education as a gift to us and do nothing to perpetuate those institutions that mean so much to us? Who among us seeks out the principal of the local high school and

brings him home to dinner for a chat, and who invites the professors of the colleges and universities to his business places that they may understand firsthand his business problems?

Who among us takes the active part in the day-to-day political life of our nation that he should? We shrug that off, assuming that somewhere there is a group of wise and able men with lots of leisure to perform those tasks. We cry out for the best of leadership in American life, but who among us has run for office, who has gone down to Washington, who has left his business desk to stand at Charles Wilson's side to help bear the burden of government in this crisis?

Those are heart-searching questions, my friends, but they bear directly upon this problem of business leadership. I have the feeling that as businessmen we worship production too much. That is a strange thing for me to be saying. I am tremendously proud of the job of production that the steel industry has done. When I look back at what steel capacity was when the other war began, and what it is today, it seems to me unbelievable that in the state of advancing costs that we have faced, the steel industry has brought about the miracle of increase in production that it has.

All of the steel production of the free world outside of the United States is, of course, less than ours; and yet, as I say, I think we can go too far in polishing our own ego by telling ourselves over and over again what great big wonderful men we are in production. After all, production is not an end in life. Production is a tool. God didn't put man on this earth just for industrial production. He put man on this earth to live the good life, the rich, full life, to develop the powers of his mind and the powers of his spirit, to make the world a better place because he has lived in it. We must keep production in its place as we think about life.

The people in your community, frankly, aren't terribly excited just because you have increased your production 50 per cent since 1945. That leaves them just a little cold. They would like to know what is going to happen to the pavement in front of their house; they would like to know how long you are going to stand by and see gambling places open to their high school seniors. They want to know how long the hospital in your town is going to be unable to take in the desperately ill, and so on through the whole gamut of community and civic services which are your job as well as theirs.

Whenever an industry goes into a new, remote place, what does it do? What has the oil industry done since it has gone into Venezuela? The first thing the oil people do is to build a modern community. They recognize that it is their job to see that there are good housing, good churches, good schools, good entertainment and recreation, and everything that goes to make the good life for the American. That job is your job as much when you

live in a congested city as it is when you operate in the remote place, only you don't quite see it.

Only by re-establishing ourselves in leadership in the things that mean something to the people, and not merely in production, will they turn to us for guidance on these social and economic questions with which we think the country is threatened.

3

Now, when people lose the respect of those about them, several things ordinarily account for it. One of the first is always the question of integrity. No man can have an important part in forming public opinion if there is the slightest question about his integrity. I don't mean vulgar things like stealing money or juggling accounts, but I think we may well do some heart-searching on various aspects of our business creed on the subject of intellectual honesty. We dislike people in government who talk out of both sides of their mouths. We must, however, be very careful that we, ourselves, don't talk out of both sides of our mouths.

The first and obvious question is whether we have genuine, vital, honest competition one with the other. The free-enterprise system is not just a hunting license to you to get all that you can get without restraint. The free-enterprise system is a way of life which brings the greatest good to the greatest number, but it must be policed by the free market. The two are inseparable.

We resent price controls. We say that price controls are not required because the operation of natural laws, supply and demand, will themselves adjust prices. The thing we dislike about it is that those natural laws are suspended by government. Now, if that be true, and if those natural laws are what guarantees to the public the integrity of the free-enterprise system, we have no right as private individuals to suspend them. We have no right as honest men to tamper with that automatic control mechanism.

My friends of the British steel industry tried it and they got nationalization. They wanted price rigging; they would rather have the guaranteed price than freedom. They took price fixing under government control, and thereby created the handy tool which government needed and used to nationalize them, and I say we can't have it both ways. We can't have the freedom of free enterprise and not assure to the American people a free market.

The second thing that bears upon our intellectual honesty is our understanding of the sources of capital. The free-enterprise system must perpetuate itself; it must find the capital for expansion in the savings of the people. If we can persuade enough new people to become partners with us in industry, we shall simultaneously find our required new capital and solve our public relations problem. We have no choice but to turn boldly toward the mass sav-

ings of the two most powerful political groups in America — the worker and the farmer. That the worker and the farmer have in the aggregate sufficient savings to relieve the capital stress in heavy industry seems to be clear from every authoritative survey. But it is equally clear that at present neither of these groups is devoting its savings to the purchase of common stocks.

One thing is certain, and that is that there must be no employer pressure. Our job is to explain and to create an atmosphere of understanding, but the action must be voluntary on the part of the worker. He must take the risk because his self-interest is aroused, but he must do it with his eyes open.

I know of no reliable statistics on this subject, but as nearly as I can guess less than 2 per cent of the men and women employed in the production of steel own stock in their respective companies. And one of the most revealing figures is the low percentage of officials and supervisors who buy the stocks of their companies. They buy new automobiles and television sets, but not common stocks. As their future has become more secure through the operation of pension plans, they have tended to live more and more right up to the limit of their current incomes. They show little understanding of their personal relationship to the perpetuation of the industry that provides their livelihood.

We have help at hand where self-interest is very much at stake. The security exchanges and security dealers across the country sense this problem keenly and would welcome support from the industry.

Some think that the best medium is the open-end investment trust, designed specially for the farmer or the worker. The thing that might be lost there is the sense of ownership and stake in a particular enterprise. The worker and the farmer do pay insurance premiums, and insurance companies lend money to companies, but the process is so diluted that the ultimate investor does not know our successes or fear our losses.

To these and similar questions I have no specific answers. But twenty-five years ago neither did the engineers who were struggling with continuous rolling. They saw a job to be done and did it. And because they were determined and resourceful, vast new areas of usefulness to the public were opened up to the steel industry. This new challenge is different. It is abstract. It is intangible. But its possibilities are likewise vast. When we reach every responsible segment of the American public through the time-honored method of joint venture, we shall find our future expansion adequately financed.

We shall have the public with us instead of against us.

Unless we can bring into industry the mass savings of the workers, we shall not have sufficient capital for the further development of industry. We have to teach the American public the profit-and-loss system of risking for gain. And we must

not take the easy way out, of asking government for capital. I say integrity is involved when any advocate of the free-enterprise system turns to government for anything, whether it be money or a special law or a special regulation.

We must be tough; we must recognize that if we believe in free enterprise we have to accept its limitations in order to get its values.

Now, this takes me straight to this point: the time has come when every American businessman must have his own thoughtful, personal philosophy. He has to know what he believes and why. We sometimes think that we have put in a terrific day because we have worked so many hours or kept so many appointments.

I am a little tired of hearing how hard men work, in terms of the hours they put in and the number of places they have rushed to by automobile or airplane. It isn't the number of hours you put in in a day, it is the number of ideas you have in a day, that counts now.

We are in a conflict of ideas, and the forces of darkness are well equipped with men who understand ideas and how to use them. I know a man in business who has a very responsible job, and thinks he is a great success, who to my knowledge hasn't read a book in twenty-five years. He wouldn't know what to do with a book if you gave him one.

We need time to think; we need time to reflect and to understand and to do the heart-searching that I have been talking about. We must have opinions on the questions that are perplexing these friends of ours who are in government. We must understand the problems of business. We must also get to the top level and try to understand the implications of the foreign problems of our country. As we approach those difficult questions, we must study, have patience and honest discussion with those who differ from us. We must consciously try to forge a philosophy that is clear in our own minds.

That is all necessary if we are to be restored as leaders in America. Having once formed that philosophy, we must do something about it. We must communicate those ideas to those about us on every conceivable occasion, by every medium at our disposal.

Take the worker. Why should the worker be barred from knowing what the opinion of the boss is about taxes, about Korea, about politics? If the worker is barred from our leadership, it is by our default.

Now, I would be the first to insist that no management plan intrude upon the proper function of labor leadership in such things as collective bargaining. It is right that the worker who is organized should turn to his leaders in the subject matters that deal with employment, but there is no reason at all why he should turn to those leaders any more than to you for guidance and for wisdom in the great social, political, and economic questions of the day.

And I have a sneaking opinion he would rather know your opinion than he would the other fellow's. He honestly thinks you know more about these things than his labor leaders and you aren't telling him, you aren't doing a thing about it. And in that connection you are certainly overlooking the distaff side. What the woman thinks is awfully important today, and it seems to me not only proper but compelling that the employer have views on these important questions and from time to time, in personal meetings or by letters to the home or any other means of communication, tell the workers and their wives what he thinks.

If we honestly believe that the free-enterprise system is God's greatest gift to man, why can't we believe in it so deeply and understand it so clearly that we talk about it everywhere we are, to everybody who comes within the sound of our voice? We have to use the written and the spoken word to expound and develop and promote a clear philosophy, but I don't advise you to start talking until you have begun thinking. It is no good opening the tap if there is nothing in the tank. There are people who do that. You have to have a head of steam before you release it, and that means you must take time out from the busy, bustling worries of your life and make up your mind what it is you think. Then when you know what you believe, you can convince anybody of it if you believe it deeply enough.

What is the essence of freedom in business? It is not the right to do as we please. It is not the right to do all that we want to do, for ourselves. We are restrained, but by what? The essence of the American way is not restraint by law, but restraint by conscience. It is the self-imposed restraints that are the essence of the free-enterprise system. We may press our advantage to the full, but we must stop short of damaging others, and we are to be the judges of when to stop short. It is the abuse of that freedom that creates law. It is when men do not impose the restraint their conscience dictates that we turn to government, and the more we fail in self-restraint and the more we turn to government, the greater is the likelihood that we will go the socialist way.

We must on the one hand preserve the great drive that comes from freedom. In some forms of society, man is kept to his job by the whip. Under our system we are kept to our job because we know that our interest parallels that of society, but when the time comes that those lines cross, and we press our advantage to where we are causing damage to the common good, law is necessary. Therefore, the greater our abuse, the more the law and the inevitability of socialization.

The freedom that we enjoy in the free-enterprise system is the last strength of civilized man. It is for us to preserve it and develop it. We do that by understanding it and, with scrupulous integrity, maintaining it.



"How can the Protestant Churches," asks AGNES E. MEYER, "oppose with a good conscience the Catholic campaign to break down the wall between Church and State when they themselves have for years been breaching that wall by other methods?" A graduate and trustee of Barnard College and the mother of five children, Mrs. Meyer has served on several national commissions on Education and on Health. Last year she received the Annual Award of the Education Writers Association.

THE CLERICAL CHALLENGE TO THE SCHOOLS

by AGNES E. MEYER

I

IT IS no mere vagary of taste that has brought about in this period of revolution a rediscovery of Thomas Jefferson and a reappraisal of him as the outstanding scholar and humanitarian and the most creative mind of our first Revolution.

What were Jefferson's greatest achievements? He himself told us when he wrote the epitaph for his tombstone: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom and Father of the University of Virginia."

The Virginia act ranked high in Jefferson's mind because he considered that in this act for civil and religious freedom he had already created for the people of Virginia, and he hoped eventually for the nation, the "wall of separation between Church and State" which the First Amendment read into the Constitution. The State should neither support nor oppose any particular form of Church. It should leave the Churches strictly alone and the Churches should leave the State and all its institutions strictly alone. In the course of time this became the official American position and, as Jefferson foresaw and James Bryce confirmed, it saved our nation all the bloodshed, cruelties, and intolerance which have defaced the history of religious strife in Europe.

The separation of Church and State is not merely a principle of our democracy but a body of experience that we have lived for a hundred and fifty years. The written law became so thoroughly accepted as a commonplace of our American culture that recent historians have taken it for granted. As a result the man in the street has forgotten the immense contribution it has made to all of his freedoms, not only of religion, but of thought, speech, and press. Jefferson evolved this principle because he hated every form of tyranny over the

mind, but unless the average person has some awareness of this he can scarcely share the passionate conviction of the late Justice Rutledge's statement: "We have staked the very existence of our country on the faith that complete separation of church and state is best for the state and best for religion."

Today the Protestant and Catholic Church leaders are giving ample proof that they have both forgotten what a profound debt they owe to the "wall of separation." It was the Protestant Churches which first breached this wall when, just before the First World War, they introduced the released time program for religious education in the public schools. The Protestant clergy had become alarmed on reading the report of the United States Office of Education that "only a small proportion of the children throughout the country have even brief contact with church influence." Instead of asking themselves whether this failure may not have resulted from their own inadequacy, they decided that they must invade the schools with methods of education not powerful enough to attract American families to their churches. Nor have they ever explained why teaching that was ineffective in the churches would be more effective in the schools.

The released time program was of two types. In some communities the clergy entered the schools to teach their sectarian creeds; in others the children were dismissed from school attendance to go to a church of the parents' choice for religious instruction. The former plan, whereby the clergy enter the public schools, was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court in the McCollum decision. Did this make an impression on the clergy? On some, yes. On others, no. "It must be said to the shame of Protestantism," says the Reverend Charles Clayton Morrison, "that in too many cases and communities the Protestant churches still

carry on the released time practice and, in some cases, even more flagrant forms of violation, in defiance of the Supreme Court's mandate. I contend that all Protestants should have hailed the Supreme Court's decision with deep satisfaction and immediately withdrawn from every semblance of continuing the released time practice. Protestantism has an incomparably greater stake in the separation of church and state than it could possibly have in the trivial religious education toy called released time." The scholarly Dr. Morrison is a Protestant voice calling in a wilderness of religious confusion. One of the few resolutions passed unanimously by the National Council of Churches in the U.S.A. at its recent meeting in Atlanta stated that the Council would support the New York plan of released time whereby pupils leave the public schools an hour early, when the appeal is argued before the Supreme Court.

Yet simultaneously the Council has issued a strong manifesto opposing the appointment of an ambassador to the Vatican on the ground that such an appointment fuses government with religion and is therefore an infringement of the separation of Church and State. When the Protestants bring up the First Amendment in this question, they themselves admit that they are on dubious ground.

It is irresolute Protestant thinking such as this which endangers the wall of separation far more than the outright declaration of war upon the First Amendment which the Catholic Bishops made in their official statement of 1948, "The Christian in Action."

Protestant leadership must begin to realize that its position on the First Amendment is painfully ambiguous, whereas the position of the Catholic Church on this vital problem is crystal clear. The Administrative Catholic Bishops boldly declared the American principle of separation of Church and State a "novel" interpretation of the Constitution, "a shibboleth of doctrinaire secularism" which was recently invented by the Supreme Court in the McCollum decision. They attacked that decision as unconstitutional and announced their determination to work "peacefully, patiently and perseveringly" for its reversal.

Since the Catholic Bishops intend to reverse the McCollum decision, they must necessarily bring to bear all the arguments they can muster in favor of the New York released time legislation when it comes before the Supreme Court. This is a logical consequence of their position.

Yet nobody has spoken more frankly against the 1948 pronouncement of the Catholic Bishops than certain Protestant leaders and publications. They have pointed out what American experience has confirmed — the dependence of democracy on freedom of religious conscience and the impossibility of assuring this without complete separation of Church and State. Thus the Bishops' statement places the

Catholic hierarchy in permanent hostility to American democratic principles. Some Protestant authorities claim that the Bishops' statement does more than that. It challenges the very meaning of America, the whole Jeffersonian doctrine of civil and religious freedom, and our very philosophy of life, our belief in human progress, our hopeful concept of man and his ability to govern himself. Thus, unless the Bishops' pronouncement of 1948 is retracted, their challenge is bound to precipitate a division in this country, of whose intensity the present religious hostilities are merely a foretaste.

But how, I should like to ask the Protestant Churches, can they logically defend the First Amendment if their own position on the separation of Church and State remains as ambiguous, vacillating, and contradictory as it is today?

At present the Protestant Churches are conducting a violent campaign against Catholic ambitions for Federal aid to their parochial schools, for the extension of bus transportation for parochial school pupils, and other services which the Catholic prelates minimize as "incidental." "It [the Catholic Church] seeks to crack the Constitutional principle of separation of Church and State," said the Reverend Charles Clayton Morrison before the Convention of the Disciples of Christ, "at some point where the average citizen will not discern that it is being cracked and where even the courts may find a way of rationalizing their approval." But that is precisely what the Protestants did when they first introduced religious training on public school time — they cracked the First Amendment at a point where neither the average citizen nor they themselves discerned that it was being cracked. And now they are trying to persuade the Supreme Court Justices to find a way of rationalizing their approval. How can the Protestant Churches oppose with a good conscience the Catholic campaign to break down the wall between Church and State when they themselves have for years been breaching that wall by other methods?

2

OUR American schools, like those of Europe, were founded by the Churches. But when our schools were finally secularized toward the middle of the last century, under the leadership of Horace Mann, that movement was not anticlerical or anti-religious. To be sure, the sectarian conflicts of that period and their destructive influence on the schools played an important part in the movement. But there was nothing negative or hostile about the agreement to adhere to separation of State and Church in public education. The secularization of our schools was a positive movement to embody in American education the interaction of the real and the ideal, upon which both democracy and active Christianity depend. Whenever a human being

strives upward toward self-development, goodness, and concern for others, there the divine will is active.

The educational program, moreover, has never excluded instruction about religion. It banished only instruction *in* religion when the schools were secularized. If we bear in mind that the whole future of our democracy depends upon moral solidarity, freedom of conscience, and freedom of inquiry, the secularization of our schools becomes an act of sublime courage and of sublime loyalty to the American faith that our institutions should be of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Although the Supreme Court in the McCollum decision has declared unconstitutional a form of released time program which permits the clergy to enter the public schools to teach sectarian creeds, the New York plan, which proposes that public school pupils leave school an hour before the general dismissal to receive religious instruction, remains in a realm of doubtful legality.

The crux of the McCollum decision lies in the following extract from Justice Black's opinion for the Court:—

The foregoing facts, without reference to others that appear in the record, show the use of tax-supported property for religious instruction and the close coöperation between the school authorities and the religious council in promoting religious education. The operation of the state's compulsory education system thus assists and is integrated with the program of religious instruction carried on by separate religious sects. Pupils compelled by law to go to school for secular education are released in part from their legal duty upon the condition that they attend the religious classes. This is beyond all question a utilization of the tax-established and tax-supported public school system to aid religious groups to spread their faith. And it falls squarely under the ban of the First Amendment (*made applicable to the States by the Fourteenth*).

Three elements are here held illegal by the Court:—

1. Although the use of tax-supported property does not enter into the New York released time program, the use of tax moneys does. The New York City Board of Education alone provides a million dollars' worth of educational opportunity which is not used by the 102,705 released time students in that city and is consequently wasted. But it is not only the small proportion of children who are dismissed that lose an hour of instruction. The education of the majority who remain in school comes to a halt in order that the dismissed children shall not fall behind in their school lessons. Thus the whole class, and in some cases the whole elementary school, together with the teaching staff, is deprived of one hour of educational opportunity per week. The total waste of taxpayers' money is incalculably large.

2. The close coöperation between school authori-

ties and religious groups in promoting religious education, which the Supreme Court condemns, also exists in the New York plan. The ultimate responsibility for the administration of the program rests wholly with the public school teachers and principals. On them also falls the burden of interpreting the policy of the Board of Education and of executing the mandates of the law. Whether the religious instruction is given within the school or without, the operation of the State's compulsory education system assists and is integrated with a program of religious instruction carried on by separate religious sects.

The third point made by the Supreme Court, that "pupils compelled by law to go to school for secular education are released in part from their legal duty upon condition that they attend the religious classes," is an exact description of what also happens under the New York program and therefore "falls squarely under the ban of the First Amendment," as Justice Black put it. This point is reinforced by the *Everson* decision of the Supreme Court, which states: "The prohibition [of the First Amendment] broadly forbids state support, financial or otherwise, of religion in any sense, form or degree."

These and other quotations from the McCollum and *Everson* decisions apply so clearly and forcibly to the released time plan of religious instruction that many states and localities have already canceled this type of program. In St. Louis, Missouri, when the local board of education decided to disregard the opinion of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction and continue classes on released time outside of the school buildings but without the enforcement of attendance by the public schools, the Circuit Court enjoined the practice, stating in part:—

The differences [between the St. Louis case and the McCollum case] are inconsequential. The controlling fact in both cases is that the public schools are used to aid sectarian groups to disseminate their doctrines. Whether these sectarian classes are conducted in school buildings or elsewhere can make no difference, since attendance upon them during compulsory school hours is deemed attendance at school. Failure to exercise supervision over the instruction of religion and to require the keeping of proper attendance records does not make the school program legal; it merely indicates laxity on the part of the school authorities. The fact that any sect may participate in this program is immaterial; the public school cannot be used to aid one religion or to aid all religions.

3

HAVE the Protestant Churches ever asked themselves whether their intrusion into the schools is, in itself, a moral act?

They advance the argument, for example, that

there is no compulsion on the children to take advantage of released time religious training, that parents are free to decide whether their children are to participate, and that therefore the program does not infringe upon the freedom of religion guaranteed by the First Amendment. A scientific survey of the New York City released time program made by the Center for Field Services of New York University reports evidence "that resistance of children released for religious instruction presents a problem." Frequently the children refuse to go because they prefer to stay in school. Some teachers interpret the word "dismiss" as permissive and let the children do as they please. Others interpret "dismiss" to mean pressure, and force the children to go.

I have, personally, experienced the pressure, the unhappiness, the rancor, created by the program, especially in small communities, not only among children but among their parents. I have known teachers to use their influence to force children into these programs, and others who burned with silent rage because they resented the tensions the program creates but lacked the freedom to condemn it. In fact, the pressure on the teachers and school administrators is just as wicked as the pressure on the children. Would a teacher who values her position dare to oppose or even criticize the Churches openly? What irony that a program to teach Christian love should create acute conflicts, confusion, and hatred!

Justice Frankfurter had the psychological insight to realize the cruel situations the program would create when he said in his McCollum brief: "That a child is offered an alternative may reduce the constraint; it does not eliminate the operation of influence by the school in matters sacred to the conscience and outside the school's domain. The law of imitation operates and non-conformity is not an outstanding characteristic of children. The result is obvious pressure upon children to attend."

Some adherents of the program profess to see an improvement in the children's morals. Yet it is a commonly known fact throughout the country, and the report on New York City confirms it, that the released time is an invitation to truancy. Reliable statistics show that about 40 per cent of the children who leave their schools never arrive at the religious centers. Often the children play in the school yard and disturb the school session. Others start out but never arrive. Principals realize that this trend will grow because the Churches cannot control attendance and the teachers are forbidden to do it. Some Churches try to prevent truancy by sending escorts to conduct the children from school to church. Most do not take this precaution. The escorts sometimes fail to appear. Often the religious centers call off their program at the last minute, for lack of personnel. If the children have already left school, they can all play hooky. As the chil-

dren are caught in an equivocal situation, they lie their way out of their difficulties. Since the object of the released time training is the betterment of character and conduct, the truancy and dishonesty to which it tempts children negate its objectives.

The children often travel so far to arrive at the religious center that there is but a small part of the hour left for instruction. The belief that children can benefit from a half hour or even forty-five minutes of oral instruction once a week, especially if their parents have no church affiliation, indicates a superficial concept of religion.

The released time program is unjust because it penalizes the majority of the children who remain in school. If the public school teachers carry on worth-while activities during this hour, the clergy denounce them for unfair competition. In Chicago, when less than 10 per cent of the pupils were enrolled in the released time program, the principals received orders that "nothing significant shall be taught the children not taking religious instruction." In one elementary school in Westchester County, ten children out of some five hundred use the released time program. As they come from various classes, the whole school loses an hour of work. The indignant parents asked the principal whether the regular curriculum could not be restored. The principal was so terrified of the clergy that he refused to take up the question with them. On the slightest challenge of clerical omniscience, a teacher's whole future may be — and often is — ruined by accusations of atheism. As a result, sabotage of public education and intimidation of schoolteachers, principals, and parents are taking place all over the country. This is tyranny.

It was demonstrated in December, 1950, at the last session of the White House Conference on Children and Youth, that the vast majority of the American people are determined to protect the freedom of their public schools. The 4620 delegates to this Conference were outstanding local leaders in the fields of religion, education, health, welfare; of women's and service clubs; of the labor unions, fraternal organizations, and other major groups.

The committee on religion had submitted to the Conference a report of four paragraphs, one of which recommended that the students of public educational institutions throughout the nation should be allowed to go during school hours to any near-by religious foundation for religious instruction and receive credit toward graduation for such courses. This plan, if it had been accepted, would have wrecked the curriculum and the discipline, the moral integrity and the independence, of our whole public school system. It indicates to what extremes the released-time program would be carried by some of the clergy if they are not promptly denied all access to the public schools by the courts.

One of the delegates proposed that the whole

religious section be struck out and the following resolution substituted:—

Recognizing knowledge and understanding of religious and ethical concepts as essential to the development of spiritual values and that nothing is of greater importance to the moral and spiritual health of our nation than the works of religious education in our homes and families and in our institutions of organized religion, we nevertheless strongly affirm the principle of separation of church and state which has been the keystone of our American democracy and declare ourselves unalterably opposed to the use of the public schools directly or indirectly for religious educational purposes.

After long and heated debate this resolution was carried by a majority of about two to one.

This was an epoch-making event because it was the first time that the released time program for religious instruction was democratically debated and submitted to the test of public opinion in a gathering whose delegates represented, conservatively estimated, three fourths of our total population. The overwhelming popular vote indicated that the majority of our people are willing to fight to maintain the independence of our schools.

I, too, believe that the child is robbed of its full development if it receives no guidance in early years toward recognition of the religious aspects of life. But this teaching, to be effective, must originate in the home and family life with the coöperation of the Churches. The child's whole character and spontaneous sense of right and wrong are largely determined before it goes to school. Before school age the responsibility for the child's development lies with the family and the Church. It is the weakness of these two institutions and their failure for several generations to develop the character of the pre-school child that have now created acute moral problems. Having failed in their primary mission to strengthen the family and reach the children during their most impressionable and formative years, the Churches now seek a short cut, through the released time program, which will cure overnight the moral defects of children who have been neglected throughout infancy.

A very forthright German Catholic Bishop told me last year that he was pessimistic about the future of the family in that country. "And if the family goes, the Church goes," he added gloomily. This is an accurate appraisal of the predicament in which organized religion finds itself. Therefore, if the Churches are honestly concerned about the future of Christianity they should spend all their efforts upon saving the family instead of wasting them upon a futile and ineffective released time program. Why invade the public schools to do a superficial job, when the Churches need all their

energy, money, and spiritual fortitude to do a more salutary job right in their own parishes?

The school needs all of its time to improve the education of our children and to center upon the task of developing the morality and strength of character that are ideals common to men of all religious faiths. This task is made difficult when the Churches force the school to engage in programs that generate divisiveness. The children are in school only five or six hours a day, about two hundred days of the year. That leaves the Churches ample time to teach religion.

Now that freedom is threatened as never before, Protestantism has a special responsibility to live up to its sublime traditions as the guardian of individual rights, human liberty, and democratic solidarity. If the Protestant leaders will review the effects of the released time program, they will find that it destroys everything that Protestantism has always cherished as its highest ideals. For it is oppressive, unjust, and disruptive of moral discipline. It undermines the legitimate and the unique task of the public schools to establish an integrated program of education that will bind our American children as comrades in a common life.

Protestant publications, notably the *Christian Century*, have often expressed their fear of "pluralism," the division of our citizens into separate isolated religious groups. Nothing encourages pluralism more than breaking up public school children into separate released-time groups. Either the wall of separation between the school and the sectarian groups must be kept invulnerable or the walls between the sectarian groups will become impassably high.

Moreover, the Churches will only weaken themselves if they use the school as a policeman and teach the children to associate religious instruction with the school rather than the church. By leaning on the schools, the Churches are postponing the time when they must face their real task—of developing religious depth and imparting this sense of depth by educational methods in tune with the needs of the day. The Churches should long ago have discarded their outworn authoritarian verbalism for educational methods based on experience such as our schools have developed. The outmoded methods of instruction of the Churches can only lead to contempt for religion, especially when placed in close juxtaposition with the more vital methods of education that prevail in our best schools.

Our public schools have been one of the most important factors in making America what it is. They became fundamental to the progress and the spiritual vitality of our country. Weaken them and we weaken our entire fabric. We jeopardize our whole future and our contributions to the welfare of mankind.



An Atlantic Story



Since his graduation from Loyola University in 1934, JOSEPH CARROLL has worked on newspapers, written publicity, done broadcast scripts for NBC, served in the Army and, after the war, as a newscaster and then as an Associate Editor of Collier's. After this apprenticeship, he took the plunge as a free lance and his short stories are being reprinted in anthologies, the surest test. "I like 'At Mrs. Farrelly's,'" he says, "better than any story I've written up to now. Mrs. Farrelly's conversation, considerably modified in the interest of propriety, is very like that of a lady in whose house I roomed when I first came to New York in 1939."

AT MRS. FARRELLY'S

by JOSEPH CARROLL

BRENNAN always stayed at Mrs. Farrelly's rooming house when he was between voyages and when he was on the beach altogether, waiting for a berth. The house was one of a grimy red-brick row fronting the North River docks on a downtown street; it was within easy walking distance of the union hall on Seventeenth Street and close to Greenwich Village with its opportunities for companionship and carousal. Brennan had no family except a married sister in Ohio, with whom he exchanged perfunctorily dutiful letters once a year; and insofar as he had a home at all, it was Mrs. Farrelly's.

The first time he stayed there, Mrs. Farrelly took an immediate liking to him and he to her. He had been shipping out for more than a year, and he was sick of blowing his pay on hotels; there were better things to blow it on. Brennan never saved any money but he liked to get value for what he spent, even if it was only a howling hangover and the memory of brief luxuries to take back to sea with him. A shipmate steered him to Mrs. Farrelly's when they shipped in from South America, and when she opened the door to him, Brennan could tell he was making an impression.

He was used to being liked by women and wasn't conceited about it: he figured they liked him not for his looks, which were average pleasant, but because he was a nice guy. He knew he was a nice guy and couldn't imagine being anything else. Brennan was only twenty-two, but he'd been kicking around more or less on his own since he was a

kid, and he had decided a long time ago that you had an easier time of it if you were a nice guy though it didn't necessarily put money in your pocket. He liked women, too, most of them, so long as they didn't embarrass him with importunities. Brennan liked to do the importuning himself — it was half the fun.

He liked Mrs. Farrelly right away, and not for her looks. She was in her late forties and wouldn't have been a beauty even in her prime. The attempt to dye her hair had clearly been a mistake, for the natural mousy brown showed through under strands of the most startling magenta. Her figure was nothing much, and she had the chalky pallor of so many women who live their lives within the curious limits that a great city, no less than a prairie village, can impose; Mrs. Farrelly was a New Yorker born and bred, but she rarely traveled above Fourteenth Street or below Houston.

But her pale face was kind, and Brennan liked her smile. It was still early forenoon when he arrived with his gear, and Mrs. Farrelly was wearing a frayed robe of faded pink. "Excuse my being in my penorr," she said, "but honest to God if I'm ever awake till noon. I just can't seem to get started in the morning." Every vowel came out flat and long, as if someone had been at it with a rolling pin.

She led Brennan up a flight of stairs and into his room. It was a narrow room, with a bed and small table, a chest of drawers, two chairs, and very little else; but it was clean and prettified with

various five-and-dime touches, such as the blue ribbons that looped back the gray-white window curtains. On the wall over the chest was a picture in an ornate frame, whose gilt was peeling; the picture, in blurry blues and greens and yellows, showed a child crossing a narrow bridge over an angry stream, and behind him a girlish angel with wings outspread protectively.

Mrs. Farrelly said: "The you-know is down the hall — second door. Two other roomers on this floor and they use it too, but it's all right if everybody just coöperates. If someone's in there too long, keep hammering loud. Nesbitt — he's in the room across the hall — he goes in there with the *Daily News* sometimes. And he'll stay until he's got his horoscope worked out unless you make a racket. Honest, some people don't have the least consideration."

Brennan nodded, but Mrs. Farrelly showed no disposition to go; she wanted to talk. "It'd be a real nice view," she said, pointing to the window, "except the pier fronts are in the way and you can't see the river. I always say what's the use of having a river that you can't see it. Blocks and blocks and you can't see it, unless you go up to the market by Little West Twelfth Street, where they fish off the pier. Honest, isn't that some name? Little West Twelfth, how I love thee! You can see the river from the roof, but it's too cold to go up there now. Summertimes, we go up — Farrelly and me. Farrelly's my husband. It's real pretty at night, all the lights over to Jersey and like on the boats. Some people they just never notice things like that, but Farrelly's different. He's a poet. He *writes* poetry."

Brennan was interested. "You mean for a living?" he asked.

She looked doubtful. "Well, he writes it all the time, but I wouldn't say he made a living out of it. There's not much money in poetry. Farrelly says things are slow for poets these times. People just don't have the money."

Brennan started to laugh, and changed his mind: Mrs. Farrelly wasn't being funny.

"You like poetry?" Mrs. Farrelly said.

"Yeah," Brennan said. "I like it. I'd like to see Far — your husband's."

She shook her head. "He's so *funny*. He won't show it to anybody — except me. He's afraid somebody'll steal it off him. He says poets are clickish — a little bunch of them have it all their own way and without you're in the click you can't have your poems printed up in books. Honest, I guess it's the same in every line. Like the longshoremen — that's what Nesbitt is, a longshoreman — unless they know the boss and slip him a little something once and a while they just don't get through the shape-up. Nesbitt hasn't had a day's work in three weeks."

Brennan had an odd vision of poets going through

a shape-up and started to laugh again; again he changed his mind. "Yeah," he said, "it's the same in everything. It's not what you know, it's who you know."

Mrs. Farrelly clasped her hands together appreciatively. "I'll have to remember that to tell Farrelly. He likes things that are said neat. It's not what you know, it's who you know," she repeated. She went to the door but then turned; Brennan had started to sit down on the bed. "Sit right down," she said, "I'll be going in a minute. You must be tired. Where was your ship? South America? My! I never been but to Hoboken. You sound educated."

Brennan sat down, shaking his head. "Uh-uh. Grammar school. My old man died and I went to work soon as it was legal. I tried a lot of things, but I like shipping best. You get time to read."

Mrs. Farrelly sighed. "You don't know how lucky you are," she said. "I never get time to read, running this place like I do. Honest, if it isn't this it's that, in a rooming house. Keeping the place clean and going to the stores. I hardly even get to read the papers. Farrelly is a great reader — always was. And of course, he has his poetry to keep up on. He can't do no writing here. Too noisy — trucks going by all the time, and sirens on the river, and the kids yelling out in the street. He goes over to the library up near Eighth Avenue every morning and stays there all day and writes. Honest, he has just pages and pages covered with it, and he won't let me do a thing with it."

She looked at Brennan pensively. "You seem like a real nice boy. I'd like for you to meet Farrelly. When do you ship out?"

"Next week," Brennan said. "I'd like the room until Sunday night."

She looked pleased. "You could eat with us Sunday. We take our big meal in the afternoon and have just cold stuff for supper."

Brennan was touched, and embarrassed. "Wouldn't want to put you to any trouble," he said.

She laughed. "Trouble? Why, all the trouble is putting out another plate. Farrelly and me never had a kid, isn't that funny? We been married long enough to have them older than you. I used to kid him about it. It must be you just simply don't have it, I told him once. And honest, it made him so mad I was scared. He hardly ever gets mad. But he hates anything *vulgar*."

Brennan was blushing a little. "I guess you do, too," she said. "But I don't mean anything by it. It's just my way. I grew up around here — this house was my father's, rest his soul. I had a brother was killed in an accident on the docks. He was older than me, and he talked real rough. This is a rough neighborhood. But Farrelly's different."

Brennan couldn't think of anything to say, but she didn't expect an answer. "You eat with us

Sunday," she said, and started out the door. Then she turned again. "Another thing," she said diffidently. "I hope you'll excuse me mentioning it. If you want to bring — uh — anybody up here nights —"

Brennan was now blushing all over, the rough redness at his cheekbones spreading throughout his olive face.

"— it's all right if you aren't too noisy about it. It's just we don't want the police on us. Lots of seamen stay here, and I know how it is. A person has their passions."

Brennan was looking at the floor.

She coughed, artificially. "I hope you won't take what I'm saying wrong. You're so kind of young. Watch out for them hustling girls in the bar and grills. They're no good — and you never know what you can pick up off them."

She closed the door after her, and Brennan lay back on the bed, wondering why he liked the damn woman so much.

2

HE MET Farrelly at the Sunday meal. It was a good meal: baked ham and mashed potatoes and green vegetables and a bakery pie for dessert; but Brennan, who had spent too much time in Bleecker Street bars the night before, was in no condition to enjoy it.

"You need a drink," Farrelly said, watching him nibble at the food; and he brought out a bottle of whisky. Mrs. Farrelly poured a hooker for each of them, but didn't take any herself. She whisked back and forth between the kitchen and the dining room, which was brightly papered in a pattern of some yellow flower that made it look as though someone had been throwing eggs at the wall.

After the drink, Brennan felt better and could eat. He didn't think Farrelly looked much like a poet, though you never could tell about poets. Farrelly's hair was all white, which made his face look young. It was a coarse face in its surfaces: configurations of veins threaded his cheeks with an unhealthy blue over glittering crimson. Guiltily, Brennan reflected that his face might come to look like that if he spent the next five years as strenuously as he had spent it in Bleecker Street and environs the night before. Farrelly's dissipations had not marred the odd juvenility of his features; his eyes were large and pale, and — white hair and all — he looked like an altar boy who had been on one hell of a toot.

If Mrs. Farrelly was disturbed by these evidences of intemperance, or even aware of them, she didn't show it. She left the bottle close to Farrelly's hand and looked at him dotingly whenever he spoke.

Farrelly was most courteous in his manner toward Brennan. "So you follow the sea?" he said bookishly.

"Yeah," Brennan said. "It gives me something to do."

"Do you admire Conrad?" asked Farrelly.

Brennan thought that was quite a leap, but he answered politely: "Some of him."

"Do you find him true to life?"

Yes and no, Brennan said; he didn't think seamen talked like that, even when Conrad was writing, but he guessed that if anyone ever wrote the way seamen really talked he wouldn't be able to get it printed.

"I like Melville better," Farrelly said. "I read him all the time." Brennan thought to himself that he couldn't have read Melville very carefully because he kept talking about Moby Dick as though it were a man; he said he had once seen John Barrymore in the title role.

All of Farrelly's literary knowledge seemed fragmentary, and some of it was mistaken, Brennan knew. He tried to change the conversation, so as to work Mrs. Farrelly into it. She looked from one to another of them admiringly, and Brennan felt like a phony. He read books when he felt like it, the same way he drank or chased girls, when he felt like that. Unhappily, he told Farrelly that, no, he didn't plan to write a book: he went to sea because it was a living, better than some other ways of making money, at least for him. If he ever got married, he thought he would want a shoreside job.

Farrelly didn't listen to his answers; every question was a topic sentence for himself; and after the meal was over, when he had a lot more drinks, he didn't even bother asking questions: he just talked. At Mrs. Farrelly's urging, he recited a lot of poetry in a declamatory voice.

Brennan didn't think he recited very well, though it might have been the liquor; he stopped at the end of every line, and, unless you knew the poem he was reciting, you wouldn't have been able to make any sense out of it at all. Mrs. Farrelly did not seem to mind this: her rapt face showed that she was having a very good time.

In one of the pauses, she asked Farrelly to bring out his own poetry or recite it to Brennan. Farrelly, whose eyes were pretty glassy by this time, turned to her coldly. "The time hasn't come," he said. "You know that. This is a fine young man" — he pointed to Brennan — "but what do we *know* about him?"

And then he went upstairs, walking rigidly and holding to the banister as he walked.

Mrs. Farrelly hoped Brennan's feelings weren't hurt. "He has to be so careful," she said enigmatically. Brennan said not at all and it was time for him to be going anyway.

The next few times he hit port, Brennan saw a lot of Mrs. Farrelly but very little of her husband. Brennan stayed out till all hours, and it was always late when he got up. Mrs. Farrelly took to asking him down to the kitchen for coffee and talked to

him confidentially about Farrelly, who still spent his days at the library.

"He's failing," Mrs. Farrelly said one morning. "All you have to do is look at him to see he's failing. And it isn't as if he was old: he's only fifty-three. He's sick, that's what he is, and is it any wonder with the way he's treated when all he wants is to put in a fair day's work at his poetry? My sisters won't even talk to him — and the way they talk about him would make you sick to your stomach. Nell's the worst. She never married and she's never *been* with anyone. You know the way women like that are?"

Brennan drank his coffee unquiveringly; he had got over blushing at Mrs. Farrelly's occasional physiological allusions, and this one was only mildly blunt. He told her he knew what she meant.

"Nell's got scabs on her knees from going to church every day of her life but all she ever thinks about is the one thing. She's always going on about the Porto Ricans and the colored in the neighborhood, and she like to of died when I had a colored for a roomer. I didn't see there was anything wrong about it, being he was a lot cleaner than most that stay here. But you bust Nell's head open and you'd find only the one thing. Every time she looks at Farrelly I know she's thinking dirty. I know he takes his drop, but I never heard him say a dirty word.

"The other sister — Hattie — has her own man and four kids, but she's never got over it that Pa left this place to me. Farrelly moved in here right after we were married — he was working over to the market then, but he never liked it because he got no time to work on his poetry at all. So after Pa died, he quit, and ever since it's been the poetry."

Flickeringly, her eyes looked wistful, Brennan thought.

"So the two of them are all the time chewing about Farrelly," she went on. "They're the only family I got now but I sent the pair of them flying out of this kitchen only last week for having their foul mouths on Farrelly. It was 'why don't he work?' and 'why do you give him money for drink?' until I told the both of them to kiss the left cheek of my behind and threw them out."

She poured more coffee for Brennan and herself. "He's failing, though. I can see it every day goes by. He don't read out what he's wrote during the day to me any more, like he always used to — and he bites my head off if I ask him about it. He just sits and don't say anything, only to himself, stuff I can't even understand, over and over and over. And you know something? He *cries*. All by himself in the bedroom, he cries. I found him like that last night and I told him, 'What's the matter, lovey?' And he just said to go away, and kept on crying."

Brennan stood up quickly. "I have to meet a fellow," he said.

She followed him to the front door. "You think — you think maybe I shouldn't let him have money for the drink, like Hattie says? It's the only thing he takes any pleasure in, except the poetry."

Brennan said awkwardly, "I don't know, Mrs. Farrelly. Maybe you better call a doctor to look at him."

"He hates doctors," Mrs. Farrelly said. "I might call one, if he gets worse."

Brennan went out.

3

BRENNAN shipped out on the longest trip he had ever made, and what with layovers for repairs and weather delays, it was more than three months before he saw Mrs. Farrelly again. His ship docked late on a summer afternoon, but after he was paid off he stopped in a saloon on South Street where he met the union delegate from his ship and got in an argument about the handling of a beef on the trip. Other crew members were there, and the argument wasn't very parliamentary; Brennan was too tired for a fight, so he slipped out and walked to Mrs. Farrelly's. The walk cleared his head, which badly needed clearing.

It was almost midnight when he rang the doorbell. He saw the light go on behind the glass panels that flanked the door; then the door opened and Mrs. Farrelly stood blinking at him. She was fully dressed, in a black dress. As soon as she saw Brennan she started to cry, and he knew what must have happened.

He stepped inside and put an arm around her shoulder, waiting until the sobbing stopped. She leaned her head against him. "You were the only one," she said. "You were the only one was ever nice about his poetry."

Brennan kept his arm around her. "Would you make me some coffee?" he asked.

"Honest to God," she said, stepping away from him, "I forgot all about it. I got some on."

He followed her through the dark hallway and into the lighted kitchen. The coffee had boiled over and the lid of the pot was rattling over the bubbling sounds.

Brennan sat down at the table and waited. She wiped off the smeared sides of the pot, brought cups from the pantry, and poured. Brennan lighted a cigarette, waiting for his coffee to cool.

"I buried Farrelly yesterday," she said.

She sat down, her chair close to Brennan. "The end came suddenly," she said, relishing the formal obituary phrase, "though, like I told you, I seen it coming. He fell over in the street coming from the library and they took him to Bellevue. He didn't even know me when they let me see him. He just cried and stared up at the ceiling. And then he screamed a lot — and then he didn't do anything. He just passed away."

She was quite dry-eyed now, and enjoying telling him about it. Brennan said how sorry he was.

"I know," she said. "I told my sister Hattie and Nell and all them snotnoses came to the wake about you. I told them you *know* about poetry. We waked him here, and I like to screamed listening to Hattie blabbering about it was a blessed release, and Nell with her 'it's the will of God and he's at peace at last.' And I wouldn't give them the satisfaction of crying or taking on or anything. I just sat in there in the front room the whole three days and looked at him. He was laid out nice, in his good blue serge. And he looked so young. He was a fine-looking man, Farrelly was."

She waited for Brennan to agree. "A fine-looking man," he echoed.

"And I'd look at Farrelly, and then I'd look at that big bruiser Hattie's married to, with the black hairs sticking out from his collar, and no gentleness to him at all and no brains in his thick head to understand poetry. And when I'd look at Farrelly again, I'd almost cry, thinking: it may be the will of God, but I hope He knows what He's doing — taking away a man that never did anyone a day's harm and could make up poetry right in the middle of the dirty streets and never take his mind off it for anything else, only his glass of whisky now and again — taking away a man like that and leaving only the slobs of men that laugh at poetry."

She pushed back her chair and stood up. "He's gone now and it can't hurt him if I show it to you. I don't care if it never gets printed up in books. The hell with the clicks. You been nice. I'll show it to you."

She went out and Brennan could hear her footsteps on the stairs. He stared into the grounds in

his coffee cup. When she came back she was carrying a cardboard carton, which she placed on the table. She raised the covers, and Brennan saw that the box was filled with paper, tied in bundles. "This is only some of it," Mrs. Farrelly told him, lifting out a bundle and undoing the ribbon that bound it. She handed it to Brennan and her hand shook.

He glanced at the top sheet of lined tablet paper such as school children use. The handwriting was large and legible, not beautiful but painstakingly neat, as though it were an exercise in penmanship.

Brennan read the opening lines on the top sheet: —

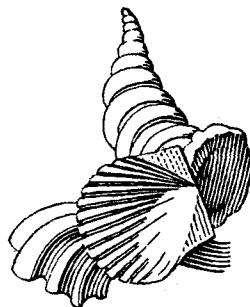
Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

He riffled the sheets, glancing at the titles carefully written in block capitals at the top of the pages: *Kubla Khan*, *Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey*, *Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills*, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, *The Lotos-Eaters*, *The Blessed Damozel*, *Chorus from Atalanta in Calydon*, *The Hound of Heaven*. . . .

He looked up at Mrs. Farrelly. "I can't read them all now," he said, smiling.

She smiled back. "Sure you can't. You take all the time you want." She put her hand on Brennan's arm. "You read some of the first one. I seen you. Is it good poetry?"

Brennan lifted his free hand and touched her cheek gently. "The best," he said.





*A well-known psychiatrist, the author of *The World Within* and *Dark Legend*, DR. FREDRIC WERTHAM, Director of the Psychiatric Division at Queens General Hospital in New York, was obliged to undergo a series of painful operations without general anesthetics. In a sense he was his own guinea pig, and the notes he made on pain have proved of professional interest. His article is drawn from the book *When Doctors Are Patients*, edited by Max Pinner, M.D., and Benjamin F. Miller, M.D., which Norton will publish in April.*

A STUDY OF PAIN

by FREDRIC WERTHAM, M.D.

I

DURING a period of excellent health and activity following a vacation, I developed a thrombophlebitis in the right leg without known cause. Under the treatment of a private physician I followed a course of complete bed-rest for about three weeks. Then what was evidently a small pulmonary embolus was followed within a week by further pulmonary emboli. I developed a high temperature, took sulfa drugs, lost all appetite, became very toxic. When taken to the hospital I was in a critical condition. Within a few hours after reaching the hospital I had an emergency operation, a ligation of the right femoral vein. The same night a course of penicillin was begun. Owing to the fact that the thrombus extended very high and that the blood vessels were deeper than usual and differently placed, the operation, carried out under local anesthesia with scopolamine and morphine, was difficult and lasted longer than usual.

As psychiatric consultant in general hospitals, I have found how essential it is that certain psychopathologic symptoms in physical disease be diagnosed very early. It is sometimes difficult in severe cases or in postoperative cases to distinguish minor transitory mental symptoms from beginning stages of more serious conditions, such as depression or delirium. But from the point of view of prompt and proper therapeutic steps it is very important. I believe my own introspective experiences are significant for the practicing physician.

As far as emotional factors are concerned: before the operation, when one embolus followed the other, during the operation, and immediately after it, I was in danger of death. As a physician I should have known that, merely from objective medical symptoms, which I understood intellectually. It should have been even clearer to me when the director of the surgical service came from some distance to perform the operation as an emergency on

a Sunday afternoon; and when the head of a medical service also came. Moreover, I remember the serious faces of some of my medical friends who were there at the time. But I interpreted their concern as sympathy with my pain, and at no time before, during, or within a few days after the first operation did the idea enter my consciousness that I was critically ill or in danger of dying.

My experiences confirm the generally known psychologic law that one is apt to forget unpleasant experiences and remember pleasant ones. Two factors have become clear to me with regard to this amnesia. In the first place, pleasant or indifferent experiences are also forgotten in circumstances of severe physical disease. Secondly, there are two types of amnesia: forgotten experiences that cannot be recalled even when one's memory is refreshed, and others that are recalled easily. I have been told of some more or less indifferent things that I said which I have completely forgotten. I have been told of others which I seemed to have forgotten but which I immediately recalled.

For long periods of time during the first operation I was in a state of sleep, or at any rate without full consciousness. At other times I was fully awake and clear. Then my main concern was with pain. During the operation it filled my whole mind. There was literally no room for anything else. It is difficult to verbalize these pain experiences. For considerable periods when I was clear there would be no pain at all. Then suddenly it would come. On account of the danger of further emboli, spinal anesthesia was not used. As I understand it, the deeper structures are less accessible to local anesthetics, and certain types of pain, like that of actual ligation, are not susceptible to complete anesthesia at all.

It is hard to describe one's emotional reaction to pain. It is partly a fear of more pain to come, of its

continuing or getting worse; partly a hope that pain will cease or lessen.

During the operation I was emotionally reduced to a most primitive level of hope-fear. My attention was focused on concern with my body. Freud made a well-known statement about the distribution of "libidinal interest" in physical illness: "A person suffering organic pain and discomfort relinquishes his interest in the things of the outside world, insofar as they do not concern his suffering. Closer observation teaches us that at the same time he withdraws libidinal interest from his love-objects: so long as he suffers, he ceases to love. . . . The sick man withdraws his libido back upon his own ego, and sends it forth again when he recovers."

It is true, according to my recollection, that my libido certainly was withdrawn to my body and my interest in the outside world was decidedly restricted to what had direct bearing on my immediate situation. But in the midst of the operation, during a period when I was either anticipating pain or enduring it, I asked one of the physicians standing near me to find my wife downstairs and tell her everything was going fine. This preoccupation must have been very strong because sometime after this physician had carried out my request and told me that he had, I asked him the same thing again. This would indicate, in the light of my experience, that Freud's formulation is an oversimplification of very complicated processes of emotional thinking. One functions on several levels at the same time.

During the periods when I was conscious and there was no pain, my intellectual capacities were greatly reduced. Some medical friends were standing near me during the operation (I was separated by a screen from the operating surgeon). On a number of occasions they talked to me in an effort to cheer and encourage me. Most of what they said was over my head. I simply did not understand what they meant, though I heard their voices very clearly and was aware of their words, the finer modulations of their voices, and their friendly intent.

The contrast between my keen awareness of the modulation of voices and my lack of intellectual understanding of what the voices said astonishes me now. At that time, however, the fact that I did not understand most of what was said to me caused me neither surprise nor anxiety. I took it for granted that I could not understand and asked no questions. It was as if I were a child or an infant among grownups.

2

I REMEMBER only two factors which alleviated my general feeling of insecurity while on the operating table. One was the voice of the operating surgeon and one was the reassurance derived from definite physical contact.

The surgeon's voice was deep, calm, and authoritative. It was not raised at any time. One episode was characteristic of my mental state. I developed a very disagreeable pain in the right calf during the operative procedure. Somehow it seemed to me that this was due to my leg's "falling asleep," as if it were in an awkward, hanging position from the knee down. (Not true, of course.) I remember that several times I moved the leg, seeking to ease its position — not exactly appropriate behavior in the situation. I recall very distinctly the surgeon's voice saying quietly but definitely: "Don't move your leg, Dr. Wertham." My emotional response to this remark is difficult to describe. From that moment on, it was unthinkable that I should move my leg, however it felt. The remark had such an authoritative effect on me that — pain or no pain, impulse or no impulse — the idea of moving my leg did not come up again. I would venture the speculation that the building-up of the ideal ego in the very young child or infant comes about by a mechanism comparable to this response.

The second factor alleviating my insecurity was even more unexpected. Words spoken by medical friends present at the operation — even words I understood — had relatively little helping effect. But physical contact did have. One woman physician who assisted at the operation had to lean over me in such a way that she touched my arm. I remember her asking me at one time whether I minded that she had to lean over my arm and my reaction of astonishment at the question. I tried to figure out how to tell her what a great help it was to me. But in my overanxiousness to make it clear to her, I could find no words at all. Much later she asked a second time and then I asked her to stay as she was. (She was actually performing a difficult, prolonged task of retraction.)

Another woman doctor present at the operation touched my forehead once and said something, and I remember her touching me as a soothing event. Evidently friendly physical contact of this primitive type is not sufficiently recognized as a helpful procedure. I have since spoken to physicians who have undergone operations or performed them and they have confirmed my experience.

My general mental condition during the operation and during the next two days and nights was much the same, with very little interest in the outside world. What preoccupied me most was what I would call pressures within the body. I had the typical postoperative difficulty in urination, a great difficulty of peristalsis, with gas formation, and some difficulty in breathing. All these pressures, as far as sensation goes, seemed to combine into one.

At no time during this period was I delirious. But one evening I thought I was confused. When the nurse who had looked after me following the operation came on duty the next day, there seemed to me something strange about her. I was not sure

whether she was the same person or not. She looked different, and I remember thinking that maybe I was mixing people up. I asked her. She laughed and said, "I just had a permanent wave." And so I was reassured.

3

THROMBOPHLEBITIS became manifest in my left leg, and femoral ligation was carried out in that leg, too. I was given scopolamine and morphine. The second operation also presented some complications and lasted longer than usual. My mental state during this operation was so abnormal that it deserves description. While my feeling was one of insecurity, apprehension, and at times great pain, I appeared to be in excellent spirits.

I remember the very beginning of the operation and my general apprehension. But some time later I said to the operating surgeon: "I feel very frivolous, Dr. D." This was a most abnormal statement to make. In the first place, I had and have the greatest respect for this surgeon and would not address him like that — certainly not during an operation. In the second place, I would say that "frivolous" was about the last word that would describe my mental state at that time.

From then on throughout the operation I laughed, told all sorts of funny stories, and made puns. For example, I said, "I am against all isms, especially embolism," and when during the operation I heard the pathologist ask for a specimen of my vein for biopsy, I asked the surgeon not to give out any "free samples." A considerable number of my medical friends were present in the operating room. They laughed at my jokes and told funny stories of their own. It all sounded very gay. On many occasions during this operation I suffered terrible pain. I tried not to show it, but could not help contorting my face and exclaiming "Ouch!" on a number of occasions. Anybody who did not see my face would think I was having a good time.

Toward the operation's end I suffered particularly severe pain during the ligation of the larger vessels. As I recall it, I was really in agony. At the worst moment, the internist who had been most appreciative of my actual pain, and helpful about it, saw my contorted face and said, "Anybody can tell stories like you did. *Now* is the time to tell us a really good one, from your life as a psychiatrist."

If I were asked according to my best psychiatric judgment and according to my best knowledge of myself whether I would have been able to tell a funny story at that time or whether I could have even forced myself to smile at anything then, I would have denied it without hesitation. Yet fully preoccupied as I was with pain, I immediately told a story with great gusto and with all embellishments. This was the story: As a young doctor at Johns Hopkins, I spent a vacation with a psychotic

millionaire and his male nurse at a lodge in New Mexico. We had all our meals together in the general dining room. I noticed that when the waitress served us her hands trembled noticeably. After a few days of this, I asked her whether something was wrong. She said, "Well, it's like this. I know one of you is crazy, but I don't know which one it is."

There is evidence here of clear dissociation between actual mood and behavior. In general, my insight into my general condition was very poor. I did not think of my behavior as being caused by a drug, although intellectually I might have guessed that. Yet I evidently had lucid moments with psychological insight. For instance, at one moment I said to the surgeon, as if to excuse my "frivolity": "What I am really doing is whistling in the dark."

The mental condition during the operation was a form of scopolamine psychosis. It was characterized by a sense of buoyancy, overtalkativeness, general lack of inhibition, misjudgment of the situation, side by side with more or less clear consciousness of apprehension and pain. There were no hallucinations or delirium.

Actually, the euphorization of my behavior was a great help. What did it accomplish? It seems to me that it counteracted the anxiety which was undoubtedly present. While telling jokes or listening to them, I was distracted from anxiousness and the strain of experiencing pain. Such a contrast between euphoria and anxiety occurs in experimentally induced mescaline psychosis, as shown by the retrospective accounts of subjects.

With regard to the subject of pain and analgesics, some of my observations are significant. I believe that in studies of pain the threshold of pain is too much emphasized. Actually, the *quality* of pain is very important. I could, after this operation, have enumerated six or eight different kinds of pain, each sharply distinguishable from the others in quality. To express them in words would be impossible. Had I given each of these pains as they occurred a number, I believe an observer would have found that I could identify by its number the special type of procedure by its accompanying kind of pain.

Some of the qualities of pain are: —

1. *Localization*. Some of the pains I could not have localized at all, some I think I could have indicated exactly.

2. *Duration*.

3. "*Afterimage effect*." I use this for want of a better term, because some kinds of pain continued even after I knew they were over. This is comparable to the phenomenon of afterimages and eidetic images in visual perception. Such phenomena are easier to investigate in the sphere of vision, but exist also in other forms of sensation. It is possible that this type of pain refers to a more

primitive, undifferentiated kind of sensation. Just as in the physiology of the special senses we know that there are phenomena between vision and visualization, so there is an analogous phenomenon in the sphere of pain perception. I call this "eidetic pain" and believe it is of considerable significance in psychosomatic medicine.

4. *Special qualities* of pain, as when a nerve is touched.

5. *Association with fear*. Some types of pain seem to be more associated with fear than others.

If psychological factors play a great role in physical disease, as I believe they do, it may well be indicated to stimulate the productive activity of patients in the early stages of their physical disease. I believe that my interest in dictating my observations at the time (they were much more detailed than this paper would indicate, and this paper itself was written during my hospital stay) helped me to rally the recuperative forces of my organism. As Heine said: —

It was disease — the truth to tell —
Which gave impulse to my creation.
Creating, I got better.
Creating, I got well.

There are definite and diversified psychiatric aspects of physical disease. Physicians are apt to neglect such experiences, but they are a grim reality. The psychopathological aspects of physical disease demand and deserve attention. They may make the difference between life and death.

Medical and surgical patients need psychological advice about how they should act, what their experiences mean; they need psychological preparation for what to expect; they need guidance so that they can make the best of the possibilities.

4

IT is now five and a half years since my illness. During all this time I have never had any desire, speaking of operations, to tell anybody the story of mine. But I have in my psychiatric consultations in general hospitals made use of my experiences. I have become more and more aware how much can be done by psychotherapy for patients who have physical diseases. For one thing, the psychiatrist can help to prevent anti-psychotherapeutic actions in a hospital. It isn't so easy to know what a doctor should or should not say to a very sick patient, especially in the operating room. But it is a safe rule to assume that the patients are apt to take anything wrong. For instance, a postoperative patient recalls: "One doctor said to me, 'You don't have a thing to worry about.' I thought that was silly. I wouldn't have been there if I wasn't worried about it, if you get what I mean."

Discouraging remarks were made to me by friendly doctors visiting me during my illness.

None of these comments upset me. I evidently was not alert enough to take them in and was reminded of them only when, later, I was dictating my notes. One medical remark, however, did sink in and stayed with me for a long time. A physician explained to me that phlebitis in the legs is not so bad; but it can happen that the arms also are affected. As a result of this remark, I began to have — or thought I began to have — peculiar feelings in one arm and then the other. I remember that I was very anxiously concerned about this, watched whether the feelings got worse, and thought at times that they did. Actually the position in which one lies in bed for a long time has something to do with it. Here evidently a chance remark induced a hypochondriacal trend of thought which I would not have had spontaneously.

In psychiatric cases in general hospitals since then I have often noticed that patients were more concerned with something they feared or fancied than with their real illness.

It is probably not easy to prove that a good mental state aids recovery while a bad mental state impedes it. I am sure that especially in old people both chronicity and fatal outcome may be conditioned by an adverse emotional attitude caused by the family or the hospital or both.

The concept of "eidetic pain" — that is, the assumption of a more primitive type of pain not clearly circumscribed or localizable either in space or time — has proved useful to me. It is never superficial, never brief, and is apparently related not only to the deeper structures of the body but also to deeper psychological layers. It may be one of the avenues for understanding certain forms of so-called imaginary pain.

Speaking to many patients with physical illnesses, and comparing their reactions with mine, I have reached the conclusion that organic and neurotic symptoms may be subjectively experienced in the same way. Some men cannot urinate in a public place. Their experience is very much like the organic difficulty following operations. Such a physical difficulty may become easily neuroticized. Appropriate and simple psychological methods which many good nurses know instinctively can make an enormous difference in the course of a physical disease.

Strange though it may seem, we physicians are apt not to acknowledge the tragedy of pain. Even though I no longer remember clearly my pain experiences, I still have with me the realization that it is easier to be philosophical about death than about pain. As scientific physicians we want to find causes, trace processes, cure, and prevent. But every patient who comes to us has at the back of his mind a simple and what you may call primitive or infantile wish: he wants the doctor to alleviate his pain and banish his fear. That is where medicine and psychiatry meet.



FARLEY MOWAT made his first trip to the Barren Lands in 1935 when, as a boy of fifteen, he saw the great herds of reindeer, "a half-mile wide river of caribou flowing unhurriedly north." It was a sight he never forgot. On his discharge from the Canadian Army after six years in the Infantry, he decided to return to the unmapped sanctuary of the Barrens and study the migration of the deer. He teamed up with Franz, a young Cree-German trader, who took him to the Ihalmiut, a vanishing clan of primitive Eskimos. This is the last of three articles drawn from Mr. Mowat's book, *People of the Deer* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

THE ESKIMOS OF THE LITTLE HILLS

by FARLEY MOWAT

1

SUMMER, which follows spring so closely that the two are almost one, was upon us before it was possible to travel to the shores of Ootek's Lake and meet the People. I had arranged with Franz to take me there, while his brother Hans and the children were to remain at Windy Bay to feed the dogs we left behind and to care for the camp.

As Franz and I prepared for the journey north, I was excited and at the same time depressed. Much as I wished to meet the Ihalmiut in their own land, the fragmentary glimpses of their lives that I had from Franz had left me with a strong feeling of unease at the prospect of meeting them face to face. I wondered if they would have any conception as to how much of their tragedy they owed to men of my color, and I wondered if, like the northern Indians, they would be a morose and sullen lot, resentful of my presence, suspicious and uncommunicative.

Even if they welcomed me into their homes, I was still afraid of my own reactions. The prospect of seeing and living with a people who knew starvation as intimately as I knew plenty, the idea of seeing with my own eyes this disintegrating remnant of a dying race, left me with a sensation closely akin to fear.

We could not make the journey northward by canoe, for the raging streams which had cut across the Barrens only a few weeks before were now reduced to tiny creeks whose courses were interrupted by jumbled barriers of rock. No major rivers flowed the way we wished to go, and so the water routes were useless to us. Since the only alternative was a trek overland, we prepared to go on foot, as the Ihalmiut do.

But there was a difference. The Ihalmiut travel light, and a man of the People crossing the open plains in summer carries little more than his knife,

a pipe, and perhaps a spare pair of skin boots called *kamik*. He eats when he finds something to eat. There are usually suckers in the shrunken streams, and these can sometimes be caught with the hands. Or if the suckers are too hard to find, the traveler can take a length of rawhide line and snare the orange-colored ground squirrels on the sandy esker slopes. In early summer there are always eggs or flightless birds, and if the eggs are nearly at the hatching point, so much the better.

Franz and I, on the other hand, traveled in white man's style. We were accompanied by five dogs and to each dog we fastened a miniature Indian travois — two long thin poles that stretched behind to support a foot-square platform on which we could load nearly thirty pounds of gear that included bedrolls, ammunition, cooking tools, and presents of flour and tobacco for the Eskimos. With this equipment we were also able to carry a little tent, and food for the dogs and ourselves: deer meat for them, and flour, tea, and baking powder for us. Equipped with pack dogs, it took us better than a week to cover the same sixty miles that the Ihalmiut cross in two days and a night.

On the last day Franz was in the lead, followed by three dogs, while I trailed a half mile behind. I heard him call and when I looked ahead I saw him on the crest of a ridge with two other men, all three gesticulating and shouting at me down the slope. When I reached the crest, one of the strangers was manipulating a little drill which looked rather like a bow and arrow, with the arrow pointed down into a piece of wood upon the ground, while the bow, with its string wound twice around the arrow's shank, was being pushed back and forth parallel to the ground. From the spinning tip of the drill rose a little curl of yellow smoke and I realized that the fur-clad man was making fire.

Our matches had long since been ruined when the top of the can that they were carried in came off during a river crossing. For three days we had had neither a smoke nor a mug of tea. Now I watched an Eskimo casually producing fire as our distant ancestors had produced it. The man looked up at me and smiled, a transfiguring smile which spread like the light of fire itself over his face.

Franz motioned me to sit down while he got out the pail and the packet of sodden tea. Now the second Eskimo, a short and solid figure of a man, stepped forward, took the pail, and with a broad grin ran down the slope to fetch us water from a tundra pool. Franz nodded his head after the water-getter.

"Ohoto," he said. "One of the best of them. And this one over here is Hekwaw, the biggest hunter of the bunch."

It was a succinct introduction, typical of Franz. Both Eskimos were dressed in *holiktuk* — parkas — of autumn deerskin with the fur side turned out. The parka of Hekwaw the firemaker was decorated with insets of pure white fur about the shoulders and by a fringe of thin strips of hide around the bottom edge. Ohoto's was even more dressy, for it had a bead-embroidered neck and cuffs. But despite the beads and insets, the general appearance of both men was positively scruffy. Great patches of hair were worn off the garments, and rents and tears had been imperfectly mended. Food juices and fat drippings had matted the thick hair that remained, and dirt had caked broad patches of the fur.

My first reaction as I saw and smelled these men was one of revulsion. I felt the instinctive surge of white man's ego as I wondered why the devil they couldn't find clean clothes to wear. That was, of course, the superficial thought of one who had no knowledge, but it typifies the conclusions drawn by most white men, particularly missionaries, when they view the "savage in his abhorrent state of nature."

Hekwaw — the Bear, the others called him — was a mounfain of a man, but a scaled-down mountain. His muscles bulged and flowed under the loose sleeves of his old parka, and the rhythm of the spinning fire drill was reflected in the pulse of tendons in his short and massive neck. Sweat beaded up steadily under his lank black hair; then, growing into drops, it rolled down the oblique slant of his low forehead, ran along the deep seams of his skin until it found an outlet, and, by-passing the broad planes about his half-hidden eyes, fell clear from the sprawling nostrils of his flattened nose. His broad and sensuous mouth with its wide, swollen lips worked in the same rhythm as the drill, and the half-dozen grizzled hairs that were his beard wagged to the same quick tempo.

It was a parody of a face, a contorted parody which was meant for comedy but which had a

wild essential quality that restrained my desire to laugh. There was a deep intelligence where one might expect to see only brute instinct, and there was humor and good nature that belied the weathered hide crinkling, apeline, on the brow and on the flat-planed cheeks.

Hekwaw removed the drill and shook a little pinch of smoldering ash from the fire board onto a pile of dry and brittle moss. Then he knelt before it and his cheeks swelled while his eyes disappeared altogether under their taut folds of skin. He blew, and the fire caught, giving birth to a minute greenish flame.

Ohoto returned with the water. His was a young face, still rounded and without the crevassed wrinkling of old Hekwaw's. His hair had been roughly cut so that it hung like the uncouth tonsure of some pagan priest, and it was as coarse as the hair of the deer. The cut hair disclosed a high, broad forehead, and the eyes below it had not yet retreated into caves to escape the glare of winter snows. They were black and very bright, with the alert curiosity of a muskrat. Ohoto had an empty stone pipe clenched between his immense and regular white teeth, and I was not too slow to take the hint. I pulled out a bit of plug, damp and covered with debris, and when Ohoto saw it, he beamed.

2

WE DRANK our tea on the crest of the hill, then packed up and started down into the Ihalmiut land. The two Eskimos led the way, and their bounding agility over the rough rocks would have put a caribou to shame. We followed painfully a long way behind, and at last came to the low shores of Ootek's Lake.

Across the water we could clearly see the three tents, blending so well with the weathered gravel ridge behind that they might have grown from the hills. People and dogs were running aimlessly about among the tents, and two new fires had been lighted, for the distant vision of the People had shown them that strangers were approaching, and it is mandatory that all strangers must be fed as soon as they arrive.

I was to learn later that the camps of the People were arranged in little groups of two or three tents on the shores of several lakes, for there is not enough willow scrub in the land to support the cooking fires of more than three families at any single spot. Within a radius of three miles of each other dwelt all the living People in a land which stretches for five hundred miles from south to north, and three hundred miles from east to west. It was the most ancient camp of the Ihalmiut, and it was also the last. And I was the first outlander to come upon it in all the centuries that tents had stood beside the Little Lakes.

The foreshore sloping to the lake was not com-

posed of rocks, but almost exclusively of bones. This was an ancient site and the piles of whitened caribou bones had mounted with the years until they had reached staggering proportions, for in the Barrens neither wood nor bone ever seems to rot or pass away. Dogs and the weather had broken up the larger pieces of bone and spread them evenly around until they formed a pavement all about the camp. But neither dogs nor weather had greatly affected the skulls, and these, with their huge antlers, formed a dead forest of white snags. Later on I counted over two hundred skulls within a hundred yards of an Ihalmiut tent, and these represented only a fraction of the total number of beasts whose remains lay in that place, for only the heads of kills made close at hand are ever brought to camp.

The three tents stood on a sloping ledge where they would catch whatever breeze might blow, for the breeze serves as the sole protection from the flies. Near each tent was a rough stone hearth and beside each fire a tremendous mound of willow twigs. These were, of course, quite green and the little fires were giving out great rolling coils of smoke. On the nearest fireplace was a huge iron pot looking ridiculously like the pots that cannibals seem to favor in our magazine cartoons.

Franz and I stopped about a hundred yards short of the nearest tent and the three men, Ootek, Hekwaw, and Ohoto, came out to welcome us formally into their homes. Ohoto and Hekwaw acted as if they were meeting us for the first time. They were very correct and very solemn as they gravely touched our fingertips. Then, with the formal greeting over, Ootek produced a stone pipe, loaded with *atamojak* — the dried leaves of a low, bushy plant which make an inadequate substitute for tobacco — and offered me a smoke. Together we walked to Ootek's tent, while the women and children watched us with unconcealed anticipation. We had been welcomed formally, so that it was now permissible to give way to curiosity, a thing one must not do until a visitor is settled, lest you embarrass him.

All the children, women, and old people from the entire camp crowded closely into Ootek's tent behind us, and collectively they produced an overpowering odor — which, however, was canceled out by the obvious good nature and good feeling which also emanated from these People.

While I was getting my bearing, Franz produced a plug of trade tobacco, which is nearly as vile as the Ihalmiut product, and it went the rounds. I noticed with great interest that Ootek, after filling his pipe with the precious stuff, passed it to his wife so that she might have the first smoke. In fact, she smoked most of it before returning it to Ootek. A small gesture this, but one that I was to find was typical of the consideration and affection with which the Ihalmiut men treated their wives.

There was a tremendous amount of talk while we sat about the tent waiting for supper, most of it between Franz and the three Eskimo men. The rest listened avidly and interjected comments and bursts of laughter. Franz translated a little of what was being said and the conversation was, as always, mostly about the deer. Where were they? Had we seen any fresh tracks? How long did we think it would be before the deer came from the north? It was an engrossing subject and I wanted to be in on it, but only by begging Franz to tell me what was going on could I get the gist at all.

3

I SAT down, or rather squatted down, to eat my first meal with the People. Howmik, Hekwaw's wife, placed a great tray on the floor of the tent and we men grouped ourselves around it. That tray was a magnificent piece of work, nearly four feet long by two feet wide, with upcurved ends and sides. It had been constructed, with what must have been heartbreaking labor, from little planks hand-hewn from the tiny dwarf spruce of the southern Barrens. At least thirty small sections of wood had been meticulously fitted together and bound in place with mortised joints and pegs of deer horn. The seams had been tightly sewn with sinew, so that the whole tray was waterproof.

The tray was magnificent, but its contents were even more impressive. Half a dozen parboiled legs of deer were spread out in a thick gravy which seemed to be composed of equal parts of fat and deer hairs. Bobbing about in the debris were a dozen tongues and, like a cage holding the lesser cuts of meat, there was an entire boiled rib basket of deer.

There were side dishes too, for Howmik made a trip to a cache outside and returned with a skin sack, full of flakes of dry meat, which she unceremoniously dumped on the cluttered floor beside me. Nor was that all, for Hekwaw's wife fetched a smoking bundle of marrowbones as her contribution to the feast. These had been neatly cracked so that we would have no trouble extracting the succulent marrow.

It wasn't long before I was too full to tackle even one more marrowbone. Franz felt the same, but the other men continued their attack on the heaping mound of meat until it was all gone, to the last drop of gravy. Then, while they sat back and burped with prolonged fervor, Howmik took the tray away, refilled it, and the women ate.

Five times each day we sat down to a new meal, and in between we had light lunches. While there is food in the Ihalmiut camps, five meals a day is considered barely adequate, though on the trail a man must manage to subsist on three.

The cooking varied somewhat, but the food did not. The rule was meat at every meal and nothing

else but meat, unless you could count a few well-rotted duck eggs which served as appetizers. To satisfy my curiosity I tried to estimate the quantity of meat Hekwaw put away. I discovered he could handle ten to fifteen pounds a day when he was really hungry — though otherwise he probably subsisted on less.

Undoubtedly the most important item of Ihalmiut food is fat. Among the coastal Eskimos the supply of fat is limited only by the number of sea mammals that are killed, and blubber — that grossly overworked arctic word — is obtained in immense quantities from seals, walrus, narwhales, and other aquatic mammals who build thick blankets of fat as an insulation against the cold of the arctic seas. The coastal people have so much fat and oil available that they can meet all their dietary needs and have enough left over to heat and light their igloos, and to cook upon. Well, they are lucky. The inland people of the plains must depend for fats on what they can obtain from the deer, and the caribou is no substitute for a seal as a source of oil. It takes a great many fat buck deer to equal one seal in the production of oils.

During the fall hunt the Ihalmiut must collect sufficient fat to meet the year's needs, but there is never enough to provide fuel, food, and light together. As a result the winter igloos generally remain entirely unheated, and almost without artificial light during the interminable winter darkness. Yet the People manage to survive temperatures of fifty degrees below zero in their winter homes because fat *is* being burned — within their bodies. Each man is his own furnace, and as long as there are enough blocks of deer fat to last until spring, the People manage to stay alive under conditions which seem completely inimical to the maintenance of human life. Enough fat is the answer, and the sole answer, to winter survival in the Barrens.

Of course the Ihalmiut have always been aware of this, and it is their custom, winter or summer, to eat not less than a mouthful of fat for every three of lean meat. This is the ideal proportion, but it is not always possible to maintain it, and when fat becomes scarce the Ihalmiut appear most susceptible to disease and show other symptoms of a greatly lowered resistance.

4

THE barrier of language was frustrating, and it was clear that I could never hope to delve into the memories and minds of the Ihalmiut unless I could learn their tongue. One day, in complete exasperation at some impasse that had arisen between Ootek and myself, I took the bull by the horns and made it clear to the man that I was damn well going to learn the language of his People.

The unadorned fact that I, a white man and a stranger, should voluntarily wish to step across the barriers of blood that lay between us, and ask the People to teach me their tongue, instead of expecting them to learn mine, was the key to their hearts. When they saw that I was anxious to exert myself in trying to understand their way of life, their response was instant, enthusiastic, and almost overwhelming. Both Ootek and Ohoto, who was called in to assist in the task, abruptly ceased to treat me with the usual deference they extend to white strangers. They devoted themselves to the problem I had set them with the strength of fanatics.

For the space of two days they discussed the problem from all angles. At last I grew impatient and seized the initiative by asking the names of objects about me, and by acting out verbs. This, though I did not know it, was what they had planned, though they preferred to let me believe I was setting the pace. One or the other and usually both of my two mentors would attend my efforts with such serious concentration that sometimes we all tried too hard, and finished up the pursuit of a simple word by becoming so completely confused that nothing short of an outburst of laughter could destroy the impasse. Nevertheless I learned quickly — so quickly that I thought the tales I had heard of the difficulties of the Eskimo language were, like so many popular misconceptions about the Innuut, absolute nonsense.

In a month's time I was able to make myself understood and I could understand most of what was said to me. I became pretty cocky, and started to consider myself something of a linguist. It was not until nearly a year had gone by that I discovered the true reason for my quick progress.

The secret lay, of course, with Ootek and Ohoto, who, with the coöperation of the rest of the People, had devised a special method of teaching me a language that is, in reality, a most difficult one. In effect, they developed a specialized "basic" Eskimo entirely for my use, and they themselves learned to use it, not only when talking to me, but when talking to each other within my hearing. So I learned an Innuut vocabulary, and I was tirelessly drilled by Ohoto and Ootek until I mastered all the subtle sounds of their words. I found I was able to speak about quite abstract subjects, and incidentally give the lie to those who say that these "natives" are unable to think, or express themselves, in abstract terms.

As I grew to know the People, my respect for their intelligence and ingenuity increased. Yet it was a long time before I could reconcile my feelings of respect with the poor, shoddy dwelling places that they constructed. As with most Eskimos, the winter homes of the Ihalmiut are the snow-built domes we call igloos, but unlike most other Innuut, the Ihalmiut make snowhouses which are cramped, miserable shelters. I think the People

acquired the art of igloo construction quite recently in their history and from the coast Eskimos. Certainly they have no love for their igloos, and prefer the skin tents. This preference is related to the problem of fuel. The Ihalmiut can ill afford to squander the precious fat of the deer, and they dare to burn only one tiny lamp for light. Willow must serve as fuel; and while willow burns well enough in a tent open at the peak to allow the smoke to escape, when it is burned in a snow igloo, the choking smoke leaves no place for human occupants.

So the tent with its warm little fire is a more desirable place than the snowhouse with no fire at all. At least the man in the tent can have a hot bowl of soup once in a while, but after life in the igloos begins, almost all food must be eaten frozen to the hardness of rocks. Men sometimes take skin bags full of ice into the beds so that they can have water to drink, melted by the heat of their bodies.

In fact, the tent and the igloo are really only auxiliary shelters. The real home of the Ihalmio is much like that of the turtle, for it is what he carries about on his back. In truth it is the only house that can enable men to survive on the merciless plains of the Barrens. It has central heating from the fat furnace of the body; its walls are insulated to a degree of perfection that we white men have not been able to surpass, or even emulate. It is complete, light in weight, easy to make, and easy to keep in repair. It costs nothing, for it is a gift of the land, through the deer.

Primarily the house consists of two suits of fur, worn one over the other, and each carefully tailored to the owner's dimensions. The inner suit is worn with the hair of the hides facing inward and touching the skin while the outer suit has its hair turned out to the weather. Each suit consists of a pull-over parka with a hood, a pair of fur trousers, fur gloves, and fur boots. The double motif is extended to the tips of the fingers, to the top of the head, and to the soles of the feet, where soft slippers of harehide are worn next to the skin.

The high winter boots may be tied just above the knee so that they leave no entry for the cold blasts of the wind. But full ventilation is provided by the design of the parka. Both inner and outer parkas hang slackly to at least the knees of the wearer, and they are not belted in winter. Cold air does not rise, so no drafts can move up under the parkas to reach the bare flesh, but the heavy, moisture-laden air from close to the body sinks through the gap between parka and trousers and is carried away. Even in times of great physical exertion, when the Ihalmio sweats freely, he is never in any danger of soaking his clothing and so inviting quick death from frost afterwards. The hides are not in contact with the body at all, but are held away from the flesh by the soft resiliency

of the deer hairs that line them, and in the space between the tips of the hair and the hide of the parka there is a constantly moving layer of warm air which absorbs all the sweat and carries it off.

Dressed for a day in the winter, the Ihalmio has this protection over all parts of his body, except for a narrow oval in front of his face — and even this is well protected by a long silken fringe of wol-verine fur, the one fur to which the moisture of breathing will not adhere and freeze.

Most white men trying to live in the winter Arctic load their bodies with at least twenty-five pounds of clothing, while the complete deerskin home of the Innuut weighs about seven pounds. This, of course, makes a great difference in the mobility of the wearers. A man wearing tight-fitting and too bulky clothes is almost as helpless as a man in a diver's suit. But besides their light weight, the Ihalmiut clothes are tailored so that they are slack wherever muscles must work freely beneath them. There is ample space in this house for the occupant to move and to breathe, for there are no partitions and walls to limit his motions, and the man is almost as free in his movements as if he were naked. If he must sleep out, without shelter, and it is fifty below, he has but to draw his arms into his parka, and he sleeps nearly as well as he would in a double-weight eiderdown bag.

5

As I became more competent with the language, I discovered that the talk of the People was largely devoted to times past. It almost seemed as if the Ihalmiut were making a deliberate effort to relive those dead days, as if they wished me to see them, not as they are, but as they had once been. Slowly and carefully they used words to rebuild the old shattered pattern of life as it had been lived in the Barrens, so that I might also live with them in those happier times. And it was not long before their efforts began to have the desired effect, and I could see, in my mind's eye, something of the richness and vigor of the life the People had led in those vanished years when a man might stand on a hill and though he looked to the east, to the west, to the north, or to the south, he would not know where the land was, for all he could see was the deer. All he could hear was the sound of their feet. All he could smell was the sweet scent of the deer.

But the way of things now is so bitter that it was hard for me to persuade the People to speak of the present. For a while I knew no more about it than I could see for myself or had picked up from Franz. Then little by little I began to gather odd fragments of tales from the recent past.

The story was told to me — mainly by Ohoto — in a series of short incidents spread over a year in time. But let Ohoto speak for himself.

In the time of my father we of the People exchanged our spears and our bows for the rifles of white men, and in the early years of my youth the rifles gave us meat when we had need, and though the old ways had changed a little, life in this land was still a pleasant thing.

When the white men first came to the edge of our land and told us of the virtues of guns, we believed them. When they told us to put by the ancient deer hunts of our People and turn to the killing of foxes instead, we did what they wished and for a time all was well, and while there were shells for our rifles we prospered.

Now, often enough, there are no shells for the rifles, and I cannot tell why, for I still trap many foxes as the white men wished me to do; yet when I take my catch to the wooden igloo in the South, there is no one to greet me but Hikik the squirrel. It was that way first on a winter many years before you came into the land, and I remember the winter well, for the traders told us they must have many foxes that year. They were so anxious that we gave up the great fall hunt of the deer and used all of our skill and our strength to trap foxes, believing we could trade them for food at the place of the white man and so we would have little need of deer meat. But when, in midwinter, we took our pelts south, the white man had gone, leaving only the smell which lingered for many long years. Only dead things lay in his camp. The boxes were empty and there was no food in the place and no shells for our guns, so we could not even hunt meat for ourselves.

Indeed I remember that winter, though I wish it would go from my memory. Epeetna, who was my first wife, died during that time and my two children died with her. Nor was I alone in hunger and sorrow, for in the camps of the People only one out of five lived to see spring.

Some of those who survived tried to return to the old way of living given us by Tuktu the deer, but it was found that we did not have the old skills we needed. Some hoped and believed the white man would return and so, stubbornly, clung to their fox traps. These are gone. Only those remained who tried to return to the deer, and few of these are still alive.

Then five winters after the first white man went away, another came in his place. Once again we threw away the pursuit of the deer, for we felt that this time the white man would surely remain. Once more we had shells for our guns, and all things seemed well, yet last winter the white man again left the land, and again we had nothing to eat but the skins of the foxes we had trapped for the trade.

Why is it you white men should come for a time, stay for a time, and then suddenly vanish when

we are most in need of your help? Why is it? Why can we not take our fox pelts to the trader and have shells for our guns in return, for this is what the trader taught us to do? This mystery I cannot understand. . . .

Here is the epilogue to Ohoto's story.

During the winter and early spring of 1949-1950, starvation again struck at the People with undiminished ferocity. And that starvation would have been fatal but for one accident. It happened that a free-lance photographer and newspaper writer wandered into the northern Barrens in March of 1950, and he found the northern cousins of the Ihalmiut, the Padliemiut, in desperate straits from famine. His story was given screaming headlines in several influential newspapers, and in late April the R.C.A.F. was instructed to fly emergency supplies to the Ihalmiut and Padliemiut. Food was taken in, and shortly afterwards news releases from the authorities painted this humanitarian effort so brilliantly that no reader thought to ask why this dramatic rescue had been necessary. No one thought of the long winter when, once more abandoned, the Ihalmiut had struggled with death.

That it should have been permitted to happen is even more incredible in view of the fact that during the summer of 1949 an epidemic of poliomyelitis struck the Ihalmiut and the authorities belatedly visited the Little Hills country — though not in time to prevent the disease from taking its toll.

The only child born to the People that year was dead. And Ohoto was dead. Howmik, the mother of young Inoti, and Hekwaw, the gray old master-hunter, were hopelessly crippled. These two were eventually evacuated to Winnipeg for treatment, and the last time I had news from them, no hope was held out for their recovery. As for the rest of the People, the disease had only struck them with a glancing blow, so that their crippled arms, twisted legs, and paralyzed muscles were not permanently destroyed. But all of them were the victims of the winter starvation — though it was disease which took the actual toll.

By the middle of 1950 the Ihalmiut were a dead race, for they had lost two of the four remaining women capable of childbearing. They had lost their last chance for survival.

The story of the Ihalmiut is not theirs alone, since much of what I have written holds true for many thousands of Indians and Eskimos across the whole breadth of the continent. If I have only succeeded in writing an epitaph for the Ihalmiut, perhaps their tragedy can nevertheless be made to bear fruit — though it be bitter fruit. Perhaps their story will help us to look with a new honesty into the lives of those who dwell by hidden rivers and the frozen coasts, and in the depths of forests.

(The End)



A British poet who was born in Carmarthenshire, Wales, in 1914, DYLAN THOMAS has published eight volumes of verse since his first poem appeared in print in 1930. A mystic poet and master of the lyric line, his work is said to stem from Gerard Manley Hopkins and to differ from the preceding generation in the absence of any stress on economics and politics. Mr. Thomas is now lecturing in the United States.

POEM ON HIS BIRTHDAY

by **DYLAN THOMAS**

In the mustardseed sun,
By full tilt river and switchback sea
Where the cormorants scud,
In his house on stilts high among beaks
And palavers of birds
This sandgrain day in the bent bay's grave
He celebrates and spurns
His driftwood thirty fifth wind turned age;
Heron's spire and spear.

Under and round him go
Flounders, gulls, on their cold, dying trails,
Doing what they are told,
Curlews aloud in the congered waves
Work at their ways to death,
And the rhymers in the long tongued room,
Who tolls his birthday bell,
Toils towards the ambush of his wounds;
Heron's, steeple stemmed, bless.

In the thistledown fall,
He sings towards anguish; finches fly
In the claw tracks of hawks
On a seizing sky; small fishes glide
Through wynds and shells of drowned
Ship towns to pastures of otters. He
In his slant, racking house
And the hewn coils of his trade perceives
Heron's walk in their shroud,

The livelong river's robe
Of minnows wreathing around their prayer;
And far at sea he knows,

Who slaves to his crouched, eternal end
Under a serpent cloud,
Dolphins dive in their turn turtle dust,
The rippled seals streak down
To kill and their own tide daubing blood
Slides good in the sleek mouth.

In a cavernous, swung
Wave's silence, wept white angelus knells.
Thirty five bells sing struck
On skull and scar where his loves lie wrecked,
Steered by the falling stars.
And tomorrow weeps in a blind cage
Terror will rage apart
Before chains break to a hammer flame
And love unbolts the dark

And freely he goes lost
In the unknown, famous light of great
And fabulous, dear God.
Dark is a way and light is a place,
Heaven that never was
Nor will be ever is always true,
And, in that brambled void,
Plenty as blackberries in the wood
The dead grow for His joy.

There he might wander bare
With the spirits of the horseshoe bay
Or the stars' seashore dead,
Marrow of eagles, the roots of whales
And wishbones of wild geese,
With blessed, unborn God and His Ghost,
And every soul His priest,
Gulled and chanter in young Heaven's fold
Be at cloud quaking peace.

But dark is a long way.
He, on the earth of the night, alone
With all the living, prays,
Who knows the rocketting wind will blow
The bones out of the hills,
And the scythed boulders bleed, and the last
Rage shattered waters kick
Masts and fishes to the still quick stars,
Faithlessly unto Him

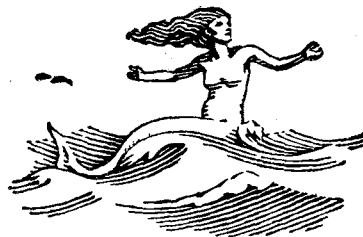
Who is the light of old
And air shaped Heaven where souls grow wild
As horses in the foam:
Oh, let me midlife mourn by the shrined
And druid herons' vows
The voyage to ruin I must run,

Dawn ships clouted aground,
Yet, though I cry with tumbledown tongue,
Count my blessings aloud:

Four elements and five
Senses, and man a spirit in love
Tangling through this spun slime
To his nimbus bell cool kingdom come
And the lost, moonshine domes,
And the sea that hides his secret selves
Deep in its black, base bones,
Lulling of spheres in the seashell flesh,
And this last blessing most,

That the closer I move
Towards death, rough through the sundered hulks,
The louder the sun blooms
And the tusked, ramshackling sea exults,
And every wave of the way
And gale I tackle the wild world then
With more triumphant faith
Than ever was since the world was said
Spins its morning of praise,

I hear the bouncing hills
Grow larked and greener at berry brown
Fall and the dew larks sing
Taller this thunderclap spring, and how
More spanned with angels ride
The mansouled fiery islands. Oh,
Holier then their eyes
And my shining men no more alone
As I sail out to die.



Confiscatory

"High personal taxes make high income an illusory treadmill," says

J. K. LASSER, the author of many books on taxation, including

Your Income Tax, which has enjoyed a distribution of over eleven million copies. Mr. Lasser is the senior partner of the New York City accounting firm which bears his name, Adjunct Professor of Taxation and Chairman of the Institute on Federal Taxation at New York University.

HIGH INCOMES, HIGHER TAXES

by J. K. LASSER

THE National Broadcasting Company recently gave Milton Berle, its prize television attraction, a new contract. Newspaper stories indicate that it pays \$50,000 a year for thirty years; Berle works twenty years and stays thirty years on the payroll. For Berle, the contract must have meant a drop in current income. Before the deal he probably got \$13,500 a performance. At that rate, he could make the \$1,500,000 in three years, with Uncle Sam taking close to 85 per cent. Naturally Berle must love the deal: the spreading probably cuts the government's share of his income in half.

Confiscatory personal taxes have brought into American business a whole new set of security-building mechanisms. Yesterday the major dynamic ingredient sparking our industrial giants was a simple system of annual incentive compensation; today we reckon only take-home pay, plus what the job builds for tomorrow's security. So repeatedly comes rejection of just high pay. High personal taxes make high income an illusory treadmill.

The best way to illustrate the tax consciousness of the average American is to tell the story of an ad for a top-grade man to manage plantations below the equator. The offer by an American company owning them proposed a residence plus \$25,000 a year, *all tax free*. There were more than 2200 written applications, and the switchboard was swamped with telephone applications, more than a hundred of them long-distance calls. One applicant didn't bother to write; he flew from the Midwest to New York for a personal interview. Several executives in the \$50,000 salary bracket sought the job. The successful applicant did not have to give up his United States citizenship. With this deal, he could build up a substantial estate in a few years — and bring it into the United States without tax.

This is an isolated case, but at least it establishes the fact that the problem of take-home pay and security is uppermost in many executive minds.

The Berle type of contract is not limited to actors. We got to digging into the public records to find out how general is its application. Included in our list are contracts for the top executives in Safeway Stores, Bloomingdale's, Allied Stores, American Viscose, American Locomotive, General Electric, Stewart-Warner, Warren Petroleum, and dozens more. All of them run in the same vein; all seek to postpone high income that might be taken today to some later year when tax rates may not be so high or one's income is naturally diminished as a result of retirement.

The arrangement Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company has with its president is typical. He gets \$60,000 a year to the end of 1965. Then he collects \$20,000 a year for advisory services until his death. The pattern is pretty much the same in other tax-minded and security-worried companies. The idea is to get money out of a high-income-tax year over to some lower-income-tax year — simply spread the fruit of today's earning power to later years.

To get this income tax distribution men willingly turn down current pay beyond their wildest dreams; they gamble with promises to pay to them — or sometimes to their heirs — ten or twenty years later. And they often agree to be paid in the long deferred period based on earnings, sales, or dividends then available to stockholders. Sometimes they contract, in order to get the deferred pay, never to go over to competitors. If they do, they forfeit the built-up security.

Other deferred salary plans

The sort of contract we've been describing is only part of the present-day system of paying executives. Three other forms of deferred pay are important. These are pension, profit-sharing, and stock-bonus plans — devices which have government approval to defer compensation by contract. They follow prescribed rules in our law.

The surest way to defer income is in actuarially sound pension plans and profit-sharing plans, or a combination of the two. The profit-sharing de-

ferral is particularly sought today. In it the employers' annual contributions are based on a formula keyed to profits. This naturally produces a sizable fund to be laid away in high earning periods.

Pension and profit-sharing plans are encouraged by the current high tax rates — because the employer gets a full deduction in the year of payment to the plan. And they are fine for the employee. He is taxed only at the deferred date when he receives the payments — even though his rights are vested when the employer makes his contribution. And there is another big stimulus for the employee: he or his family might get a capital gain under a qualified plan if he is paid his entire distribution when he leaves his job.

There are a great many stock plans in operation today designed to defer compensation. Some are set up so that an executive can avoid a tax when he acquires the stock. Under this type of plan he pays a tax only if he sells the stock.

Example: A company may issue a high-leverage equity stock that has no present value, but a large potential value, to an officer. He has no tax to pay when the potential is realized. He only owes a maximum of 26 per cent tax on the sale of the stock when it reaches its higher value — and only if he sells it.

These stocks — affording a capital gain — are frequently used with the organization of a new company. A and B start an enterprise. A puts up all the money and takes for it a stock limited in dividends but giving A full compensation for his investment. The two then divide the equity stock, which may increase in value with earnings. B, who has contributed services to the company but has put up no money, may later dispose of this stock at the capital gain rate. The sale of the stock is really a method of giving B compensation at bargain tax rates.

Sometimes big business sets up sponsored corporations to buy its own stock. The employer-corporation may invest company funds in some type of securities of the new company; then it sells the common stock to employees at a nominal value. The new company uses its funds to buy the employer's common stock — particularly when it is selling cheaply or below the net asset value. The employees get what remains when the company management is eventually liquidated and the debts are paid up.

Stock options are favored just now

Occasionally corporations sell stock to employees at the current market price but ask only for payment over a long period and charge low interest or none at all. In these plans, employees are often credited with dividends to reduce the amount due. In some cases the purchaser may have the right to discontinue payment if the market price of the stock fluctuates.

The basic idea behind stock options is simple. A company gives an executive or an employee an option to buy a certain amount of its stock at present prices. At some future date he can exercise the option; he can cash in when the market is right. When he finally buys the stock, he pays no tax on any gain until he sells the stock. He is then charged the 26 per cent capital gain rate. The spread between the option price and the eventual sales price is really a method of paying deferred compensation. You get the same result as with a deferred compensation agreement.

Example: Dore Shary, at Loew's, can buy 100,000 shares for \$16 $\frac{1}{2}$ a share. When he disposes of the stock, he can make a capital gain. The straight income tax on his gain might be three times the capital gain.

Most companies today set the option price at 95 per cent of the market. Many give no bargain rates at all — merely setting the price at the market. That is true of U.S. Steel's new plan. The "bargain" comes from the tax benefit if the stock climbs. Here's just a bit of the record to show how large companies are currently granting stock options.

	Number of Shares	Number of Eligible Employees	Option Price As Per Cent of Market Price
U.S. Steel	1,300,000	300	100
Sinclair Oil	598,700	200	100
Sears, Roebuck	500,000	40,000	85
American Airlines	500,000	30	85
Pittsburgh Plate Glass	450,000	4,000	85
Gulf Oil	400,000	95	85
Standard Oil (N.J.)	300,000	125	95-100
Republic Steel	300,000	75	95
Union Oil of California	300,000	30	100
Bond Stores	300,000	659	95
Celanese	300,000	45	95
Jones & Laughlin	300,000	100	100
Loew's	250,000	6	100
Allegheny Corporation	250,000	10	100
St. Regis Paper	250,000	100	95
United Paramount	250,000	50	95

Here's how an option works

A company sets aside 1000 shares for its president at \$95 when the stock is selling for \$100 a share. Five years later, the stock is selling for \$120, and the president decides to buy. He gets his 1000 shares for \$95,000, but they are now worth \$120,000. (Before Congress changed the law last year, he'd pay his straight income tax on that paper gain.) Six months later, he sells at \$120, netting \$25,000. Since it is taxed as capital gain, the most the government can take of that \$25,000 is 26 per cent, or \$6500. As straight income, he would be able to keep much less than half that \$25,000.

The advantage becomes greater when you go into still higher income levels. For the executive, this is a sort of painless, riskless hedge against inflation: he can make use of the option at the most opportune time; he can convert 1952 dollars into,

say, 1956 dollars with little chance of losing his shirt in the process.

Expense deals can increase net take-home pay

Some companies allow executives to use expense accounts to increase take-home pay. To pay ordinary personal expenses not *required* by the job is a meaningless tax gesture. If a company does that, it merely increases an official's taxed income.

What is a personal and what is a business cost is often hard to define. All we know is that up to now our government has not attempted to tax employees when a company does these things: —

1. Pays group life insurance and even covers insurance costs for sickness, accident, or hospitalization.
2. Gives employees facilities and privileges furnished entirely for their safety, good will, health building, morale building, or efficiency.
3. Gives courtesy discounts on purchases.
4. Uses its own cars or planes for executives on company business.
5. Moves an employee's family when his job forces changes in residence.

In a recent case an employer required a manager to move closer to his place of employment and reimbursed him for the loss on the sale of his home. The Treasury lost out when it sought to tax the payment as compensation.

Sometimes big business pays the dues for an executive in clubs or associations to which the company thinks he ought to belong. Sometimes it provides him cheap rent in company-owned dwellings and also furnishes utilities, repairs, and service to keep the houses in good shape. It often pays his doctor's bills for periodic checkups essential to find out what his job has done to his health, or it furnishes rest cures. It is quite usual to find company-operated, free medical examination and treatments, whether or not the ailment is connected with work.

The business of having the company assume the financial responsibility for these costs is not a fool-proof solution for overextended personal budgets. The government is naturally suspicious of these practices. It repeatedly tosses the fair value of what the executive gets into his personal taxed income. So it is always essential to prove the employer has paid only personal costs demanded by a company policy.

Direct payment by the employer of costs required by the business eliminates much bickering. Of course, this doesn't mean issuing company checks for purely personal expenses. (The Tax Court has refused to allow a company's payments for the wedding party of its treasurer's daughter.) But the alert arrange for all entertaining and traveling expenses to be directly paid by the company through credit cards, with the bill and sup-

porting chits going to the company. Where the executive must lay out cash, he is required to put in an explanation of the purpose and an accounting for the amount of an advance or reimbursement.

Sometimes a business won't, or can't, take over the burden of paying the costs directly. Then the company will help the executive make sure he gets his tax deduction by establishing his duty to bear his costs. Some companies issue statements of policy or firm contracts ordering the cost as a duty, in order to sustain the employee's right to deduct what might otherwise be costly personal expenses. The contract, clearly providing that an employee is paid on his agreement to spend part of his pay in specific channels, furnishes proof of the business need for the disbursement when it is questioned by the Treasury.

The Tax Court upset the government in allowing a salesman for *Time* magazine to deduct his own business expenses. That followed proof that the *Time* management assumed the pay to its people covered a salesman's costs in getting his business.

Employers sometimes designate a specific part of the salary as an allotment for expenses. Then the employee may deduct his reimbursed expenses from his income to get a double advantage. He can make use of the 10 per cent standard expense allowance and also get a deduction of his actual costs.

Example: A corporation pays a salary of \$15,000 a year. It is understood that \$1500 of it is to reimburse business expenses, say entertaining. Actual expenses for these items are \$1200. An employee can deduct this amount from his gross income. He also can take the standard deduction of \$1000.

All of these plans to build up take-home pay are extra inducements towards security.

My experience is that commonplace raises in salary are too often symbolic only of appreciation for a job well done; they do not furnish the wherewithal to aid in living within one's income. For many people, salary boosts are treadmill gains in the face of higher living costs and bigger tax bites.

It is absurd to say, as some do, that our ever increasing tax rate has killed all the incentives for executives to advance themselves. But it certainly has done this much: it has emphatically cut the moving about from job to job, when the next offer has failed to hold as much security as the present one. Yet it has made it attractive for executives to move to other companies which have better expense systems, stock options, or deferred salary plans.

I am sure, too, that a desire to fit into one of these plans is often subordinated to nonfinancial incentives: greater financial security is discarded for the degree of happiness, independence, and freedom of movement attached to the present job. How long that will hold with current personal tax rates is a question beyond the scope of this article.



An Atlantic Story



An Irish poet, author, and surgeon, OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY is almost as much at home in America as in Ireland. A gay, dynamic figure who pilots his own plane and loves archery, Dr. Gogarty was a fellow student with James Joyce and, so legend has it, the model for Buck Mulligan in Ulysses. He first unlatched our affections with his witty semi-autobiography, As I Was Going Down Sackville Street, which appeared in 1937.

BUCK MUDGETT AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

by OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

HAD you caught sight of him walking loosely in the shadows when the purple mist magnifies the old houses, you might have taken him for some scrambling fellow; but as he came nearer and the lamplighter lit lamp by lamp against him, you would have seen, now and again, a young pale face in the yellow light and a tall thin figure made taller by the length of the greatcoat he wore buttoned to the neck against the bleak November weather. He appeared to be what those who knew him called "delicate," and the pallor of his face and his long eyelashes did not belie them; but the delicacy was more of his mind which loved to dwell on the graciousness of a century which was gone.

Young Simon Mudgett is coming up Temple Street. You can see that he is carrying a walking stick and that he turns out his left foot. It is this that gives him so strange a gait and makes his walk look purposeless. He glances at the yellow windows and his quick look takes in every detail of the life within the tenements. You would not have taken those sharp eyes of his for the eyes of a dreamer. Yet a dreamer he is who is living again in the splendor that reigned two hundred years ago before the city widened and, one by one, the stately mansions were left for a while unoccupied until they became tenements at last, and families lived in every room of a house where but one family had lived before. All that is left of that old majesty of eighteenth-century Dublin is the purple mist that lingers at this hour between the rose-red houses as fleeting as a memory before sleep.

He stops in front of St. George's Church set in its little square with its Corinthian façade facing the street on the opposite side of which the houses are

built in a crescent to give more space to the church. He gazes up at the steeple set unbecomingly on a Greek temple; but the structure has been so long folded in the arms of Time that it is as acceptable to him as the century which made it.

As he gazes, the theme of one of his gentle essays floats into his mind. An essay on Dublin's spires or steeples. He would tell how Dean Swift warded off the anachronism and excrescence of a brick spire from the tower of Comyn's Early English great Church of St. Patrick. And how interesting he could make the attempt of the Georgian architects to keep within the classical and yet to provide a spire for the church in another crescent, that of Upper Mount Street. There stands the pleasant church shaped like a Greek temple, on which two other Greek buildings are superimposed, the Temple of the Winds and the Lanthorn of Demosthenes. Then he would bring in the sharp uncompromising spire of the perfect little Black Church to which no one has gone in this generation. The tops of some of the pinnacles are on the ground inside the railings. Was the church left unfinished and had its congregation faded away before it could be completed?

Or he might write on Dublin's "crescents." The crescent opposite and the Mount Street Crescent he thought of and, above all, he must not fail to write of the crescent someone built at Clontarf to shut out the view of the bay from the fellow who owned the land behind. He could tell how the landowner as he was shaving could no longer let his eyes rove over the two conical mauve hills far off in Wicklow with the morning light on them and the twinkling bay between.

Yes, it could be all turned into a gentle essay that

in spite of its treating of church spires would give no denomination offense. And that in itself would be no mean literary feat in Dublin. One of the bells in the belfry rings out the hour; six great sounds which echo confusedly from the houses in the crescent which are yet too close for such a bell. He passes on. His landlady will have "high tea" set for six-thirty and she likes her lodgers to be punctual. For this reason more than for the food of which he often fails to partake, he taps the broad flags and hurries on.

He lives in a cul-de-sac that is closed by iron railings which guard a little pond that was the city's reservoir in the days in which his spirit lives. There is just room on the narrow path that rings its margin to walk around it. He loves to walk around it on Sundays with his friends. The little pond or "Basin" supplies one of Dublin's great distilleries; but it is rather on the days when the water supply to the city was threatened that his mind prefers to dwell. Those were the days when Lord Santry was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of a servant. The fact that it was his privilege as a peer to be hanged with a silken rope did not mollify his lady. She threatened to shut off the water from the reservoir which was her property, so that she roused the citizens to agitate for a reprieve. In due course this was granted; but her husband was degraded, as anyone who reads *Burke's Peerage* can see for himself.

He can tell you in his quiet voice, in short allusive sentences, of another peer who ran another flunky through and bade the expostulating innkeeper to "put it on the bill." "Which showed that he was prepared to make amends," he will remark slyly.

It is strange that so gentle a nature should love to recall those florid, full-eyed men and to take vicarious satisfaction in their violent ways. Maybe he is a throwback to the time when the house with which he claims relationship reigned in Mudgettstown — a would-be cavalier.

He can tell you (and point out the place of reference which is the distinguishing trait of the scholar) where the first flight or glide took place and it was long before the Wright brothers got off the ground. His long fingers will reach unerringly for an old volume. "Here it is. Projector Pockrich. Inventors were called 'projectors' in those days, and Pockrich certainly 'projected' himself, as St. Audoen's Parish Record tells, 'From Thomas Street to Meath Street.' Here is the reference: 'The famous Flying Man flew twice, in a very extraordinary manner, from the top of King John's Castle in Thomas Street to a post set up in Meath Street.' To the same Pockrich was due the invention of musical boxes, musical glasses, iron boats, and, as is supposed, a flying machine. He it was who recommended blood transfusion and prophesied iron battleships and declared that men would one day call for their wings in the same casual voice in which

they now call for their boots. He lived just two hundred years before his time. Yet Dublin is still rich in 'projectors.' Here it was that Thwaites invented soda water which can turn whiskey into champagne. I leave you to decide which was the most important."

Such companionable occasions are few. That must be admitted, for he spends most of his time reading and collecting books. He is an authority on almost every publication of the century he loves. He has engravings of Peg Woffington, Maria Gunning, Lady Blessington. It was for the beauty of its name and its association with her that he chose for his lodging Blessington Street. By day he reads and by night he dreams of satins and laces, silk stockings and velvet clothes, patches and fans, perukes and swords and gorgeous colors, card playing, quick tempers and duels in the morning carried out in accordance with the rules on the ceremony laid down at Clonmel.

But if there were transmigration backwards in time, it is into the person of Buck Whaley he would be reincarnated, for Buck Whaley played handball for a wager against the walls of Jerusalem without troubling to ask permission of the Grand Turk. When hauled before the Grand Turk he produced a brace of dueling pistols so that honor should be satisfied; but the Turk let him go for a madman — "for no one," said he, "but one demented would offer arms to his foe." He would jump through the window of his aunt's house (if he were Buck Whaley) on his horse from the first-story lobby window onto mattresses in St. Stephen's Green.

But perhaps the most attractive feat to him would be the tooling Whaley caused to be made on the binding of his memoirs, which is the finest example in existence of the Dublin bookbinder's art. Buck Whaley combined wildness with good taste and so recommended himself all the more to Simon Mudgett. And there was an additional fact which commended him more: in spite of his gambling, Buck Whaley did not die in squalor or disgrace like so many of the eighteenth-century Bucks. So Mudgett could keep his self-respect intact after a life of recklessness and derring-do.

2

It is said, and it is a cheering thought, that if the will be bent continually on a purpose, Destiny will yield and the wisher gain his wish. Without Good Luck, which may be held to be a part of man's Destiny, there is not much to be expected from extraordinary demands. Simon Mudgett had Good Luck. A fortune came his way.

It is a story in itself but it will be enough to state that the Irish Land Commission, a body of officials without land themselves who are the landlords of Ireland since the old landed gentry have disappeared, came upon a document which pointed to

the fact that a sum of money lying for years in the Court of Chancery belonged to Simon Mudgett. Even the Dublin lawyers and Ali Baba and his forty income-tax officers could not utterly despoil his estate; so Simon Mudgett became a man of ample means. Now was his chance and he prepared to take it. Reluctantly he left his lodgings in quiet Blessington Street. He reached this wrenching decision chiefly out of considerations of space for his books. He wanted a library. What country mansion in the eighteenth century was without a library?

Certainly he had ample time to make the change or to make up his mind to leave, for he spent half a year before he could acquire some Buck's country seat. It had to be repaired and furnished; and to collect and to put into position all the trappings of the period took more time. Then there was the cellarage to consider. He collected claret and port. Port could be purchased of a date far older than that of claret. The claret had to come from Bordeaux to Galway and to remain there until it could be "broken" while a favoring south wind prevailed.

It is a difficult task, this living in a past century; but with his knowledge of detail, at length all was to his mind and he moved in. He was neither eccentric enough nor sufficiently courageous to drive about in a costume of the period and in a four-in-hand coach or a coach-and-six as he longed to do; but his gentle and retiring nature made a pleasing compromise. His cravat suggested the period, and his avoidance of the modern means of travel compensated in some degree for the absence of ostentation. When he visited the city he sought its more ancient inns and taverns. There were left but few. Daly's Coffee House had long ago disappeared, so he was forced to seek consolation in taverns of the time or at least in those which were owned by some Benedict not working for a company.

But with the change in his circumstances a change in his character came. It may be that his want of recklessness and his inability fully to satisfy his predilections caused an exasperation of spirit which showed itself in a certain tartness to his friends and impatience with strangers. The years that improved his wines did not add to his mellowness. They had the opposite effect. He grew waspish and pury though meanness was not in him. One critical companion discovered that he resented the presence of women in a bar and that he blamed them for the change in taverns, too many of which had become "lounges" fitted with armchairs, divans, and sheltered lights. When women were about he never stood his round. He "had to be going."

In spite of his shyness and his objection to women, at least to women in bars, he married a charming young woman. He kept the marriage from his friends. It was not until a public ball in which the guests were to appear in costume was held at Ballsbridge that the news of his marriage was made public. Some say that he would not have turned up had

the ball not been a costume ball. He could not resist the chance of dressing at last in the costume he admired. A coat of yellow satin, gold-buttoned, skirted, and deeply cuffed, worn over a long poplin waistcoat, plum knee breeches, white silk stockings and silver buckled shoes, clothed him at last as he would be. His peruke was powdered and his sword shone with its jeweled hilt and scabbard tipped with gold.

His lady wore not two patches but three, for he was well aware of the language of patches and he would not have her signal to other Bucks even though none else knew the language of patches. He danced minuets until he could stand no longer upright in that slow and stately measure. In accordance with the customs of the time he was carried to his carriage; his shoulders were white with powder and his sword was held by a friend.

The ball was a success and though there was no one to challenge to a duel in the morning, he never forgave his helping friends.

Two things maintained his good luck: his wife entered into the spirit of the century of her husband's adoption so heartily that she became as devoted to him as any dutiful lady of the courts of the first or second George, aye, back even to Queen Anne. There was but one rumor of resistance and it must have been passive. It was against the employment of a Negro page. And, secondly, his friends did not shun him. Instead, they sought his company for the sake of his sallies (even though they were at their expense) and his quaintly decorous behavior. He wore no sword, it is true; but his tongue became a rapier with which he transfixed his friends, especially as the evenings wore late; but even then they refused to take umbrage. This made him all the more brittle and acerb.

It is a sorry plight when no one takes you seriously enough to be offended by your insults. To be thus popular for insociability, even when metaphorically he had run all his friends through, brought on a feeling of impotence to which was added a strange asceticism: he resented being found in a tavern, though he had not the will power to keep out. His friends got their own back by nicknaming him "Buck."

3

TO HAVE achieved your ambition and to have been unable to fulfill it is surely among the ironies of life. Mudgett became portion and parcel of the eighteenth century; but he failed to fill its day. Instead of some daring feat of horsemanship, he could not ride a horse; instead of staking a county on a card, he never gambled; instead of calling a man out, he "called him down," to use popular parlance; instead of being swift and indifferent, he was slowgoing and cautious. His soul lived in the eighteenth century; but his body stayed outside. And this leads to a

conclusion which is nothing short of metaphysical. To explain such an extraordinary occurrence as that of which he was the victim, the father of modern psychoanalysis, Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim, called Paracelsus, must be consulted.

Paracelsus states that the soul has an all-embracing love for the body and the body an all-embracing love for the soul. Whether the body revenged itself upon the soul, or the *genius temporis* of the eighteenth century revenged itself upon the body, is a moot point; but whatever brought the tragedy about may be investigated later by consulting those skilled in explaining in terms of psychoanalysis this psychosomatic phenomenon. The tragedies of life are not enacted on the stage but in the greenroom.

One night as Buck Mudgett lay awake in bed thinking what he would say to his friend the editor of a popular newspaper, he felt a little stab at the side of his great toe where it joins the foot. At first he was about to blame his wife for leaving a hairpin in the bed, or a needle, but she was soon exonerated by a repetition of the pain. It came with much greater intensity. It soon ceased to be repeated but rose in a crescendo lancinating as if a thousand rapiers were thrust all at once. Next it seemed as if all the rapiers were red-hot. All the wounds of all the duels of the eighteenth century had met in his toe.

He pulled off the clothes and examined his foot. It was red and shining and appeared to swell under his eyes, but he could not stare at it long, for his eyes were shut fast as paroxysm upon paroxysm besieged him. What had beset him? He pulled the bellpull. His wife entered the room. The pallor of his face alarmed her and was reflected upon her own. This exasperated him. "Don't look so haggard but send for Dr. Little at once and be quick about it," he said testily; then he relapsed upon the pillow, wan with pain. "A bandbox, or some protection for this foot of mine," he ordered.

Dr. Little was the oldest physician in Dublin. He was over ninety years old, lean and long-headed, with a fresh complexion. He had at one time ordered Mudgett to go to Bath, and Mudgett was so pleased with the place sacred to Beau Nash that he forgot the rigors of the regime to which the wise old doctor had committed him. There was something of the eighteenth century about the doctor who was born at the end of it. He never flattered a patient. His honesty was almost unethical. He used the medical language of that century, and this to Buck Mudgett was half the cure.

After an hour carriage wheels were heard upon the gravel, and soon the old physician appeared with his long frock coat and high cravat. Mudgett was full of pity for himself but he roused himself to

alertness at the sight of the doctor. But the doctor, ignoring his greeting, commanded: —

"Lie down now. You need not try to help me. I know what is wrong with you. You have the gout; and indeed you earned it. You cannot be a three-bottle man without inviting it. Had your parents not been long-lived and abstemious you would have had an attack long ago."

"Oh, but doctor, what has the cause got to do with it? Can't you cure this raging pain?"

"The cause has everything to do with it. There are three causes — Indolence, Intemperance, Vexation. But I will first exhibit a slowly-operating laxative, neither hot nor cold, but warm in doses sufficient to move you twice in twenty-four hours, or a larger dose if you cannot contain your impatience.

"This will be followed by a lenient absorbent corrector of acrimony and a gentle anodyne. A cataplasm for the raging part which will surprise you by the way it assuages pain."

"For God's sake," Buck Mudgett interrupted, but the doctor went remorselessly on.

"Mild and spontaneously dissolving nourishment . . ."

"Can't you send your coachman for the cataplasm at once?"

"Vexation, I think you will remember, is one of the three cardinal causes. That is the *causa proegumena*. The *causa procatarectica* in your case is port wine. Unless I point the cause I cannot prescribe the remedy. Your diet will be milk and whey, but to refocillate your spirits I will allow you one dram of Jameson's whiskey with cold water, to be taken at night. If you adhere strictly to my prescription you should be about in a week. Then it will be time to talk about exercise and rubbing. That will, I hope, get rid of the Indolence. Your Intemperance I am now treating. Your Vexation will abate with the pain and with the absence of rich food and spices."

Is there a moral in all this? That is in itself an eighteenth-century question.

The bartender who compensated for his extroverted life by studying psychiatry in his stillest hours in the stillroom — for he found that contemplation was as liable to be interrupted as conversation at the bar — said, "It's a psychosomatic case all right. Ye see, it was like this: his psyche lived altogether in the eighteenth century and his body — that is, his soma — tried to follow it but could not, being a body and not a soul that can go backwards and forwards in time. So all the body could contribute to the situation was a dose of gout which every gentleman affected in the eighteenth century. He's a nice gentleman. I've been missing him lately. Give him time and he'll be back all right."



The Atlantic Serial



Frank Davison was the owner and manager of Hooton Aerodrome in Cheshire, England, and the director of several aviation companies as well as various nonflying concerns. In 1937 he took Ann on as a pilot and two years later they were married. When the war started, the government put a stop to civilian flying and requisitioned their aerodrome. Frank then turned his hand to running a gravel quarry in Flintshire; but rising wages, wartime shortages, and other complications put him out of that business and into farming. After five years of subsistence farming, they bought an old fishing boat. The reconditioning took endless time and used up all their money. When the mortgage was foreclosed, they decided to sail for Cuba, sell the boat for a fairer price than they could get in England, and pay up their debts. Last Voyage is ANN DAVISON's story of what happened.

LAST VOYAGE

by ANN DAVISON

5

WE GOT under way with extraordinarily little fuss. In fact I did not even know we had gone until, in the engine room "looking after that engine," I happened to glance up through the open hatch and saw the quay wall sliding away. In a detached manner I had heard grating noises as the shafts and wheels and cogs of the controls from the wheelhouse went into action; had heard the hubble-bubble of the propeller churning the water — but I thought Frank was simply having a last-minute check-over. But no, there was the quay wall rapidly receding. He had quietly slipped the warps and we were away.

I went into the chartroom to note the time — it was 4.25 by the bulkhead clock — and then to the wheelhouse, acutely aware of the very slightest vibration.

"That's the best sight I've seen for many a long month," said Frank, nodding his head in the direction of Fleetwood.

Reliance had come round the bend in the river and was turning into the Channel, leaving Fleetwood astern. It was a vastly different departure from the one we had always envisaged, but for the moment nothing mattered. We were outward bound.

"Gosh," I said, "I forgot all about posting those letters to the mortgagees."

"Want me to turn back?" said Frank with a grin.

"Not on your life — they'll have to wait until we get somewhere."

At the end of the Channel we rounded the burned-out remains of the Wyre light and turned on course for the Lune lightship.

Frank said: "Here, you take her. Keep her as she's going. I'm going down to have a look at the engine."

Reliance seemed enormous. Bigger by far than she had ever seemed lying quietly by the quay. She pulled and yawed like a hard-mouthed horse, demonstrating her power and my utter ineptitude. Never had I felt so humbled. Here am I, came the thought, half the crew, 5000 miles to go and I can't even keep her straight.

Then Frank came on deck grinning at the ship's aimless wanderings as I tugged at the wheel, and started tackling the bomber tire we used as a fender. As he struggled to bring it aboard, the holding ropes sheared under the strain and the great tire vanished in a rush and flurry of water. Immediately *Reliance* stopped pulling and settled down. The compass on the port side of the wheelhouse shelf in front of the wheel was in my line of vision just where the compass had been in some of the aircraft I had flown. With this homely touch the ship seemed somehow to shrink to a manageable size. I felt at home. And unspeakably happy.

We passed close to the Lune lightship, about

which gulls perched in mournful array, and there turned south into the open sea.

Frank checked the course, streamed the log, and looking aft at the lonely lightship, fast disappearing in the mist, said with a sigh of infinite satisfaction, "Now, at last, we are on our way."

Grayness dominates the recollection of Wednesday, our first real day out. Gray dawn, gray day. Gray sky, gray sea. But we were far from being gray in spirit. Frank was particularly pleased with life because *Reliance* was making $6\frac{1}{2}$ knots, which was $1\frac{1}{2}$ better than he had reckoned she would do under power. "At cruising revs, moreover," he exulted; "wait till we get her under canvas — then she'll move."

It was an uneventful day, spent mainly in getting into our stride, so to speak. Accustoming ourselves to a sea life while *Reliance* bowled south into a southwest wind. Frank and I did not see much of each other. Our carefully thought-out system for keeping watches went by the board, and I spent most of the day at the wheel, putting in ten hours at a stretch. It suited us both very well. Frank had a hundred and one things to do, apart from attending to the engine, charging batteries, working out navigational problems, and cooking himself meals — a subject in which I had no practical interest just then.

All day the sky was overcast, and as the day wore on it lowered, the sea rose, and almost imperceptibly the wind hardened. We had lived long enough by the weather to read its signs and warnings automatically. The portents were not good and we prepared accordingly, consoling ourselves with the thought that in a few days' time we would be out of the depressions and into the sunshine.

Towards evening we picked up the dark rugged outline of the Irish coast and made a last check — on the Tuskar light.

Frank took over again at nightfall and I turned in, to find sleep strangely elusive for one who had been up and about since two in the morning. The motion was more pronounced and I rolled and tossed in the wide bunk. Shortly after midnight, fed up with myself, I joined him in the wheelhouse. He was surprised to see me so long before time, but nodded when I explained the fears that kept me awake.

"Yes," he said, "I know it is foolish. But I have a similar trouble. If I can't hear you I worry, and if I can hear you I wonder what you are up to. It is just one of those things we have to get over — like your seasickness."

In fact, it was one of those things we did not get over. Throughout the voyage we were hampered by an unshakable confidence in our own immunity from disaster while extending towards each other the nervous concern of a hen intent upon keeping an improvident duckling away from the

water. And so through another night and we wandered into Thursday. Time was already getting out of hand. It is easy enough to keep track of the days when you go to bed on the night of one and wake up in the morning of the next. Sleep makes a definite break. But snatch sleep when you can, see every dawn, and live through that interminable no man's land of time between an early sunrise and eight o'clock and you find individual days soon lose their identity. They become nameless and memorable only for events.

6

DAWN of Thursday was sullen and threatening. There was a fairish sea running and *Reliance* was lively.

It was on the Nymph Bank south of Ireland that we got the first real intimations of the bad weather in store for us. There we ran into an ugly little cross sea. Steep, round-topped hummocks of water rushed hither and thither without any unity of purpose, which bothered *Reliance* no end. She charged them aggressively and flopped into the troughs, and rolled and pitched with exasperated fury. There seemed no way of tackling these angry white-headed mounds of waves that came from all directions. *Reliance* knew far better how to deal with them than I did, hanging on to the wheel, going through the motions of being a helmsman. Frank came into the wheelhouse, watched the gyrations for a few minutes, said *Reliance* was a bit of a bitch and would be steadier under canvas and that things were coming unstuck below, and suggested I might like to tidy them up. In other words, he would take over for a while. I went below and found things were coming, had come, considerably unstuck, but did not notice any lessening in the violence of *Reliance's* antics under the touch of the master hand.

It is extraordinary what a shaking-up at sea can do in the way of disorganization, no matter how well one may have stowed, packed, fiddled, and battened down. Everything with a lid, door, or drawer in it will burst open and scatter the contents — a surging, seething jumble — on the floor. And the galley — oh, the galley! Pickles and syrup, coffee and tea, bottles and cans and bags of flour, churned in horrid confusion at my feet. I salvaged what I could and scraped the rest into the slush bucket, prepared lunch, and left it to cook slowly on the Valor stove — a leftover and rather prized possession of our island days added to the galley equipment just before sailing, on account of its ability to sustain a low heat unattended.

By the time I returned to the wheelhouse the seas were bigger, more meaningful and threatening, pyramidal in shape, and still very much at cross-purposes.

Frank, feeling the general outlook called for it,

went out and fixed a life line from mizzen to main shrouds, while I clucked quietly at the helm. These fishing boats have nothing much in the way of freeboard aft — *Reliance* had less than a foot, which brought the angry ocean pretty close to. He had just come back into the wheelhouse and was busy unrolling a chart when I spotted a wisp of smoke floating out of the open main hatch. It was snatched away by the wind, and followed by another and another.

"My God!" I shouted. "Fire!"

Frank rocketed out of the wheelhouse and up the deck. Leaving *Reliance* to look after herself I shot after him. The galley was ablaze. Through the main companion doors we could see the wicked flames leaping under the rising palls of smoke. Guessing what had happened — that the stove had broken loose, rolled over, and spilled the paraffin out of its tank and set it alight — Frank dived into the galley with the intention of removing the stove. But it was a little inferno in there. He grabbed the fire extinguisher at the foot of the companionway, found it would not work, and leaped up on deck again, shouting for water.

Meantime I was feverishly disentangling fire buckets lashed to the port pinrail. Frank darted for the steel hatch and dropped into the engine room, returning breathless with the engine-room fire extinguisher as I succeeded in releasing the buckets. I threw one overside on a line, heaved it slopping aboard, and together we fought the fire.

The extinguisher spent and the fire still raging, Frank changed his weapon and seized another water bucket.

Then, suddenly, resistance crumpled. The fire was under control. It was out. And, as if at a given signal, the galley extinguisher, left rolling at the foot of the companionway, snorted into action on its own and added a quota of foam to the shambles below.

Speechless, we waited for it to stop, then went down into the galley. We stamped out the final embers and tore up the smoldering remains of the floor covering and threw them over the side. Awed at our escape, a fire at sea in a wooden ship being a grimly inescapable disaster if it gets a hold, and anxious to avoid a repetition of the experience, we checked over the fastenings of our other stove very thoroughly indeed. Then *Reliance* caught us off our guard and pitched us summarily across the galley to remind us she was on her own.

"Go up and see to her," said Frank. "I'll clean up here."

Later he joined me in the wheelhouse and asked for something for his hands. This was the first I knew of his having burned them. His wrists and palms were painfully seared. I dressed them as best I could with acriflavine, but he flatly refused to have them bandaged, saying he could not work with them all bound up. Unprotected, they were

always soaked in Diesel oil and salt water, which seriously delayed healing and must have given considerable pain.

7

THAT was our introduction to a three-day session of heavy weather in the Atlantic. A small ship in a big sea brings the weather right to your feet. When it is not sloshing over your head. Thank God for the wheelhouse, we thought, as seas broke over the ship.

At first *Reliance* mounted the waves with the ease of a good horse jumping a big fence. But all the time the fences were getting bigger. At the top of them we looked quickly round and pointed monsters out to each other — "Gosh, look at that one!" Then the course got too stiff and *Reliance* faltered. She put in a short one and rose too late. She took off too soon.

Sometimes, caught off guard, she went hurtling down a wave like a tin tray down a flight of stairs, to land with a crash which would have shaken Nelson off his column. And which would bring Frank ramping up, if he was below, to find out what was going on.

As the weather grew worse and *Reliance* more unmanageable, the fuel header tank needed more and more frequent attention. Diesel oil was fed to the engine by gravity from a 12-gallon header tank, which was normally good for four hours and was then refilled from the main tanks by a hand pump. But in a violent seaway the header tank could not be filled right to the top. The wilder the sea the less fuel in the tank, therefore, and the more frequently it needed pumping up. The process kept Frank hopping from wheelhouse to engine room like a jack-in-the-box.

The waves grew ever higher and steeper and more vicious, and there could no longer be any question of keeping to a course and driving *Reliance* into it. The engine was throttled right down, and the ship drifted, broadside on to the seas, rolling with savage abandon. Waves crashed down on her and frothed aft, looking for scupperholes and a way out. The slow whispering thud of the exhaust changed to loud bang-bangs of protest as it was rolled under. And the ship's bell spontaneously rang up a good one, to be echoed by a hoarse croak from the hooter.

Watching the mainmast whipping with incredible rapidity from side to side across the low leaden sky, my husband shook his head. "This won't do," he said, quietly. "It will roll the sticks out of her. We'll try running."

Going with the wind and sea gave a momentary illusion of peace. It seemed as if silence superseded sound, as a curious hush superseded the roar of an engine in an aircraft on the point of stall. With her engine barely turning over, *Reliance* tore off

downwind and the wicked waves reached after with breaking crests curling over like overhanging cliffs.

"And this won't do either," said Frank, "for long." We put out the sea anchor and had respite until the warp fridged through with strain and the fight was on again.

The sea does not let up for a moment, and the wheel, heavy at the best of times, grew heavier and heavier as the sands of our energies ran out, until but a few spokes of a turn took all the strength one could muster.

The night watches were short. Towards dawn they got shorter and shorter, as we could only stick about ten minutes at a time. To remain on hand in case of need, we did not turn in off watch, but rested at the end of the alleyway, under the wheelhouse, aft of the hatch, between the companion ladder and sail locker, where there was just space to lie cramped. A more uncomfortable roost it would be hard to devise, but we were beyond caring about such things.

At the wheel it was hard to keep awake — I dozed off several times on my feet — yet, below, it was impossible to sleep. Of overriding importance was the necessity of not failing the other fellow, so one lay cramped and alert, listening.

Daybreak was magical in effect. A potent restorative. As the darkness lightened, so did the burden of our weariness, until we grew to recognize this fact and counted the heavy hours to dawn, knowing it would bring us mysterious strength to carry on.

As the gale reached its height an incident occurred which gave me the fright of my life.

The wheel suddenly locked solid. The rudder was operated by a chain from the wheel to rudder bar. The chain had slackened off, slipped off the pulley on the rudder bar, and jammed beneath it. Frank went on to the counter with a crowbar and I stayed in the wheelhouse to turn the wheel as he eased the chain back into place. I tried to watch him through the window aft but it was too high. Out of control and uncontrollable, *Reliance* drifted helplessly before the savage onslaught of mountainous waves. Suddenly she was swept upwards, as if caught in the grip of a giant hand, and flung down . . . down . . . There was a flashlight impression of the ship on her beam ends, starboard bulwarks buried in a white smother — I clawed to the door, staggered out as she came up, water boiling along her decks, swirling round the counter. Not a sign of Frank. I yelled for him, terrified, and looked wildly at the towering gray walls of water. Then to my indescribable relief he got up, dazedly shaking his head, dripping. As I stumbled towards him he motioned me back.

"Who did that?" he grinned, in the shelter of the wheelhouse again, taking the wheel and giving it a turn. "Good — she's okay now. Fixed it before that big fellow got us. What a party!"

But I kept saying, "I thought you'd gone, I thought you'd gone," and knew I was babbling but found it extremely difficult to stop. Fear for oneself is nothing. Fear for another reduces one to driveling idiocy.

8

THE dawn of the third day revealed minor havoc wrought about the ship. The masthead lamp, wrenched from its steel platform by a force sufficient to cause the shearing of massive bolts (which ought to have held down a tram, said Frank), swung by its electric cable 40 feet in the air. The riding light on the port trestletree leaned at a drunken angle with its 9-inch holding bolts bent over like copper wire. Its electric cable, torn loose from fastenings to the shrouds, bellied furiously in the wind. The main halyard was down. The log line was gone. Ropes and halyards were white with chafing. Blocks swung to and fro, barging into the mast, the forecastle hatch, winding round the shrouds and off again.

Below, of course, it looked as if Pandora had been opening up that box of hers — in a very great hurry.

"As if we hadn't enough on our plate," said Frank. "Still, we can fix all this when the weather lets up a bit. We've got all the gear — it might be worse."

He frowned thoughtfully. "For all I know, it might well be worse," he added. "All this is nothing in itself, but it is a warning. The sensible thing to do would be to put in somewhere when we get the chance. This isn't good enough, you know. Unknown ship, untried gear. Damn it all, I *don't* know the ship. She's taking a hell of a pasting. I have no idea how much she can stand. But it will certainly be more than we can." He looked out of the wheelhouse windows, peering up at the sky. "No sign of it abating yet," he said. "If we nip into a quiet French port, we'll be able to straighten the ship in comparative ease, rest, which is most important, and be off again before anything catches up on us."

"All the same, I think we'll stir up a lot of trouble for ourselves going into port," I said doubtfully, the idea of a night's sleep — only *one* night's sleep — being as alluring as the smell of cooking to a starving man.

We were both dead-beat, and I had not the wit to realize it. Frank did, though; he said, "We'll maybe stir up a whole lot more if we go on as we are."

Between the devil and the deep sea, in fact, we decided to turn back when opportunity offered, for there is always a chance of bluffing the devil, but none whatever of fooling the deep, dark sea.

We had no idea of our position. All we knew was that we had been going round and round in the depression, traveling with it in a northeasterly

direction whence we came. The sky was as solidly overcast as ever and there was not a hope of getting a sight. Resorting to the slap-happy navigation of early aviation practice, we put *Reliance* on to a back bearing "with a bit of east in it," gave her the merest breath of engine, and plowed off on a search for a good pull-up for pirates.

Darkness approached with torrents of rain. A large steamer, looking indefinably French, surged across our track ahead and disappeared in the half-light to the west. A scattering of twinkling ship lights and a change in the character of the sea suggested we were near the entrance to the English Channel. Altering course to follow more or less the direction taken by the eastbound traffic, we shrugged off the inevitable drowsiness which accompanied nightfall, and went cautiously towards what we hoped would prove a quiet haven in due course. After making landfall we would have time to choose our port; meantime, sustained by the promise of rest to come, we kept wary watch, with Frank at the wheel and me standing by as an extra pair of eyes.

Night advanced and visibility deteriorated rapidly. Suddenly all signs of shipping vanished. Wiped clean off the slate. Hooded by night mist, with only the glint of dark waters visible either side of the ship, we crept ahead, feeling our way. Frank held a course for twenty minutes, then handed over to me and departed for the engine room. I plodded up and down that course, twenty minutes one way, twenty minutes back again, not taking any chances. He came back and said: "Can you stick it for another ten minutes? I'm all in. . . . Ten minutes — that's all I want."

Thus we spent yet another night of brief rests and watches waiting for dawn. There was quite a sea running in the wheelhouse, which slopped over the hatch coaming. We had to give up roosting beneath it, and used the bathroom instead, lying on the raised floor boards there, legs stretched across the alleyway, folded oilskins for a pillow. As usual I drowsed at the wheel and longed for my ten minutes to come to an end, and then ached with anxious insomnia while Frank took over.

The dawn was chill and dreary, but the morning stretched with daylight, clouds lifted, sea settled, the horizon widened. Restored once again by break of day, we lengthened our watches to half an hour at a time. I began to feel so good I let mine tick on into two hours and watched a matchstick on the horizon, coming towards us, grow into the mast of a fishing boat. It seemed an opportunity to find out where we were. I opened the throttle, but long before coming within hailing distance the fishing boat turned off and sped away too fast for *Reliance* to overtake her. I swore, and Frank, coming up full of apologies for having overslept, looked after her and said, "Never mind, we'll make landfall before morning's out." There was a long, low bolster of cloud on the horizon over to the northeast. The

sort of cloud that hangs over a coast. We made towards it.

Below for a two-hour spell, I dropped on the bathroom floor and went out like a lamp.

9

A BEAM of light shone full on my face and woke me up. Sunlight. I stared at the golden beam and thought how wonderful it was to see sunshine again. *Reliance* moved steadily, with a sibilant hiss instead of the turbulent rush and roar of the past few days. I sat up yawning, and stretched.

What a difference the sun made! Everything so peaceful. I could hear Frank clattering in the galley. *I could hear Frank clattering in the galley! No engine? No engine? What goes on?*

I went to find out.

He was shuffling pots on the stove and looked round gaily as I entered the galley. "Hullo," he said. "Coffee just coming up. Had a good sleep? You *were* out — I walked over you several times and you never stirred."

At the end of a thoroughly enjoyable and elegant meal — for me the breaking of a five-day fast — eaten by spoons from basins, sitting on deck with the ship heaving gently beneath us, we lit cigarettes and grinned blissfully at each other.

"By the way," I said, "what is the matter with the engine?"

"That I must find out." Frank explained it had stopped quite suddenly when he was in the engine room attending to the fuel. At first he thought he might have inadvertently knocked the fuel switch off while refilling the lubricator box, which was just by the switch, but on trying to lever the flywheel round to starting position he found it was immovably solid.

"Why didn't you call me to give you a hand?"

"No need. And you were dead-beat."

It took the better part of three days to get the motor running again. The nights we spent timing flashing lights, taking bearings, and poring over charts, bewildered at our inability to locate our position. The third night we nearly piled up on a bluff that looked like a blockhouse.

We spent another intolerably weary night steaming back and forth across the mouth of the bay, waiting for dawn. A course beset by steamer traffic and bounded at either end by a light, which remained maddeningly anonymous. We were frightfully tired, but so tightly wound up it was impossible to sleep, and our watches were spent below in the galley drinking coffee and making a fresh brew for the next one.

Dawn came at last, cold, gray, and very angry, with a new storm. It was a mighty wind that blew that day. Great gray perpendicular walls of water reared up and rushed the ship relentlessly, with spray blowing off their crests in hard horizontal

streams. So there was not much visibility and no horizon to speak of — only the top of the next wave, and the next, and the next.

Between blackouts, of which I made no mention to Frank, I was comparatively alert. I read, aloud, the Channel tide book, all its warnings and portents, and was immeasurably depressed.

Much of my time was spent in the engine room. The header tank needed frequent attention, of course, and filling the lubricator box was a lengthy process. For some reason my blackouts were more persistent below, and I frequently came to in the very act of pouring the oil. The procedure was further complicated by my dismal discovery of water in the oil drum. How the water had got in I had no idea. I knew only that the oil had to be filtered to keep the engine running. But what really got me worried was the amount of water in the ship. And it was still coming in. *Reliance* was taking one hell of a pasting; she had sprung a leak somewhere under the counter, and water streamed down the alleyway. It rose in the engine bilges until the flywheel threw up a jet as it spun. Floor boards were afloat in the cabins.

Throughout the stormy voyage *Reliance* had been wholly admirable; the hammering she had withstood would have pulverized a lesser vessel long before. And although she had been a damned uncomfortable ship, she had been an exceptionally buoyant one, like a lifeboat. But now she was losing some of her buoyancy; there was a sluggishness in her movements. The bilge pump coupled to the main engine chose this moment to choke. I took it down and tried to clear it, but failed. I was running the auxiliary engine at the time, to charge the batteries, and thought I would turn it over to the auxiliary bilge pump, but it was such a complicated setup I went along to Frank to find out how it worked.

He was silent for a while and then said he was too tired to explain. I made to go on deck to the hand pump, my mind running along a single track, whereat Frank roused himself in a fury and roared that under no circumstances was I to go on deck. I offered to take the wheel so that he could go down and sort out the bilge pump. But he would not have that either. "You couldn't possibly hold her."

"But the bloody ship's half full of water," I said. "She must be pumped out."

"Can't be helped," he spoke thickly, "have to put up with it. Hope for the best."

My God, I thought, he's shot. The only useful thing I could think of to help him was a hot drink. I searched feverishly in the turmoil in the spare cabin wherein were stored oddments that would not stow in lockers. I found an old Primus and gimballs, and set them up in the galley. Inevitably, despite careful filtering, some water from the

paraffin storage tank had found its way into the Primus. . . . It was dark by the time I took a mug of coffee, stiffly laced with rum, to the wheelhouse.

Frank downed it in one. "That's good." His voice was a croak. I offered to give him a break at the wheel, but he refused almost savagely. I had to go back to the engine room then — it was time to refuel again — and told him I would try and cook up a can of soup. He said, "Good. Don't be long coming back. I'm so goddamned tired. Can hardly keep my eyes open . . . helps to concentrate to have . . . someone to . . . talk to."

But it was two hours before I could get back. Two hours of juggling with the watered oil in the drum, with the watered paraffin, with the temperamental stove. And half the time it seemed that I was unconscious, blackouts followed so swiftly one upon another. Grown supersensitive to the movements of the ship, I noted a change in her antics: they were wilder, more erratic. And laboring withal.

I had been working with the lights on below. By contrast the wheelhouse was pitch-dark.

"Soup," I said, holding the mug out and touching the back of his hand with it.

"Soup?" said Frank.

"Hullo," I said, "there's a light . . . over there . . . port bow. . . ." A pale bluish light shone faintly through the salt-sprayed windows.

"Light?" said Frank.

He drank the soup, holding the mug in both hands, leaving the ship to herself; then, placing the mug carefully on the shelf, from which it promptly slid onto the floor, he took my hand. "Tell me," he said gently, "there's something wrong. What is it?"

"Something wrong?" I could hear my voice climbing. "I should say so. It's blowing one hell of a gale."

He caught my arm. "Tell me. *What is it?* What's wrong? I . . . can't remember . . . only darkness . . . and . . . the rain in my face."

Shocked beyond belief or comprehension, torn by an overwhelming pity, sick with fear, I did not know what to do. I listened to my mind, accusing, "You left him too long, you left him too long. . . ."

"The header tank," I said aloud, "needs filling. I must go and fill the header tank. Do you understand? The header tank . . . I won't be long."

Under the shadow of horror I pumped up the header tank and hurried back to the wheelhouse. Frank was crouching in a corner and I gave him a cigarette, wanting an excuse to see his face by the light of a match. I had to know.

Reliance battled on alone, sluggishly. The match flared. I held it to the end of his cigarette and looked into his face.

I dropped the match. There was piteous blank unreason in his eyes.

(To be concluded)

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

I USUALLY find Spring in a New England trout stream where on a misty day the gray-brown of the brush is just beginning to show a faint green. Or else I fly south in April to lecture and discuss books, and find her on the way — the redbud and the dogwood, the azaleas in Richmond, the magnolias in Atlanta, the flowering cherry in Miss Charlotte's drive at Middleburg. But the really thorough way to capture Spring is to go right down to Florida, as **Edwin Way Teale** did in mid-February, south of the Tamiami Trail, and then follow the vernal season north. "Spring," says Mr. Teale, "advances up the United States at the average rate of about fifteen miles a day. It ascends mountainsides at the rate of about a hundred feet a day." What he and Mrs. Teale did was to begin in the Everglades and, zigzagging by car, keep pace with Spring as she awakened in the Louisiana marshes, the Great Smokies, the Piedmont Plateau, the Jersey pine barrens, Cape Cod, and so up through the New England mountains to the Canadian border. It was an American pilgrimage through twenty-three states; he was watching the reawakening of a continent, and the signs as he records them in *North with the Spring* (Dodd, Mead, \$5.00) were as fresh as if this were the year one.

Like every good naturalist, Mr. Teale has a lively sense of history. He respects the land and loves to find a surviving bit of the old wilderness — for instance, the Nickajack Cave in Tennessee. But it drives him to cold fury when he sees the devastation resulting from ruthless exploitation. As he and Mrs. Teale drove up the Everglades they counted nine huge columns of smoke in the sky, and at one point they actually drove through a sheet of fire. All this the result of what he terms a fifty-million-dollar fiasco — the endeavor to dry out the Everglades fifty years ago. Again when he comes to the Ducktown Desert, seventy miles from

Chattanooga, his gorge rises as he sees what deforestation and sulphur dioxide have done to destroy all life in the Copper Basin.

Before they left Florida the Teales were overtaken by the homecoming migrants. Each Spring, he tells us, the birds come back in the same order: pintail ducks, the first of the waterfowl; bluebirds and redwings, leading the procession of the songbirds; and then wave after wave of robins. There is a reason for the order: "Just as robins follow the advance of the 35-degree isotherm," writes Mr. Teale, "so hummingbirds move up the continent in the wake of the unfolding flowers." The author is a sure hand with the field glasses, and when he spots a swallow-tailed kite or a sand-hill crane or a Florida jay, or in a sea meadow the elusive black rail, he can usually explain why they are there and what they are up to.

But the most delightful thing about Mr. Teale is the magnitude of his interests. He is just as good with people as he is with birds, just as attentive to wild flowers as he is to the peepers. His description of the seashells they found on the Islands of Sanibel and Captiva is lyrical. His account of the red tide which was slaying such windrows of fish off the Gulf Coast is ominous. He had a honey of a visit with Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, who took him down to see "that secret and lovely place where Jody built his fluttermill," and who fed him the most delectable food he had on the whole trip. A little while later he is telling about Reginald Thorpe, who was once an industrialist in Cleveland, Ohio, and who is now collecting diamond-backs for a living. Thorpe showed him how to do it, and even at the distance of the printed page it gives you goose-pimples to watch. A few chapters later he is talking about the happy times he has had with John Kieran, the Thoreau of Van Cortlandt Park. This book is Americana of the best, very human, very curious, very observant. I had never realized, for instance, that it is the female black flies that go for the angler's blood — the males never touch him. There ought to be some way of my using that precaution this Spring.

The charmer from Italy

Daphne du Maurier has a talent for mystification. In *Rebecca* she wrote of a heroine we never saw in the flesh but whose spell was woven through every page. In *My Cousin Rachel* (Doubleday, \$3.50) she tells the story of an Italian widow who captivates two English bachelors, Ambrose Ashley,

the elder, whom she marries and subdues in Italy, and Philip, his cousin and heir, whom she comes to live with in Cornwall after Ambrose's mysterious death. The story takes place in the West Country at a time when the stagecoach and sail were the swiftest methods of communication. Thus it took Philip a long time to discover what was eating his cousin in Florence.

Until Philip was twenty-three the two men had lived in oblivious bachelordom in their roomy, dusty manor house on the Cornish coast. Philip had been orphaned at the age of eighteen months when his father was killed fighting the French. He was adopted and brought up by his cousin, a misogynist who would have no women in the house, not even among the servants. Philip's boyhood was one of self-sufficiency, unaffected by his schooling at Harrow and Oxford: his life centered in the Barton lands where he farmed with his cousin, went hunting, swimming, or fishing, and where his cousin was not only his idol but the only person for whom he felt genuine affection. When Ambrose was forty-three his health began to creak, the doctors ordered him to winter in Italy, and the two men were irretrievably separated.

In Florence the crusty bachelor is swept off his feet by the Comtessa Sangalletti, and what happens thereafter Philip has to piece together from the letters and the frantic messages which came from his cousin, and from such bits of information as he could acquire on his short, repulsive visit to Florence after Ambrose's death. The natural jealousy which Philip feels toward "Cousin Rachel" for having snared Ambrose turns into black anger as he discovers the torment to which Ambrose had been put by her extravagance and infidelity.

Miss du Maurier is a caster of spells, and the first she casts is on Ambrose in Tuscany; the second upon Philip when he is drawn out of his solitary rustic state by the cries for help from abroad. He reads between the lines, and the clues prompt him to believe that his cousin is being preyed on and perhaps poisoned by the Comtessa and Signor Rainaldi, her confidant. His trip to the villa after the Comtessa has departed adds to his suspicion, and it is with revenge in his heart that he returns to England to await her inevitable visit. The fact that Ambrose has made no provision for her in his will adds to his distrust.

But when Cousin Rachel appears she is totally unlike the woman Philip imagined. She is small and quick, impulsive and defenseless, with an enchanting smile and the features of a Roman coin. Philip's hardness melts, and long before he realizes it the County knows that things are going on at the big house. Philip's infatuation, almost too swift for belief, is proclaimed at the Christmas party in the Hall, and still more intimately on his twenty-fifth birthday when the family jewels and estate are his to bestow.

And then comes the third spell as Rachel begins to wind him around her finger as she had his cousin. The black doubts begin to rise again in Philip's mind: Is Rachel guilty of greed, or of infidelity, or of murder? The author makes each reader his own detective, and the skill and fun of the story are that one can retrace the events, step by step, and still be in doubt.

Rachel in her Italian sophistication and Philip in his naïve manhood are a pair to watch. The minor parts — Seecombe, the old steward; Nick Kendall, the guardian; Tamlyn, the gardener; Louise, the girl Philip might have married — are well drawn, and the mists and cold of the Cornish coast with its occasional bright pane of sunlight are beautifully contrasted with the heat and haze of Tuscany in the blaze of August.

The last spell and the hardest to throw off is the plausibility that Philip Ashley, so diffident, so unliterary, and so close-minded, would have been willing to tell this story on himself. In real life neither wild horses nor a psychiatrist could have pulled it out of him.

The genuine Scot

There is an initial hurdle which every reader must take before he begins to enjoy A. J. Cronin's autobiography, *Adventures in Two Worlds* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.00): the hurdle of familiarity. During the two decades in which Dr. Cronin's novels have established his popularity, we have repeatedly been given a thumbnail sketch of his life. We have been told of his Scotch heritage, of his impecuniousness, and of the slights he suffered as a Roman Catholic in a predominantly Protestant country; we have read of his experiences as a young doctor serving the rural Scots and the Welsh coal miners, and of how in 1929, when he was convalescing from an ulcer, he devoted four months to the writing of *Hatter's Castle*, a novel whose success launched him on his second career. Thus the panorama of his autobiography is predictable — even if the episodes in it are not.

The greater part of *Adventures in Two Worlds* is devoted to Dr. Cronin's roving experiences as a general practitioner. The opening chapter finds him in medical school, from which he graduates with honors but with these words of Dr. MacEwen, his formidable teacher, ringing in his head: "In medicine, or some other field, I believe that you may make your mark. But of one thing I am sure. You will never be a surgeon."

Young Cronin was already in love, but marriage was out of the question until he had proved himself, and this he was eager to do whenever the next call came. He served as a ship's doctor in the long voyage from Liverpool to Calcutta, then shifted to country practice in the Highlands. He battled a scarlet fever epidemic and traced the farmer who was distributing the tainted milk. He pulled fish-

bones out of throats, delivered babies, and almost lost his nerve in a desperate struggle against diphtheria when he had to lance a child's throat without anesthetics and when the words "You will never be a surgeon" thundered in his head until at last the clean breath came through. His doctoring experiences here, as in the Welsh coalfields, and later, on his more fashionable rounds in London, are all told as warmly lit, personal encounters.

To his work he brought a wholesome Scotch disposition with enough stubbornness to see things through. His propensity is to be cheerful, and time and again his episodes have a happy ending with a bit of a moral tucked in the tale. If he has tasted defeat and made mistakes they evidently have no part here; if he has been humbled by self-doubts, they were soon absorbed by his buoyancy and faith. His return to religion was as momentous as his turn to writing. And when at last he had the means to do so, he took his family on pilgrimages to Paris, Chartres, Auvergne, to Spain and Italy — trips which visibly reinforced his belief.

He carries you forward in his recital not by any compulsion of style, wit, or originality but by his genuine interest in men and women whom he doctored as best he could and whose problems and heartaches will appeal to many.

Peter Marshall was another Scot who lived in two worlds. His first was the old country, where he was reared in a suburb of Glasgow, and where at the age of fourteen he would have given his heart to sign on in the Royal Navy. But they rejected him as too young; so he went to work in a tube mill, played soccer, led the Cub Scouts, and turned over his pay check to his mother. One dark night when he was walking the moors he heard the call and, unquestioning believer that he was, he knew that he was destined for full-time Christian service. Throughout his life Peter made his decisions by praying for guidance, waiting until he got it, and then never looking back. A cousin persuaded him to emigrate to the United States, and there the breaks came. Some people would call them lucky; to Peter they were God's grace. He was sent to theological school by his Men's Bible Class, had a brilliantly successful pastorate in Atlanta, married the perfect wife, was called to Washington, and became Chaplain to the Senate. In nineteen years he had become one of the most beloved preachers in America; and then at the height of his power, at the age of forty-seven, his heart failed. His story, *A Man Called Peter* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.50), has been written by Catherine Marshall, his wife. Here are his dedication, their happiness together, and the simple and forceful sermons bearing his special stamp — a book of simple integrity and absolute faith, free of pretense, and poignant in its sense of loss. It puts me in mind of *An American Idyll* by Cornelia Stratton Parker.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Fiction from Abroad

A SEASON IN ENGLAND by *P. H. Newby*. (Knopf, \$3.00.) A delightful tale, humorous and tender, in which the old theme of misunderstanding between parents and son is treated with none of the customary anger and self-pity. Newby is one of the most agreeably gifted of the new English writers.

SHORT NOVELS OF COLETTE. (Dial, \$5.00.) Six novelettes pinpointed on love and fleshly passion by the grand old lady of French letters. "There is no one now in France," Mr. Maugham has said, "who writes more admirably than Colette."

THE BRIGAND by *Giuseppe Berto*. (New Directions, \$2.75.) This stirring Italian novel, full of drama and alive with compassion for human suffering, is the story of an ex-soldier who tries to help the peasants of his village and brings them tragedy.

Americana

INCREDIBLE NEW YORK by *Lloyd Morris*. (Random House, \$5.00.) High life and Low life in the Big City through the last hundred years. A gracefully written, entertaining history that splendidly captures the excitement of the world's greatest metropolis.

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELINGS by *George Dangerfield*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$6.00.) The author chronicles the era whose hinge was the presidency of James Monroe — an era of significant change in which America moved from the Jeffersonian to the Jacksonian philosophy of government.

A TREASURY OF WESTERN FOLKLORE edited by *B. A. Botkin*. (Crown, \$4.00.) There is a wealth of salty reading in this varied collection of grass-roots yarns, pioneer legends, tall tales, songs and ballads — the folklore of that part of America where the frontier era is still a living memory.

The Better Mysteries

THE PAPER THUNDERBOLT by *Michael Innes*. (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00.) A slow starter, this yarn blossoms happily into turbulence, winding up with a smashing climax in the deep dark innards of the Bodleian Library. Certain fantastic elements are made perfectly palatable by Innes's urbane and silky style, and atmosphere and character drawing can only be called superb.

VENOM HOUSE by *Arthur Upfield*. (Doubleday, \$2.50.) The insidious charms of Napoleon Bonaparte, half-caste detective, have a tendency to overshadow the crimes he so perceptively solves. On this occasion the highly charged personalities living in an Australian manor house call forth Bony's most exuberant talents.

DEATH HAS DEEP ROOTS by *Michael Gilbert*. (Harper, \$2.50.) Another admirable performance by an increasingly impressive English author, in which a Frenchwoman on trial for murder in London is saved by the clever footwork of her lawyer.

SHOOT TO KILL by *Wade Miller*. (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$2.50.) Max Thursday, San Diego private eye, morosely sets out to save the neck of the man for whom his girl has jilted him. This is that rarity, a tough whodunit which is perfectly credible, adult, and even poignant.

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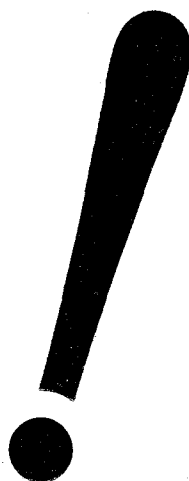
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*(Letters on file)

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



"WHAT are you after, John?" said General Eisenhower when **John Gunther** appeared at his SHAPE office for an interview. "You," said Gunther, and the General promptly guessed: "What? *Inside Ike?*"

Gunther's "*Inside Ike*," more decorously entitled *Eisenhower* (Harper, \$2.50), is a miraculously well-timed quickie which enlarges our acquaintance with the man who is known, for the most part, as the modest hero with the charming smile — as the decent, unspectacular American who has come to symbolize successful leadership and integrity. Gunther's book does not shed much decisive light on the big unknowns about Eisenhower as President, but no doubt those big unknowns are largely unknowable.

Eisenhower summed up his political credo to Gunther as "driving straight down the middle of the road." He thinks of himself, says Gunther, as a liberal conservative, but actually "is probably more conservative than that." If he ever mentions the New Deal these days, it is "with a quiver of horror." In 1940, he took a public stand against Federal aid to education. His views about the Taft-Hartley Act, never publicly stated, are that it is "partly good, partly bad"; according to Gunther, Eisenhower is out of sympathy with "much that labor advocates." In at least two major speeches, he declared that too much emphasis is being placed on economic security at the expense of individual liberty.

On the other hand, Eisenhower has on several occasions given big business a jolt. He has warned against the dangers arising from "too great a concentration of finance"; and Gunther reports that his off-the-record remarks at a private dinner for Republican leaders later caused "screams of agony . . . from businessmen all over the country."

In the field of foreign policy, Eisenhower's outlook is, of course, well-known. Gunther's account of his record at SHAPE accents the General's deep belief in working toward a European Federation, and it gives fresh emphasis to Eisenhower's crucial asset — his quiet genius for leading an international coalition.

If Eisenhower becomes President, there will be a shrinkage of openings at the White House for ghost writers. The General, Gunther discloses, is an

exceptionally fluent and expressive writer. As a major in the thirties, he was top ghost writer for the then chief of staff, Douglas MacArthur. Before that he was author of the guidebook put out by the World War I American Battle Monuments Commission. His *Crusade in Europe*, a leading best seller, was written in the remarkable time of seven weeks; and, incidentally, it brought him around \$600,000.

As usual, Gunther's book contains an intriguing haul of human-interest items. Eisenhower "loves to cook and is quite good at it." Before becoming President of Columbia, he toyed with the idea of joining a publishing firm; his staple reading, however, nowadays, is pulp Westerns, "the gaudier, the better." He is, says Gunther, "an extremely loquacious man — much more so than is generally known"; and his talk is mildly flavored with profanity, which makes him uneasy about having women in his office. His favorite hobbies are bridge, golf, and painting.

In Eisenhower's family background, there is a prominent strain of militant antimilitarism, and the General himself is conspicuously "civilian-minded." Some Europeans have coined a name for him which eloquently rebuts Stalin's main propaganda line. They call him "the peace-general."

Lincoln as strategist

One of the great authorities on war, von Clausewitz, asserted that the essential qualifications for a war leader have to do with mind and character rather than military experience (Eisenhower had never commanded even a platoon in battle when he became Supreme Commander); and Clemenceau made the well-known quip that war is too serious a business to be left to generals. The role played by a civilian as commander-in-chief, a U.S. President, is now the subject of a full-length study, *Lincoln and His Generals* (Knopf, \$4.00), a Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. The author, **T. Harry Williams**, is Professor of History at Louisiana State University.

When the Civil War started, Lincoln's general-in-chief, Winfield Scott, was an old man afflicted with dropsy and vertigo, and for the first year of the war there was no officer capable of efficiently administering a large army. The President, though he did not know how to frame a military order, was forced to act as commander-in-chief in fact as well as in name. In Professor Williams's opinion, he displayed from the start a better natural sense of strategy than most of his military men — he grasped the fact that the North's policy of restoring the Union called for an offensive war whose objective was the destruction of the Confederate Armies, not the occupation of territory — and in the course of his long search for a winning general, he became, by the power of his mind, a fine strategist.

Professor Williams focuses in turn on all of Lincoln's leading commanders (Sherman, who had little direct contact with Lincoln until the end, remains on the periphery). There is McClellan, an excellent organizer but devoid of the offensive spirit (Lincoln said of him: "He is an admirable engineer, but he seems to have a special talent for a stationary engine. . . . He has got 'the slows'"); Don Carlos Buell — "industrious, methodical," he belongs with McDowell to Grant's category of generals who "never got started right"; Frémont, "giddy and fumbling"; "Old Brains" Halleck, a first-rate military clerk; Pope, pugnacious, confident, and a poor judge of realities; Rosecrans — a good strategist and aggressive, he lost control in a crisis; Hooker and Burnside, good subordinate commanders but unable to fight a large army; Meade — a fine tactician, he was too defense-minded to counterattack at Gettysburg; and finally Grant, whom Professor Williams considers "the greatest general [on either side] of the Civil War."

Except in two cases — Banks and McClernand — where Lincoln's judgment went thoroughly astray, the commanders he tried out were, by and large, the most promising available. Lincoln was extraordinarily patient and humble in his relations with his generals; and more than once he deferred to a plan about which he had well-founded misgivings. But as the war went on, he did not hesitate to give advice; he pressured his commanders continually for greater speed and more aggressive action; and when he was convinced they had failed, he removed them. He made mistakes; but he was right on a major issue — that the generals grossly overestimated the manpower they were up against, and that on several occasions a vigorous offensive could have brought the North close to victory. "He did more than Grant," says Professor Williams, "to win the war for the Union."

Under cover

On the afternoon of April 6, 1949, during the trial of the eleven Communist Party leaders, the District Attorney asked the Bailiff to call on Mr. Herbert Philbrick to take the witness stand. That summons brought to a close the incredible tightrope act which Herbert Philbrick had performed for the past nine years. He had lived the life of an ordinary citi-

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zen — a rising young advertising executive in Boston, a leader in church activities, a husband with a growing family; he had lived the life of a dedicated Communist and had become one of the Party's important underground operatives; and from the start he had been a volunteer counterspy, a pipeline to the F.B.I. Mr. Philbrick has told the story of those nine extraordinary years in *I Led Three Lives* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.50). He tells it without sensationalism and without hate — in an artless manner that carries the stamp of a thoroughly decent personality.

When Philbrick was a 25-year-old salesman, he made a routine business call at the offices of the Massachusetts Youth Council; he was attracted by its anti-war pamphlets and jumped at the suggestion that he set up a branch in Cambridge. As chairman of the Cambridge Youth Council, he soon found that policy was being dictated by a group whom he suspected of following the Communist Party line. He took his suspicions to the F.B.I., and was advised to play along with this group and try to get closer to it. In due course, he was invited into the Youth Communist

League, then into the Party; later, after an ultra-special "teacher-training course," he was posted to one of the "Pro"-cells which channel information directly to the four Soviet espionage networks in America.

Philbrick's story gives a marvelously detailed picture of the organizational and operational methods of the Communist Party. And the human aspects of his book are as fascinating as the political: the family problems, the subterfuges, the moments of crisis (Communists at the door and an F.B.I. man in the living room), the triple working schedule, and the supreme ironies of the situation — at one time the Party, fearing inroads by the F.B.I., recruited Philbrick as a counterspy.

The "message" of this book is that the real danger to America is the Communist underground, the "Professionals" who keep away from the "front" groups, belong to conservative bodies, maintain a façade of flawless respectability — and that this élite can only be got at by counterespies working from the inside. Philbrick shows how the F.B.I.'s work has been made considerably more difficult by "the hysteria that seized

the nation." "The fight against the professional Communist leader," he writes, "will not be won by flag-waving or name-calling. Amateur Red Hunters, ambitious politicians and rabble rousers are no match for him."

Tangier

Paul Bowles's second novel, *Let It Come Down* (Random House, \$3.50), is, like its predecessor, the story of an American who goes to North Africa to escape from his emptiness and depression. The book's qualities, which are considerable, and its over-all failing are sharply reminiscent of *The Sheltering Sky*. The plot in this case is perhaps more intriguing, more entertaining in a raffish way.

Mr. Bowles is one of the very few writers to depict the part Arab, part colonial-cosmopolitan life of North Africa without any trace of romanticization. He has a remarkable gift for evoking its atmosphere with graphic authenticity; and, at the same time, he externalizes in that atmosphere the inner drama he is unfolding — the drama of *The Hollow Man*, the man things are done to. As he imprints on our senses the physical texture and the moral climate of Tangier — its seediness; its maggoty vitality; its cheerful yet terrifying familiarity with the extremes of human corruption — this world progressively imposes its coloration and its sinister will on the novel's hero, Nelson Dyar.

Bowles also displays a keen eye and an aptly suggestive touch in his portraits of the people who belong to this cosmos — Thami Beidaoui, the black sheep of a leading Arab family, who drinks like an infidel and lives by smuggling; Hadija, the graceful, greedy young prostitute; her employer, Madame Papaconstante, proprietress of the Lucifer Bar; Eunice Goode, a middle-aged American derailed with enough money for her to keep cozily intoxicated; the wealthy Marquesa de Valverde, a forceful, rather bewildering woman, whose pleasure is to know all the scandals and intrigues of Tangier.

Nelson Dyar has worked for ten years as teller in a New York bank, and, feeling that he is being stifled by a kind of paralysis, he has seized upon the offer of a job in a travel agency opened by an acquaintance of his, Jack Wilcox, in Tangier. The story opens with a hint of suspended disaster — Dyar finds Wilcox strangely

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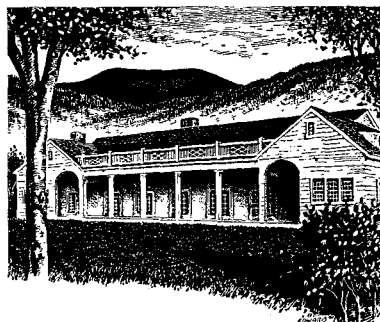
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harassed and in no hurry for him to go to work — and it takes on the quality of a disturbing dream as Dyar gets caught up in the febrile life of the International Zone. When a certain Madame Jouvenon, reputedly a Russian spy, offers him \$500 for information about the American colony, Dyar finds that, unaccountably, he has accepted her check; he also finds himself serving Wilcox as courier in a black-market currency deal. A wild attempt to pull out leads him into an adventure in which, under the influence of hashish, he drifts somnambulistically into a fatal predicament.

The weakness of both Bowles's novels is that a man as hollow as Nelson Dyar (and, previously, Port Moresby) — a man without purpose or will; a cipher — is not a hero whose fate can stir us deeply. If fiction is to have life it must see something more in life than a dreamlike drift from nullity to nothingness. Mr. Bowles has impressive gifts and there is much in his books I enjoy and admire. But they leave a final impression of sterility.

Potpourri

THE LOST CHILDHOOD by *Graham Greene*. Viking, \$3.50.

A collection of essays — mostly literary criticism and literary portraits. In some cases the subjects are of specialized interest, but in most cases it makes little difference whether the subject is specialized or not — what this book offers us is Graham Greene: his roving thought; his fierce integrity; his obsession with the idea of Evil; and, not least, his superb command of English. The most notable feature is, from the literary standpoint, the five pieces on Henry James, in which Greene develops the thesis that James's ruling fantasy was "a sense of evil, religious in its intensity," and argues, in effect, that James was a Catholic novelist *manqué*.

In an autobiographical piece, Greene tells how, as an adolescent, boredom drove him to put a revolver, with one of its six chambers loaded, to his head and press the trigger. After surviving this thrill six times, he got bored with it.

DIMINISHING RETURNS by *Lenard Kaufman*. Doubleday, \$3.00.

Novelists have seldom fared well when they have written about the trials and tribulations of being a novelist. Mr. Kaufman, who has behind him three tautly written books which packed a powerful punch, has now turned in a querulous and unimaginative story about

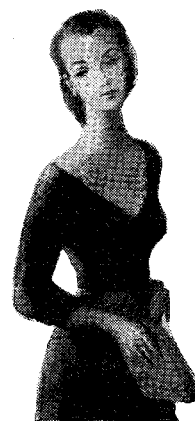
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a talented author who has not received his just deserts from the critics, the public, and a publisher interested in best sellers and being a celebrity himself. The best I can say for Kaufman's treatment of this subject is that it documents all the ills that beset the "noncommercial" writer in America.

NEW HOPES FOR A CHANGING WORLD by Bertrand Russell. Simon and Schuster, \$3.00.

Family doctor Bertrand Russell sits by the bedside of his old patient, Homo sapiens, and gives him a friendly pep talk on the subject of what ails him and what he can do about it. "I think there is a view of man and his present troubles," writes Russell, "which can give certainty and hope together with the completest understanding of the... maddening doubts that beset modern man. It is my hope to set forth such an outlook... in a way that shall be convincing and overwhelmingly encouraging." Russell holds that a good many of the world's ills stem, directly or indirectly, from overpopulation, and can most effectively be combated by birth control. He believes that Lord Keynes has shown us how to solve the problem of the trade cycle, and that now the crucial economic issues are soil conservation and the fair distribution of raw materials. His discussion of "man and himself" runs pretty close to the ideas most widely accepted in contemporary psychiatry.

Russell's book, in short, is a popularized application of what might be summed up, loosely, as the modernist outlook — in science, economics, psychology, and morals — to man's immediate problems and perplexities.

VENTURE WITH IDEAS by Kenneth Walker. Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$3.25.

This account of the impact of the teachings of Gurdjieff and his disciple Ouspensky — a system of mystical or "esoteric" knowledge — is remarkable in that the author is an eminent man of science: a surgeon, well-known for his pioneer work in medicine, who developed one of the last war's secret weapons. Back in 1923, a friend took Kenneth Walker to one of Ouspensky's meetings in London, and this was the beginning of the venture chronicled in his book — "a journey through the bewildering inner world of ideas... [which] has been the means of drawing together isolated parts of my experience... so that they form a comprehensive whole." The main ideas of the Gurdjieff-Ouspensky system of development are summarized as lucidly as such things can be, and the book is free of the fuzzy exaltation prevalent in works pertaining to the Higher Life. The most arresting part, perhaps, is the vivid and entertaining picture of Gurdjieff and of the mealtime rituals at his Paris establishment.

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ACCENT ON LIVING



THE garment — a high-collared effect that buttons well up on the shoulders — is called an “intern’s blouse,” an “intern’s shirt,” or a “doctor’s office coat.” A haberdasher describes this type of collar as “mandarin style.” It used to be known as a “Russian collar” in the pajama trade, but like sauerkraut, which tried to become Liberty cabbage, the collar has deracinated itself into a Chinese item — surely a bad-to-worse transfer.

But call it what you will, this garment has become the uniform of all TV announcers. It identifies the announcer as a doctor — sometimes as a dentist but usually as a doctor. There was no way of telling whether a radio voice was wearing a mandarin-style jacket or a T shirt, but the intern’s outfit has replaced the Windsor Knot as the hallmark of TV’s commercial spokesmen.

The TV doctor has everything but a medical degree: well-stocked laboratory, much white enamel, plenty of bottles and jars, sterilizers, and instruments. His trusty stethoscope is always around his neck, and he gestures with it, fondles it, like an old-school trial lawyer waving his pince-nez at a jury. (The toothpaste an-

nouncer, in *his* white jacket, toys with a dental mirror instead of a stethoscope.)

The doctor’s disguise obliges the announcer to remain anonymous. He cannot very well declare himself to be “your old friend Shep Carruthers,” simply because we know that our old friend Shep Carruthers is not a doctor at all, but a small-time actor who drifted into television from even smaller-time night-club work, and who would be surprised to learn that a doctor listens to a stethoscope instead of talking into it. But neither can Shep identify himself as a doctor and thereby risk the displeasure of the Federal Communications Commission. With the white jacket he doesn’t have to. Even the dumbest member of the TV audience can see for himself that a doctor is doing the talking.

And what is Shep Carruthers — this Man in White, on loan for the moment from Bob and Ray’s staff — pitching? The answer is everything: the twice-daily cathartic, the sov-

ereign pill for nephritis, the remedial cigarette, wrist-watch bands, wave lotion, slip covers, carpeting, beer, or small loans.

Considerations of health are paramount. Why suffer needlessly? Why take chances? Be reasonable. Don’t waste money on a wrist-watch band that will constrict your circulation and probably make your fingers drop off. Do you want to get pneumonia by using the wrong kind of fuel in your furnace? Are you immune to germs, to poisons? Ever wonder what goes on in those hard-to-clean corners of the wrong kind of freezing compartment? Surely you don’t know as much as your doctor knows about all this. See him there — the man in the white jacket? Well, then — listen to what he is telling you.

The announcer-doctor first appears in a close-up. Let us assume that he is selling Soporola, the only genuine health-mattress on the market. He looks us in the eye and is heard as follows: —

(“In my profession,” the announcer-doctor begins, taking care not to point out that his profession is in fact commercial announcing, “we turn to the specialist for expert advice. And noted specialists agree

that not one single case of spinal curvature is due to Soporola." He waits an instant for this to sink in.

"No other mattress can make that claim," the announcer-doctor continues, "simply because Soporola, with its exclusive Spinomatic alignment, is the only mattress that contains Scarium."

The "doctor" recedes on our screen until we see that he is standing at a kind of all-purpose table in his all-purpose laboratory and consulting room. Here, we gather, is where he has been testing the whole run of TV consumer goods, in addition to hitting off occasional amputations, bone settings, and stethoscope jobs. If it's a cigarette that he is plugging, he is smoking feverishly ("Must keep fit, y'know, in my profession").

Having made his opening pitch, the attention-getter, in the close-up, the man in the white jacket is now about to deliver his spiel. This takes the form of an intimate, relaxed, and candid summary of the patient's case: you, at your TV receiver, and your spine — what's the scoop?

It is no time for brash enthusi-

asm, the unprofessional gusto of the commercial announcer. He would be false to his Hippocratic trust, the "doctor's" manner implies, were he to indulge in unscientific overstatements in behalf of the spinal column, yours or anybody else's. His findings, which he begins in a confidential tone, speaking with deliberation, are dispassionate: the plain facts derived from a lifetime of study — nothing added and nothing glossed over.

The announcer-doctor fingers his stethoscope thoughtfully. He looks tired. He *is* tired. (The man has been making commercial announcements on four other shows within the past two hours, and he had barely time to get into a fresh white jacket for this one. Moreover, his dramatic coach was just now blasting him out for not coming down on the word "ammoniated" in his toothpaste show.) He seats himself on the corner of his all-purpose table. Another of those endless doctor-patient obligations confronts him, but he's going to give it the best he has. The show must go on!

"Ever stop to think about your

spine?" the announcer-doctor begins. "Well, in my profession . . ."

The health angle and the white jacket are said to be alarmingly successful in tipping over the TV audience. If the advertised product happens to tie in comfortably with a specific disease — arthritis, rickets, myocarditis, or lockjaw — so much the better, but if no really formidable ailment can be reasonably hitched up with the sales talk, the announcer-doctor can always pick on worry. The TV audience, in other words, can be made to worry about almost anything, and nobody appreciates the dreadful consequences of worry more knowledgeably than the man in the white jacket on the TV screen. Worry enough and sooner or later you will come down with the whole list; hence, buy a Soporola and you can at least stop worrying about the pretzel-like tendencies latent in every spine.

At this stage of its development TV is thus fashioning a new slogan for the American people: "An unsound mind in a sound body!"

CHARLES W. MORTON

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by ALFRED TOOMBS

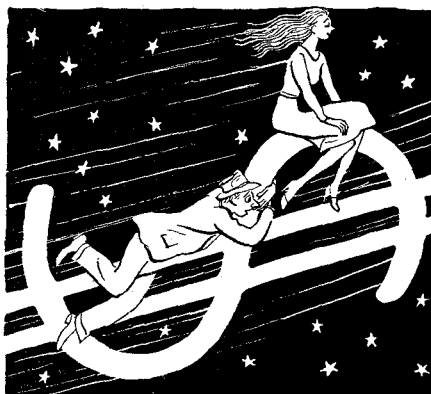
ALFRED TOOMBS is the author of *Honey-moon for Seven and Raising a Riot*. A native of Dallas, Texas, he worked on newspapers in Washington and Chicago and now lives on an island in southern Maryland.

AT the time of our marriage, my bride with the innocent blue eyes was employed by the Federal Bureau of the Budget. She had been working there for five years and I considered it merely a coincidence that the Federal budget had been out of balance for five years. I know better, now.

At the end of our first year of marriage, the Federal deficit exceeded my own by only \$2.73. By marrying this girl and getting her out of the Bureau of the Budget, I accomplished a saving for the Federal government which could be brought about now only by deactivating two air-borne divisions or moth-balling the Atlantic Fleet.

There is another point in the government's favor in this matter — something that is reflected by the increased amount of money it is taking

in these days. This is largely due to inflation, which in turn is largely due to my wife. She has done more, as a one-woman spending spree, to stimulate business in this country than



anything since the attack on Pearl Harbor. I like to refer to her as the author and administrator of the Marshall Plan for America.

When we were first married, I gave my wife an allowance which would have been adequate to run the Republic of Panama for two years. Within six months, I began to get the

uncomfortable feeling — as a result of a number of lawsuits filed against me — that she was spending more than her allowance.

"Look, dear," I said kindly, "what's happening to it all?"

"I spend it," she explained. "Buying things."

"You must buy too many things," I suggested.

"Well, if you think so," she said, "I'll keep a list of everything I spend money on this month."

Sure enough, at the end of the month she came in with a list of her expenses. "Well, you can't say I've been extravagant now," she said. "I've kept track of every cent I've spent."

She had done both — been extravagant and kept a record of it. Not only had she exceeded her budget by the normal 150 per cent, but she had added one new item to her list of expenses: "Budget book, to keep record of money spent — \$1."

"Look, honey," I said, "this list is fine. But the idea of the whole thing is to try to spend less. Now why did

you go over your budget this month?"

"You can see for yourself," she explained. "It's all written down there."

The only thing I could learn from studying the list was that she had not lost money playing the horses, nor had her pocket been picked. We worked this subject over in eight-hour shifts for three weeks, but got nowhere. Then she came to me with a new light shining in her eyes. At first I thought she was going to tell me that we were getting a little dependent, but it turned out that the strange light in her eyes was merely the reflection of an idea.

"From now on," she said, "don't give me any money."

"That is a fine, if not entirely practical, idea," I replied. "But if you don't have any money, how are you going to run the house?"

"I'll charge things," she said. "You can just keep the money you've been giving me and then I won't waste any of it."

Putting charge accounts in her hands, I knew, was like giving a baby a hand grenade for teething. So I talked her out of this idea, upped her allowance again, and told her not to charge anything. It was not long after this that she began to agitate for a television set.

"I haven't got the money," I said.

"Is that the only reason?" she asked.

"That's reason enough, isn't it?" I snapped, knowing full well that it wouldn't be.

The next day, we had a television set.

"I wanted it," she explained. "So I bought it. With my own money."

"Where did you get any money?" I demanded.

"Oh," she replied mysteriously, "I had a little savings account when we got married."

After this, I lost all control over what she spent. If I said we couldn't afford some item, she bought it with her own money. We got a new davenport, a new bedroom suite, had the living room painted, enrolled in an art course, and acquired an expensive pedigreed dog.

When I added up the amount of her money she had spent, it came to around \$2000. I was not aware that I had married a wealthy woman, so I began to ask a few questions.

"Say," I said quietly one evening. "How much of your own money did you say you had left?"

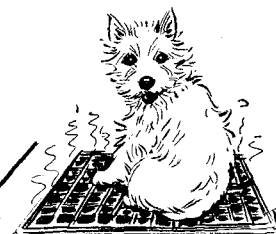
ACCENT ON LIVING



They Sure Love Us!



"IT'S COMFORTING TO
KNOW WE'RE THE PEOPLE'S
FAVORITE, WHITEY!"



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THEY KNOW ITS QUALITY AND
CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE."

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"Oh, around \$500," she replied.

I was rather pleased to hear that she was getting this close to broke. "Not much left, eh?" I said.

"Oh, that's about as much as I



had when we got married," she replied.

"Wait a minute!" I screamed. "You had \$500 to start with. You spent about \$2000 of that and you still have \$500. How to do this is something which should be taught in all colleges!"

"It's simple," she said in surprise. "When I buy something for the household out of my own money, I always pay myself back with the money you give me to run the household."

"Oh," I replied.

We went back on those eight-hour shifts again. I was only trying to make one simple point. "The way to stay within your budget is by saving money," I kept saying. "Just figure out ways to save."

One day she came home with a new dress.

"I think I've got your idea," she said. "I saved you \$15 today."

"Good," I replied, rubbing my hands together. "How did you do that?"

"I got this dress for only \$20," she said.

"Well, I don't see how you saved anything. You've got a \$20 dress allowance."

"But this was a \$30 dress on sale. So I saved \$10."

"Granted," I replied, "that by the sort of reasoning unheard of outside of the United Nations, you have saved \$10. But you said \$15."

"Oh, I bought a \$15 hat with the \$10. Total saving, \$15."

The next day, as I was coming home, I saw a sign in the window of a grocery store. The place was going out of business and all items were on sale at wholesale price. I didn't have too much money with me, but I de-

cided to invest in a few cases of the sort of things we used regularly. I came home with a case of canned beans, a case of peaches, and a case of canned milk. I also bought a ham.

"Now," I said triumphantly. "This is what I mean by saving money. I've spent \$30 and saved you \$15. That's the way to do it."

"But it will take all my food money for the week to pay for this," she protested.

"But you'll save it over the weeks. You'll be money ahead by the time this is used up."

For breakfast the next morning, we had peaches, fried ham, and canned milk on the cereal. For dinner we had baked ham, beans, canned peaches, and canned milk in the coffee.

"Hey," I said, after a couple of days of this. "Don't we get anything to eat but this?"

"I told you it took all my week's food allowance to pay for it," she replied. "And you said we'd be money ahead when it was used up. So I'm trying to use it."

At this point, I gave up on the whole thing. It was not until I made out my tax return that I came to understand exactly what had been going on.

"Dear," I said gently. "I find that I have been forced to earn so much money to pay for the household this year that my taxes are something awful. I do not have enough money left to pay the tax man."

"That's too bad," she said. "Can't you just charge it?"

"No, I can't charge it," I said. "I had to borrow \$750."

"Well, it's nice of you to go to all that trouble," she said.

"But don't you realize what this means? It means that I have spent \$750 more than I have earned this year."

"How can you say that you've spent the \$750?" she asked. "You just borrowed it, didn't you?"

"Sure, I borrowed it," I moaned. "But I spent it, too."

"But how can you call it spent? You still owe it."

In view of the foregoing, can any Collector of Internal Revenue think it unreasonable of me to deduct \$2,357,405.37 for my wife as a dependent, instead of the customary sum?

Of course, I could always let her take her old job in the Bureau of the Budget.

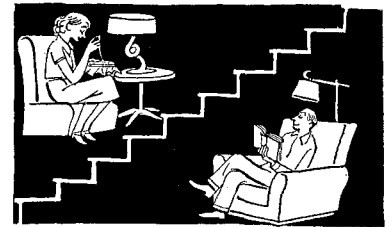
POEMS

by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

FOURFOOTNOTE FOR "MODERN LOVE"

I LOVE to think
How furious George Meredith was
When he sat down
In the belvedere on Box Hill
To write a sonnet.
No one else was so persistent about
sonnets
As to stretch them to 16 lines.

But when the famous English critic
Told us that Meredith was infatuated
with dachshunds
It was Florida Weisscracker
(The poet of the Great Dismal Swamp)
Who screamed: Now I know
Why his sonnets were two lines too
long.



CORNERSTONE FOR McFADDEN'S FLATS

MEN and women, in one flat,
Lead the life of dog and cat.

Oh architect, a flight of stairs
Proximity and temper spares.

Avoid, my dears, contiguous devils
And grind your teeth on different
levels.

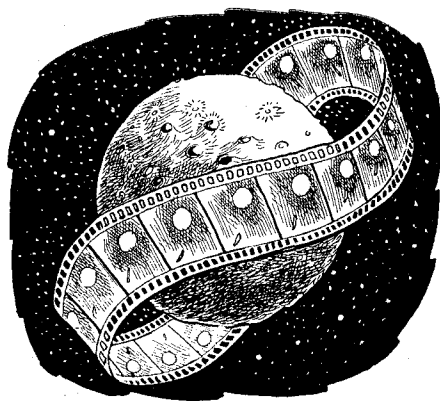
Let each, in privacy apart,
Wring the withers, purge the heart.

Only so, and unprofaned,
Is your flatlet self-contained.

CHINESE MOTHER GOOSE

A TISKET, a tasket,
I have a big waste-basket:
You'll never know
What there I throw,
And have no right to ask it.





OUTER SPACE COMES OF AGE

by BOSLEY CROWTHER

Chairman of the New York Film Critics, BOSLEY CROWTHER has been screen editor and critic of the New York Times since 1940.

NATURALLY, it was inevitable that Hollywood should finally get around to a protean exploration of that mere thing, the Universe.

Beginning almost at their beginning, with George Melies's *A Trip to the Moon* (1902), which brazenly kidded crackbrained science through primitive trick photography, the movies have often rocketed into future time and space, tagging along with such foreseers as Jules Verne and H. G. Wells. As a matter of fact, we know a fellow who claims that the only relevant movie ever made was the one which Alexander Korda fetched from Wells's *The Shape of Things to Come*.

However, for all those previous projects, the current popular rush towards outer space was well advanced before the Hollywood producers were air-borne on a spate of science films. Already the comic strips, the radio, the breakfast-food boxes, and TV had crisscrossed the interstellar regions with traffic as thick as in Times Square. Buck Rogers was almost as conventional and venerable as Admiral Byrd.

Now a layman, accustomed to the usual, might have figured that Hollywood's lag behind the competition was a fairly propitious sign—that the film folks were diligently boning up on scientific facts before entering this controversial realm. But we feel compelled to inform you that the first rush of science-fiction films—six or eight have already reached the market and as many more have been announced—indicates that the

movie producers may be expected to assist mankind with about as clear an understanding of the universe as they have generally given him of the world in which he lives. A fast observation of the evidence—and the prospects—will hint what we mean.

There is no point in looking too inquisitively into *The Flying Saucer* or *The Man from Planet X* or even *Rocketship X-M*, three minor items. The first was no more than a cheap shocker that rode the late "flying saucer" wave, and the other two were low-budget efforts that were merely satellites to more ambitious films. *The Man from Planet X* was in the orbit of that smash-hit monster thriller called *The Thing*, and *Rocketship X-M* flickered faintly in the bright reflection of *Destination Moon*.

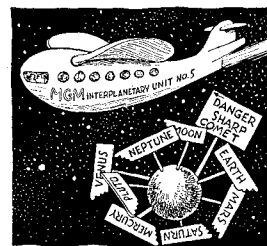
Destination Moon, however, bears observing, for it was not only the first of the booming cycle of "scienceers" to be done on a large and costly scale but it also put forth an invitation to be taken at least semi-seriously. And, as a matter of fact, enough of it was sufficiently close to the scientific line to warrant its being regarded with a certain amiable respectfulness.

It was—for the information of those who missed it—a lively account of a rocketship expedition from the earth to the moon, gone upon by four scientists—or, rather, three bona fide scientists and one Brooklyn radioman. (The last was purposely included for what is quaintly termed "comic relief," he being the voluble skeptic and the wisecracker towards the whole show.) But despite its major and minor flights of fancy to make an eventful adventure yarn, it did contain lots of information of a technical and astronomical sort.

The theory and operation of rock-

ets, the nature of interstellar space, and the general character and features of the moon's surface, as astronomers figure they must be, were interestingly portrayed. Significantly, the producer of the picture, George Pal, is a former maker of animated puppet films, and he cleverly conveyed much information with animated demonstrations and diagrams. Particularly were the illustrations of the earth as seen from the soaring rocket, and from the moon, of fine artistic and imaginative quality; and the lunar landscapes, frigid and dead, were graphically conceived and executed. Color added to the visual excitement of the film and gave a good popular conception of how such an experience might look to the mundane eye.

But somehow the cool impersonality and the traditional objectivity

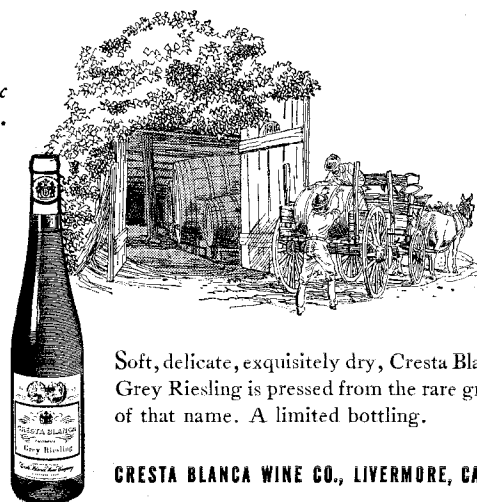


of science seemed to be missed in a considerable and obvious predilection for the curiosities and reactions of the average man. A good bit of pictorial slapstick, pseudoscientifically adorned—such as one member of the expedition going adrift as a "free body" in outer space—was worked into the picture. And a great deal was made of the desire of the American scientists to capture the moon before Soviet scientists got there.

"Whoever controls the moon has military control of the earth," they solemnly said. The concept is stimulating but scientifically questionable.

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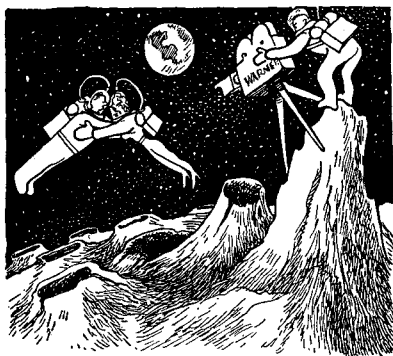
CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.

We mention this feature particularly because the Russian menace appears destined to infiltrate and prove a slightly confusing factor in many of the first round of science-fiction films. Presumably the Hollywood people incline, in their thinking, to combine the Communists and whatever is mysterious and forbidding in the outer realms. This may be a carry-over from the helpless state of anxiety aroused by the late-lamented "flying saucers," which were popularly assumed to have come either from Russia or from another planet. So far as peace of mind was concerned, it didn't much matter which.

Some vagrant suggestions of the menace were tossed out in *The Thing*, which was the second of the major items in the cycle of science-fiction films. In this one, the direction of discovery in *Destination Moon* was reversed. Man didn't go to the mysterious; the mysterious came to him, which enlightened the movie audience to the fact that outer space is a two-way street.

An American scientific expedition, located in the Arctic wastes (for purposes which any modest student of advanced military strategy might well assume), suddenly found itself confronted with a baffling radioactive disturbance of the atmosphere, inexplicable by any of the normal variations in that area. Did it have earthly inspiration, directed by you-know-who, or was it some supernatural or cosmic phenomenon?

We won't hold you breathless as long as the film did. It turned out



that the disturbance was created by a weird and awesome "thing" that had plunged to earth in some sort of space ship and was embedded near by in the Arctic ice. When this mysterious creature was removed from its natural deep-freeze and thawed out, it was revealed, appropriately, to be a giant and deadly mobile vegetable, more powerful, more shrewd, more

efficient, and infinitely more fertile than man.

There's no need for further discussion of the drama unfolded in *The Thing*, except to record that the monster was contained and eventually cooked to death right there in the Arctic wasteland, despite its terrifying tendency to reproduce in multicellular abundance from any part of it that was cut off. It is well to note, however, that this film advanced the cute idea that the universe is full of frightful creatures that may arrive and destroy us any day.

This tidy prospect was recently envisioned in *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, which had creatures from another planet (not Republicans) invading Washington. And it will no doubt be liberally considered in countless science-fiction films to come. Mr. Pal has conceived a variation in his latest, *When Worlds Collide*, which tells what happens when the earth is destroyed and a handful of refugees escape in a rocketship. He also will go into it fully in an upcoming version of H. G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds*, which is best remembered for its dramatic performance by Orson Welles on the radio a few years back.

As reassurance for the fearful, it is significant that *The Thing* was destroyed by a unit of the American Air Force, operating contrary to the desires of the intellectually curious scientists. (The latter impractical fellows, probably Reds, wanted to keep the exotic vegetable alive.) This sort of comfort is to be expected, though one may wonder how long it will be before it is expedient to have the earth's peoples being fed on vegetables from outer space.

As for such forthcoming items as *Captain Video*, based on the television favorite of the junior scientists; *A-Man*, in which the heroes will be a cyclotron and a computing machine; *Lost in Space*, 3000 A.D., *Lost Planet Airmen*, and *Flying Disc Men from Mars*, the shivering movie audience can only wait and pray. No doubt, however, a pattern will eventually be devised which will render the "sciences" as standard as the present low-budget Western film. Someday we'll probably have our heroes, in their rubberized, bubble-headed suits, rounding up at Asteroid Y-3 to be told unequivocally by the boss, "Pete, you take this gang and jet off through Eagle Galaxy; Curley, stay here with the rocket; the rest of you space-men, follow me!"



by JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Quartet in A Minor, Op. 132 (Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet; Westminster: 12" LP). Best of this group's Beethoven series, which is saying plenty. More robust, less otherworldly than the old Budapest version, but deep and tasteful. Splendid recording.

Couperin and Rameau: A Harpsichord Recital (Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord; M-G-M: 10" LP). Rameau's "Hen" is well known. Even more captivating is Couperin's delightful lampoon, "Festivities of the Great and Ancient Order of Musicians." Rich, resonant recording.

Debussy: *La Mer*, together with **Mendelssohn: Incidental Music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*** (Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony; RCA Victor: 12" LP or two 45 albums). LP fanciers have long awaited RCA's transposition to microgroove of this 1948 Mendelssohn. Now, when it comes, it is entirely dwarfed by the maestro's gorgeous, towering rendition of *La Mer*, certainly one of the topmost recorded performances of all time. Here is the indescribable but unmistakable touch of genius; even the engineers were inspired. This is a must.

Glazounov: Concerto for Saxophone and String Orchestra, together with **Ibert: Concertino da Camera** (Vincent Abato, saxophone, with string orchestra conducted by Norman Pickering and Sylvan Shulman; Philharmonia: 12" LP). This is one of several very attractive works for unexpected solo instruments Philharmonia has recorded. Others include guitar quintets by Boccherini and Malipiero and harp quintets by Bax and Ibert. Since conductor Pickering is also inventor Pickering of magnetic phono-pickup fame, the recording (all done in the Village Church, Bronxville, N.Y.) is naturally exemplary.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 99 in E Flat Major and No. 101, "The Clock," in D Major (Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera

Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). Thanks to the admirable Scherchen, one can now refer to Haydn as "mighty" and "profound" without being eyed askance. This No. 99 is mighty and profound. The "Clock" is nice, too. Fine recording.

Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante in E Flat Major (Walter Barylli, violin; Paul Doktor, viola; Felix Prohaska conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). A little hurried in parts; otherwise fine. Well recorded.

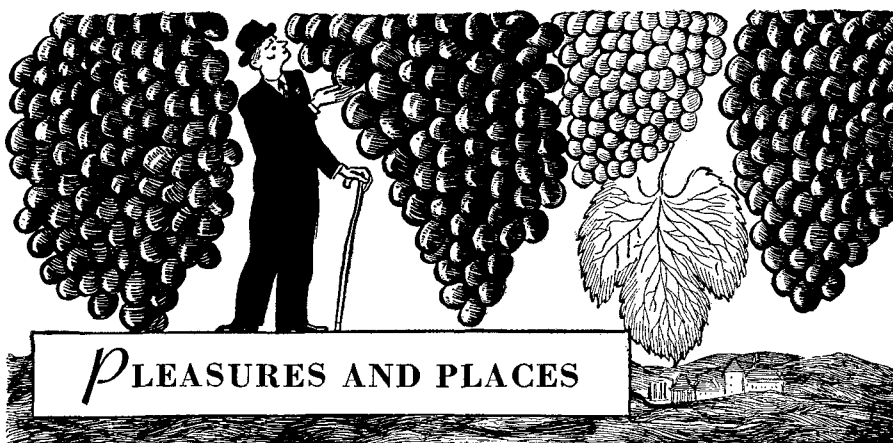
Peter, Johann Friedrich: Viola Quintets in D Major and E Flat Major (Moravian Quintet; New Records: 10" LP). Peter was a Pennsylvania contemporary of Mozart. In Vienna he might have become famous; he was good. Another handsome piece of Americana by New Records: the Margaret Dodd Singers' performance of eight psalms from the 1640 *Cambridge Bay Psalm Book*.

Prokofieff: Lieutenant Kijé and Scythian Suite (Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). How does Westminster keep it up? In this offering it has one of the two best orchestral recordings extant — and the best Prokofieff performance on disks.

Purcell: "Great" Chaconne and Ten Four-Part Fantasias (Franz Litschauer conducting Vienna Chamber Orchestra; Vanguard: 12" LP). Good Purcell, even if slightly Germanic. Well recorded, but some records warped.

Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2 in E Minor (Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). A brew of bitter-sweet magic, truly irresistible on all counts.

Treasury of Immortal Performances, Second Series (RCA Victor: six 12" and one 10" LP's or seven 45 albums). As he did before, engineer Albert Pulley has made these reprints better than the original shellacs. Items, all amply publicized already, include *Caruso in Opera and Song*; *John McCormack* and *Rosa Ponselle* ditto; *Great Pianists of the Past Play Chopin*; *Aida of Yesterday*; *Stars of the Golden Age* and *Famous Duets* (operatic). Most impressive performances — if any can be singled out from all this virtuosity — are McCormack's *Tristan* aria and "I Hear You Calling Me," and Joseph Lhevinne's playing of the Polonaise in A Flat.



THE WINES OF BURGUNDY

by ALEXIS LICHINE

Besides being a buyer of French wines, ALEXIS LICHINE is the owner of a vineyard in Burgundy. He is the author of the recently published book The Wines of France, a comprehensive and highly readable guide.

As a buyer of French wines, I make two or three trips a year to France, for periods of six to eight weeks. Most of my time abroad is spent in Burgundy, for fine, authentic Burgundies are the most difficult wines to buy.

The heart of Burgundy, the Côte d'Or, stretches a scant thirty miles along a chain of hills. As you drive down the highway beside the railroad tracks, you see the green vines spreading up the hilly slope on your right and reaching into the Burgundian plain to your left. But only the vineyards in the narrow strip where the hills give way to the flatlands produce really great wines. These vineyards, besides being few in number, are incredibly small — some are only the size of a city block, others smaller than a tennis court. In the northernmost half of the Côte d'Or, the Côte de Nuits, the largest great vineyard, the Clos Vougeot, is 125 acres, only about one third of which yield outstanding wines. More than fifty growers own these acres.

The great vineyards of the Côte d'Or are planted in varieties of the Pinot grape, white and black, whose yield is minute. There is only an infinitesimal quantity of the finest Burgundies. The outstanding maker of Burgundy's greatest white wine, the Montrachet, produces only about a barrel a year — that is, only twenty-four cases — and this grower is by no means unique. The vineyards on the

lower flatland are usually planted in red Gamay or white Aligoté, which produce ordinary wines in huge quantities. Because these mediocre vineyards fall within a township which also includes great vineyards, their wines often bear famous names.

Few great vineyards and small, each owned by a number of people — that's Burgundy. To some Americans, the name Burgundy may suggest medieval castles, titled landowners of great wealth, and a general aura of Old World grandeur. Actually, Burgundy is the land of the wine-growing peasant — some of the noblest Burgundies are produced by men who cannot read or write. The wealthiest Burgundians, those with the largest holdings — perhaps parts of two or three vineyards, or a whole one — are families of the solid bourgeoisie, but even such are rare.

The typical Burgundian grower is a man of the soil who works from dawn to dusk in the vineyards or in his cellar. His children and his womenfolk work beside him; and if there are grandparents, they work too. (In some families, the women are not allowed into the cellar, because of a superstition that they bring bad luck to the wine.) Cooking is done on a wood stove; water is drawn from a pump. There may be a bare light bulb in the cellar, but the chances are that there is no electricity in the house.

On my last trip I invited twelve growers to a luncheon to meet an American publisher who was touring Burgundy with me. To these men, who seldom leave their vineyard to go to town, it was a solemn occasion; and they arrived accoutered in their party regalia — black coats and striped trousers. They were indescribably shocked, and not a little offended, to find the American publisher wearing a brightly colored sports shirt.

A grower whose holdings are fairly large may make a few dozen barrels of wine a year; a big landowner may make fifty to a hundred. In a good vintage year, which may be expected three or four times in a decade, the



work of a grower and his entire family may bring him a yearly income roughly equivalent to \$3500—and that has to tide him through the poor years and the bad ones. In 1951, 85 per cent of the Chablis vineyards were frozen, and as much as 40 per cent of the white Burgundies also suffered from the freeze that hit the region on the night of April 29. The unusually cold spring and early summer caused rot to set into the vines; and even if, at best, the vintage turns out to be good, the output will be miserably small.

In great years, such as 1949, the demand for the wine is enormous. In the old days, shippers bought most of it, often blending the great wines with lesser ones to stretch them further. Today, some of the outstanding growers bottle their best wines themselves, a procedure called estate-bottling in Burgundy, which is comparable to château-bottling in Bordeaux.

Most of the growers who estate-bottle their own wines are honest men, not merely because they take pride in their art, but because malpractice among them can easily be detected. It is the shippers who have caused Burgundy to be called, among other things, the land of fraud. Percentage-wise, one of the rarest things in the world is a scrupulous Burgundian shipper. Your list is complete when you have named about a dozen out of the hundreds—Latour, Jadot, Drouhin, Jaboulet-Vercherre, eight or nine others.

Even if a buyer has found a fine wine and is well equipped with funds, he still has a tough time making a purchase. The Burgundian extends no man credit, accepts no man's check. Of the average peasant grow-

er's few barrels, less than half may get on the market. He probably sells a barrel to a good friend who runs a restaurant in Paris; or to a hotel owner in Belgium, which buys seven times as much Burgundy as the United States; or to a hotel owner in Switzerland, who may have been faithfully buying a barrel a year, good or indifferent, for the past half century. The grower may want to keep part of a good vintage for his son's communion or his daughter's marriage, or as a reserve for sale when there's a bad year and he needs some cash for a tractor or a horse. He may have a barrel or two to spare for the markets of the world, and he will give preference to the buyer he has traded with for years, and whose long-term custom he can count on.

I have to court the grower, assiduously, to get him to sell to me. If he won't sell on one trip, I go back to him again and again, in the hope he'll change his mind. I bring nylons to his wife and presents to his children; I show him the listings of his wines in the great hotels and restaurants of the world. Perhaps, after much wheedling and cajoling, he will let me have a few barrels. Then we go through the whole courtship again over the next vintage.

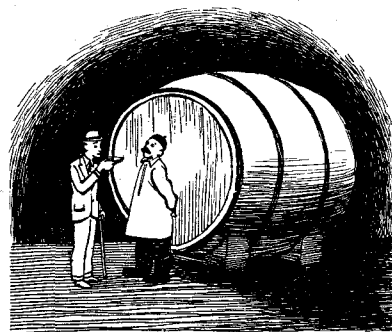
I buy from only five or six Chablis growers, but on each trip I taste the Grand Crus wines of eight or ten. This must be done for purposes of comparison. Each grower may own small sections in several different vineyards, and not only must the wines of different vineyards, some distance apart, be compared, but the wines of different producers in the same vineyard. One man's vines may be too young; another may have harvested too early; a third may have made an error in vinification. The only way to be sure of the wines is to taste them, and a taster has to be able to recognize in raw, green wines qualities which will not be fully manifest for years to come. It is a bit like looking into the nursery of a hospital and trying to pick out the newborn babes that are going to be engineers or artists—or ne'er-dowells.

In Burgundy, the barreled wines are tasted in the traditional silver saucer called a *tastevin*, the silver reflecting the color and clarity of the wine, a characteristic often as important as its smell or taste. I often taste 100 wines a day—150 is not unusual.

Tasting is not done in an elegant salon, but in damp cellars, where the temperature is usually about 55 degrees. In August it's pleasant to escape from the hot sun in the cool cellars, but it's pleasant only for the first ten minutes—after that you begin to shiver. In February and November a half hour in a cellar can be torture, and no amount of clothes will protect you, for the air is very damp.

On buying trips, I have to stand around in cellars all morning, all afternoon, and sometimes most of the evening. For in addition to exploring the new vintage, I also have to check up on the wines I have already bought, some of which will be in barrel and others in bottle ready for shipment. I may get into an involved discussion with the grower as to when the wine should be bottled, or as to the amount of clarification or fining it may need. We may spend as much as an hour in one man's cellar tasting perhaps a dozen barrels of wine. There are subtle differences even between barrels of the same vintage and the same vineyard—one barrel will have a bad stave; or it may be too old and the wine will turn out musty; or the wine in one of the barrels may be "sick"; or it may have been too heavily sulphured. (Sulphur is the vintner's best friend; it is used, in minute quantities, to sterilize the barrels and to kill bacteria.)

I usually start tasting by nine o'clock, and can taste all the different wines of three or four growers before two, at which time I will have a hurried luncheon at the Hôtel de l'Étoile at Chablis, a restaurant so wonderful that Parisians often drive the hundred-odd miles on a Sunday just for a meal. With luncheon, I try two or three of the Chablis I have brought

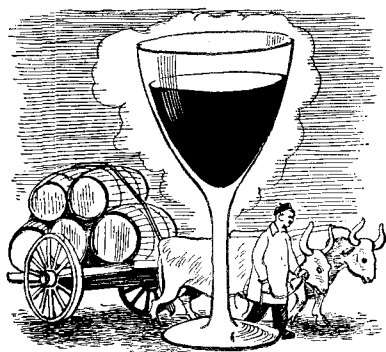


with me from the cellars of the growers. So far, I probably have tasted around forty wines in the cellars and have drunk out of half a dozen bottles.

I may spend the rest of the afternoon tasting more Chablis, or start off in search of red Burgundies and head south for the Côte d'Or. I try to stop off at Saulieu at the Hôtel de la Côte d'Or, where the great chef, Alexandre Dumaine, serves some of the best food in France.

I am always in need of the great wines of the Côte de Nuits, the twelve-mile stretch in the northernmost half of the Côte d'Or. And here, real frustration begins.

Your American wine-lover is familiar with the most famous wines — Chambertin, Richebourg, Musigny, La Tâche, Clos Vougeot, Romanée-Conti — but he is apt to turn his nose up at other vineyards which are almost as great though not famous: Clos des Lambrays, Bonnes Mares,



Grands Echezeaux, Clos de Tart, St. Georges, Latricières-Chambertin, Clos des Porrets, Les Pruliers, La Perrière. Then, too, there's the fetish of the vintage chart. The great wines of outstanding vintage years are as scarce as buried treasure, but my customers insist on getting them — '49s, '47s, and '45s, even '37s, '34s, and '29s. I try to explain this to the growers, in the hope they may part with a few cases they have set aside for their own use. I get laughed at for my pains, as though I were a madman; but I keep on pressing and eventually some grower may say that he can let me have five cases of '48.

Now, '48 produced some great wines in Burgundy. But even though the best '48s are better than some of the '47s and '49s, I have trouble finding customers for them, because the vintage charts don't give '48 a top rating. I buy the wine all the same; it's superb and lower in price than more highly touted vintages.

By now it's time for dinner, and I usually stop at the little restaurant in Gevrey-Chambertin. Here the American friends I have taken with me on tasting tours invariably get a

shock, for the town is merely a cluster of houses along a couple of dirt and cobble streets; and when they try to order one of the great wines in the local restaurant — an estate-bottled Chambertin, say, or Chambertin Clos de Bèze — they find that the proprietor has none to sell: it is next to impossible to get any of the greatest wines in the hotels and restaurants of the Côte d'Or. We settle for a wine of the township, a Gevrey-Chambertin, which should be good and is only mediocre; and my companions want to know, "How come?"

The answer is that Gevrey has added the name of the township's greatest vineyard to its name, so that all the wines of the township can legally be called Gevrey-Chambertin; that even includes wines from the poor vineyards down by the tracks. As a result, Gevrey-Chambertin can be anything. The important thing is the name of the particular vineyard.

And that, too, is no guarantee of authenticity if the wine has been bottled by an unscrupulous shipper: it is a common practice in the shippers' cellars for good Burgundy to be stretched with cheap Algerian wine. The tank trucks that bring the Algerian wines up from Marseille are an all too familiar sight on the roads of Burgundy. Not all Burgundy is genuine Burgundy, even though it does come from Burgundy in France.

The next center of operations on my route is Beaune, the most famous town in Burgundy and the home of the Hospices de Beaune, a charity hospital that is supported by the sale of wines at its annual auction, which attracts buyers from all over the world. Here my wine tourists are in for a further surprise. In the local telephone directory, as many as twenty different firms of shippers are sometimes listed under a single number. The (wholesale) wine business is built on exclusive rights to the wines from a particular shipper; but to expand his business, a shipper will form additional companies with different names, each of which offers some American firm "exclusive" distribution, and all of which are selling wine from the same cellar, even the same barrel. All the shipper needs, to do this, is so many new sets of labels. It has been said that printing is the second biggest business in Beaune.

But there is another side to the

Burgundian picture. That afternoon, to show my friends how honest an honest winegrower can be, I take



them to Yard's cellar in Beaune, M. Yard being an estate-bottler who owns a section of Corton Bressandes. '47 was the greatest year of the century for red Burgundies, and my friends may ask Yard whether he will let them taste some of his '47. Yard tells them he has sold it to the shippers — the wine contained too much sugar, which meant too much alcohol, and he felt he could not make a great wine with it. I take my traveling companions to other honest growers; and as they discuss this or that vintage, they often hear the remark: "I could not make a good wine that year. I sold it to the shippers." These growers are like a poor man who owns a race horse and is proud of the gamble he takes. They are the salt of the earth, and they are keeping alive a tradition and a wonder that is centuries old.

By this time, my wine tourists have ceased to think of Burgundy as a type. They have realized that the wines of Burgundy, both red and white, run a tremendous gamut, and they have learned the first principles of buying Burgundy: —

1. Whenever possible, stick to an estate-bottled wine, and don't neglect the lesser-known vintages.

2. When you buy a shipper's wine — and some are excellent — check and double-check the shipper's reputation.

3. Don't be a fetishist about the vintage chart; the years not generally considered "Great" — 1948, say, or 1950 — produced some admirable wines which, at the price they're selling for, are among the best values on the market.

4. Select your wine with the same sort of care you would apply to buying a picture. For a fine Burgundy is a work of art as well as a work of nature.

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